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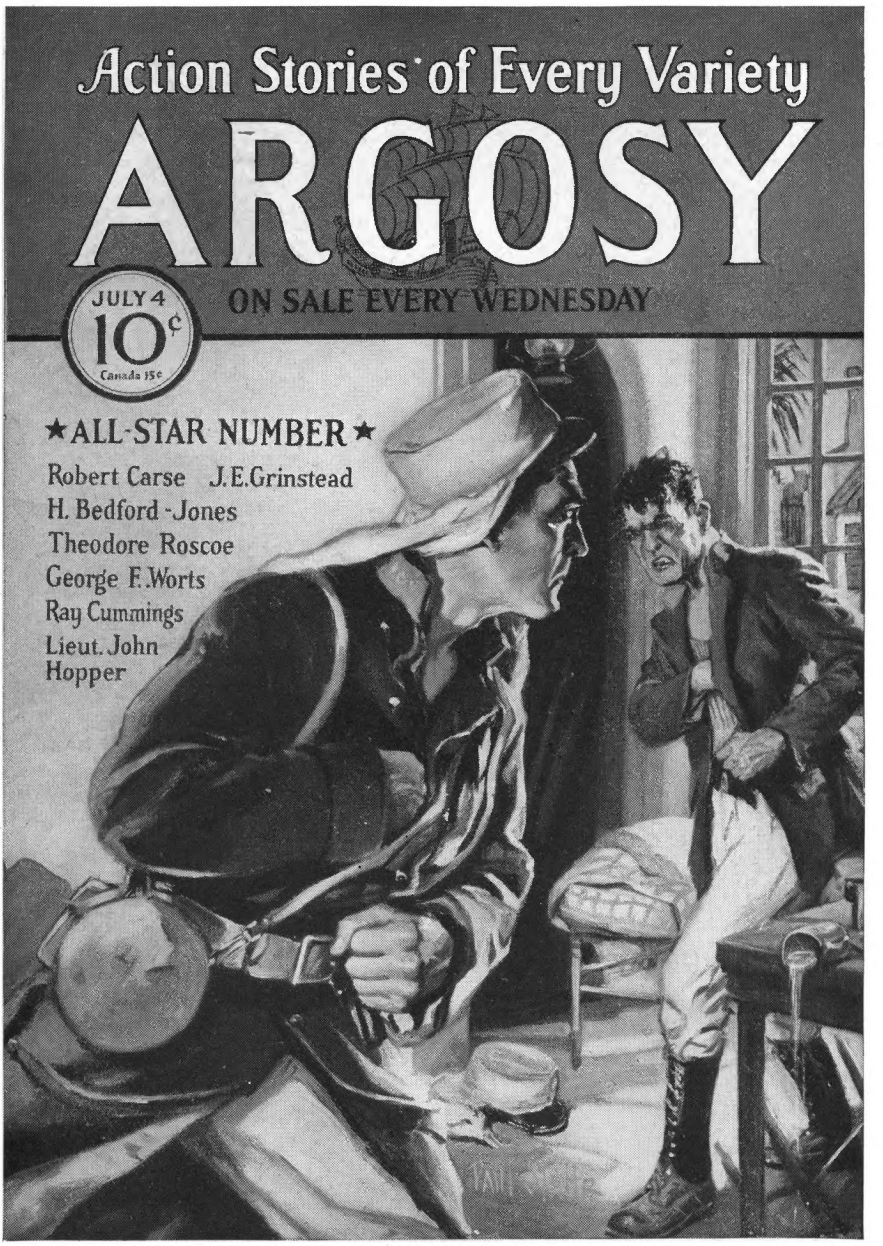

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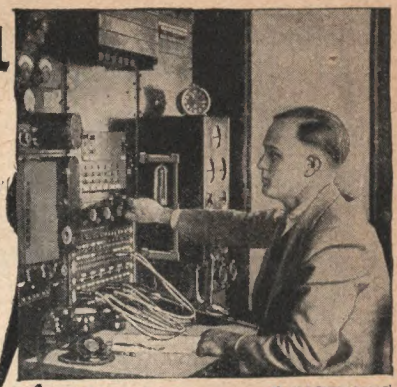

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Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared C. T. DIXON, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations. To wit:

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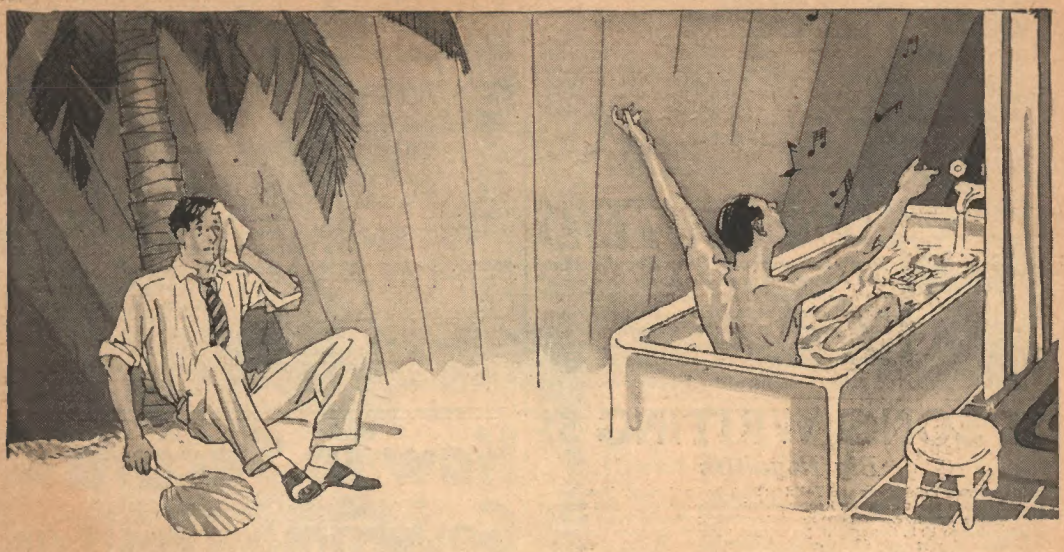

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Railroad Man's Magazine, July, 1931 *Courtesy of the Artist and Schwartz Galleries, N. Y.*

"The First Step" — Scene at Baldwin Plant, Eddystone, Pa.

Reproduced from an Etching by O. Kuhler, a Design Engineer of Scarsdale, N. Y., Who Ran a Logging Railroad in Belgium during the World War. A Companion Piece to This Beautiful Picture Will Appear on Our August Frontispiece

Seat of the Van Sweringen Railroad Empire

Cleveland's $82,000,000 Terminal Tower, the World's Castliest Railraad Depat! Joining the Other Van Sweringen Raads Which Have Headquarters in This Palatial Structure, the Erie Is Naw Maving Its General Offices fram New York ta the Midland Bank Building, Cleveland, in the Terminal Tawer Area

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. V — JULY, 1931 — No. 4

One-Eighth of All the Class I Railroad Main Lines in America Is Controlled by Two Former Real Estate Men

Who's Your Boss?—Chapter II:

VAN SWERINGEN EMPIRE

By WILLIAM PICKETT HELM

The Brothers Van Sweringen, Oris P. and (in Oval) Mantis J.

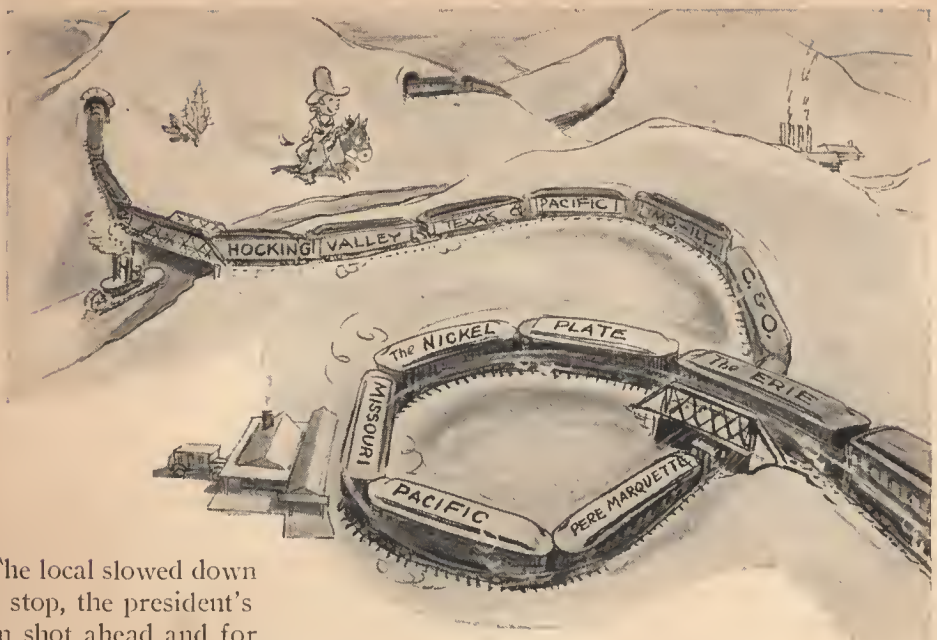
THE Central's president sat at a window of his private car as the train pulled out of Cleveland. Smoothly, almost silently, it glided over the heavy rails. As he looked, he smiled. A scant dozen yards away a frowzy local, commuter-laden, wheezing and sighing, was pulling alongside. Side by side they ran on the parallel tracks, the sleek flier and the rheumatic local.

"The mosquito fleet," commented the president.

"Maybe so," agreed his companion, "but if that road had the right man to run it, it would make even the Central keep moving."

"Think you'd like to run it?" asked the president.

"Well—I wouldn't mind taking a crack at it."



The local slowed down to a stop, the president's train shot ahead and for a time nothing more was said about either. But from that casual conversation, occurring fifteen years ago, grew the greatest railroad mastery the world has ever known.

For the Central's president, Alfred H. Smith, saw to it that his traveling companion of that day got his chance—and got it soon—to run the mosquito fleet. The man thus doubtfully honored was John J. Bernet, born railroader, then in Smith's employ. And the road that won Smith's contemptuous smile was the Nickel Plate. Until almost the day of that fateful conversation it had belonged to the New York Central.

The Central had just sold it then to a couple of fellows in the real estate business in Cleveland. As railroaders, they knew what a cow-catcher was and a few other things that any one else would know. So they asked Smith to get a man to run their bargain, and Smith got Bernet.

Bernet ran it. In but a few years he had plated the old Nickel Plate with gold. He made money, of course; and he built the line up to the high standards of the best operated roads in the country. It wasn't long before his two bosses awoke to find themselves with a going property.

"So this is railroading," said one of them. "It beats real estate. Now, if we can do this with one road, what could we do with another?"

"Let's get some more," suggested the other.

So they started out to get some more railroads. They've been at it ever since. Presently we shall look into the concrete examples of their success.

Those two young men in the real estate business back in 1916 were brothers. They were in their early thirties then, unmarried, devoted to each other and rated as fairly prosperous. They made some money in a real estate subdivision and had in mind the thought of opening another when their chance came to take over the Nickel Plate.

Somehow they got together enough money to make a down payment. The record before me doesn't say how much was required. Possibly several millions. The balance was to be paid in the future. The Central, selling them the property, took a mortgage for what was owing.

And the brothers, Oris P. and Mantis J. Van Sweringen, found themselves fairly launched at the virtual beginning of their business lives with a railroad on their hands. That road, at the time, was a weak sister.

Bernet was the tonic it needed. In his middling forties, tireless, experienced and able, he soon made the Nickel Plate hum. Had he failed to do so, our present railroad history might be entirely different. But he didn't fail the young brothers, and they, in turn, enthusiastically backed him up, gave him free rein and helped in every way they could.

The Van Sweringens had got their start. They had

tasted the wine of power and they thirsted for more. In less than six years they were out in the thick of the hot battle for railroad domination.

All the world heard soon of their brilliant achievements. Road after road came under their control, to be renewed, built up, efficiently managed and driven hellbent to prosperity. Within less than a decade they gathered unto themselves a network of gleaming rails, farflung over the map, more extensive than those that the Empire Builders of old reared in their day-dreams. The brothers vaulted into the saddle of the iron horse and rode him hard and fast from the Atlantic seaboard to within glimpsing distance of the Golden Gate.

In the history of American railroading there is no tale to match the epic of their swift and colorful dash to supremacy; no peer to their achievement. The Hills, the Harrimans, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds of yesterday spun no such fine drama of success. Builders of no new lines, pioneers into no virgin territory, the Van Sweringens to-day are masters of more steel mileage than was ever before assembled under unified control in this country. The paltry millions they scraped into the old Nickel Plate, like pollen on a summer breeze, have ridden the winds swiftly to bear golden fruit.

They stand to-day at the top, the greatest single power in all the long and picturesque struggle for domination in transportation. They own and direct more railroads than any family ever held before. Their holdings have become so vast that the rise or fall of a few points on the Stock Exchange will sway their fortune by millions one way or the other. The income of these brothers is so large that it is doubtful if they themselves can do more than approximate it.

Outside of their own business circle, few persons know them well. They are not the sort to drop in and chat over a cup of tea any more than they

The Von Sweringen Brothers' Right-Hand Men: Presidents Charles E. Denney of the Erie; Wolter L. Ross of the Nickel Plate, and John J. Bernet of the C. & O. and Pere Marquette

Bound for the Southeost Corner of the "Empire"—Chesopeake & Ohio Troin Leoving Richmond, Va., for Old Point Comfort. The Toll Structure on the Right is the C. & O. Office Building

were the sort to put their money in the savings bank at three per cent and go their way. From personal publicity they shrink as from the itch. And so, because they have kept and are keeping their mouths politely but effectively stilled as they go about their affairs, the full story of what they have done has never yet been told.

But part of their amazing tale lies in written records, and that part recently has come to light. One finds it in the dry-as-dust records of the House committee, chairmanned by Representative James S. Parker of New York, which last year delved into the intricacies of American railroad ownership. There is written the story of how far they have come and how fast they are traveling now. There, too, one glimpses how they did it.

How far have these young men of yesterday fought their way to rail supremacy? The committee says their word is law on 28,500 miles of main line; and in all the Class I* roads in the country there are but approximately 241,000 miles. Over *one mile of every eight* in Class I main line in the United States Van Sweringen trains are rolling to-day, as the brothers continue to extend their power. All this has happened in a few years.

What of the nest egg they put into the old Nickel Plate? The committee measures its 1930 dimensions, too, gathering all the various Van Sweringen companies under a single, compact heading of assets. The Parker committee jots them down at nearly half a billion dollars. The combined Van Sweringen assets of all kinds run to

* A Class I road is one which has a net annual operating income of over $1,000,000.

Port of the Von Sweringen Fleet: Erie Tug in New York Harbor. (Below) Heavy Freight Being Unloaded in Erie Yards at Jersey City for Shipment Abrood

more than six hundred millions. Here is the Parker listing:

Capital stock investments	$482,128,724.72
Capital stock purchase contracts	7,500,000
Advances for purchase of capital stock	6,385,501.80
Bonds	23,907,013.63

Stocks and bonds shown on the books of the holding and other companies they control thus run to $519,921,240. To this is added the total of other assets — nearly $10,000,000 cash on hand, moneys owing them, advances to individuals, dividends receivable, inventories, furniture and fixtures and so on—which swell the grand total of the Van Sweringen dollars to $611,910,342.39.

Such figures are impressive. They sit in the front row of great American fortunes, alongside the millions of the Rockefellers, the Fords and the Mellons.

Not all of those millions, however, belong exclusively to Oris P. and Mantis J. Van Sweringen. They have the control; they can bid those millions do thus and so, but the money of other men mingles with their personal dollars in a dizzy array of holding and other financial companies.

How many of those six hundred-odd millions belong to the Van Sweringens alone and how many are the dollars of groups associated with them is not told; it would be hard, indeed, to sort them out and place them apart and to separate the Van Sweringen dollars from outside dimes.

In the case, however, of every holding company, save one, involved in rearing this pile of millions skyward, the brothers hold a majority of the stock. There is one big holding company along the many links of the chain where the brothers' interest appears to be but forty per cent—less than half—of the outstanding issue. That forty per cent, however, is sufficient to insure working control where the remaining sixty per cent is scattered among many others, especially where those others are friendly. The Vanderbilts, the Goulds and others have dominated railroad systems with far less than forty per cent of the stock in their names.

So when we come to measure the money the brothers have made since the day they dumped their real estate

profits into the Nickel Plate we must take it only one way—as it stands on the record with Van Sweringen dollars married to the dollars of other families. The whole is thus capable of measurement; the part is not. Therefore the $611,000,000 in assets represents Van Sweringen plus; but Van Sweringen control is absolute.

On the Southwestern Expanses of the Van Sweringen Daminian: (Abave) Missouri Pacific Club Cor at Ft. Worth, Texas. (Left) Unusually Difficult Phata of Mo. P. Fost Passenger Train Speeding West af St. Louis at Midnight

The same formula must be used in measuring the Van Sweringen income. The committee's findings cover Van Sweringen income plus the income of those associated with them in their towering structure. They reveal the brothers, too, in a light in which they have not stood before, namely, as the receivers—with other stockholders in their companies—of huge profits from buying and selling stocks. Indeed, such profits during 1929 were more than double the income received from their railroad holdings in dividends.

The stocks bought and sold, however, were securities of the railroad and related concerns which the brothers dominated. From their purchase and sale, the Parker committee reports, Van Sweringen companies made a profit of $34,500,000. Dividends on railroad holdings totaled $16,000,000. The grand total was $50,500,000, in round figures.

How much of this income of $140,000 a day stretching through all the days of the year went in the final split-up to the Van Sweringens and how much to those associated with them is not disclosed. Indeed, the Parker committee makes no attempt at the reckoning. There undoubtedly was no split-up of consequence; the mammoth crop of dollars from their sowing appears to have been put back into the

business of extending the Van Sweringen domain, to have been plowed into the supporting soil as a farmer plows under his crop of red clover to better the crop of the year to come.

Why not? The brothers were under no necessity of maintaining lavish domestic establishments for growing families of their own. There were no wastrels of the second generation to dissipate the earnings of the first. The brothers are unmarried; their simple tastes are those of other modest men; their passion is the extension of their holdings. How could they spend even the income from their holdings on themselves? Doubtless they couldn't; and certainly they didn't try.

I have written that it would be hard to separate their individual possessions from those of men associated with them. The Parker report indicates how nearly impossible that would be. A single railroad company will suffice to show the outline of the intricate financial structure that makes the task almost impossible. Any railroad they control will do. Let's take the Erie.

Control of the Erie lies in the Van Sweringen hands. Immediate ownership of the stock control, however, is vested in two concerns of which doubtless most railroaders never heard. One is the Virginia Transportation Corporation; the other, the Alleghany Corporation. These companies also hold stock in other railroads controlled by the Van Sweringens.

Now what is the Virginia Transportation Corporation? Who owns it? The record shows it as a holding company, organized under Maryland laws in 1926. Its entire capital stock is held by another company—the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Company. Let us, for the moment, forget the Alleghany Corporation, to which we shall return presently, and follow this trail through to the end.

We go to the C. & O. Railroad Company, indirect owners of the Erie. Who owns the C. & O.? From the stock books there we learn that the majority stock is held by another company of which railroad men know little—the Chesapeake Corporation. And to that corporation we go for further information.

The Chesapeake Corporation, we find from the Parker report, was organized under Maryland laws in May, 1927. Its chief functions are to buy, sell and hold stock. It has issued its own stock to the extent of 1,800,000 shares. It is a big company; its assets total more than $140,000,000.

We never heard of it before, and that, perhaps, is quite natural, for it does not seek publicity any more than it shuns it. Who owns it?

A goodly number of persons own the Chesapeake Corporation, but control of its affairs lies in the ownership of a block of 1,200,000 shares of its stock (two-thirds) and that block is held by still another corporation, the Alleghany Corporation. Here, evidently, is a one-third admixture of money other than the controlling interest's. What, we inquire, is the Alleghany Corporation? What does it do? How great is its scope of action?

Once more we turn to the laws of Maryland. Under those laws the Alleghany Corporation was chartered in January, 1929. It was given wide powers; it could do almost anything except, perhaps, practice medicine, but its main activities, we glean from its books, concern the buying, selling and holding of stock and other securities.

It operates not a mile of railroad. Few railroad workers, perhaps, have ever heard of it. Yet it has assets as

great as those of a large railroad system. On April 30, 1930, the Parker committee finds, the corporation's assets totaled more than $226,000,000.

Who owns it? We look at the stock

From Photo Collection of Joseph Laveile

A Pere Marquette Train at Bay City, Mich. The C. & O. and Chesapeake Corporation Own Almost Three-fifths of the Pere Marquette's Common Stock

books and find that a block of stock amounting to 1,250,000 shares was issued to J. P. Morgan & Company—for sale to investors, I am informed—that many other interests are represented, that the biggest single block, however, is held by still another corporation, the General Securities Corporation.* Here the money streams join; Morgan and other millions flow along with the millions of the controlling interest.

The controlling interest owned but 40 per cent of the outstanding stock. Enough to give it working control when combined with that of other friendly interests. Morgan thus became a powerful ally on this far-up rung of the ladder of Van Sweringen control. With that in mind, we turn again to our task—who owned the General Securities Corporation?

Again the laws of Maryland gave being to another Van Sweringen holding company. The General Securities Corporation was chartered under them in May, 1927. Like the other companies we have mentioned, its chief activities concerned the sale, purchase and holding of securities. It was a small company when compared with the Alleghany Corporation, for its assets were put down in the records at a modest $47,500,000.

Who owned it? The records show that nine-tenths of its outstanding stock was held by two interests: the Van Sweringen brothers being one and the Vaness Corporation being the other. The Vaness Corporation owned more of the stock than the brothers. The remaining one-tenth was owned by two individuals. Here again, apparently, fresh money from the outside joined the Van Sweringen stream. Such

* Since April 30, 1930, I am told, the General Securities Corporation has been dissolved and its assets transferred to the Vaness Company, of which the Van Sweringens personally own 80 per cent. The facts stated above are taken from the Parker Congressional report and represent conditions found as of April 30, 1930.

junction, however, may be more apparent than real.

The Vaness Corporation now has absorbed General Securities, with O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen appearing—for the first time as direct owners—as second largest stockholders. We feel that we are nearing the top of the ladder. Because Vaness is so much like Van S. we sense the proximity of the real owners.

Who owns the Vaness Corporation? We look into the Parker committee findings and learn that eighty per cent of its stock is held by the real owners of all the companies that have gone before, the brothers Van Sweringen. The Vaness Corporation, organized in 1922, from point of time is the oldest of all the Van Sweringen holding companies. It is the common ancestor of all the Van Sweringen concerns. It is the ultimate control of all the Van Sweringen railroad and other interests. In the case of the Erie, the Vaness Company is really the great-great-granddaddy, the successive lines of financial parentage being as follows:

Vaness Corporation; Alleghany Corporation; Chesapeake Corporation; Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Company; Virginia Transportation Corporation; and, finally, the Erie Railroad.

So when you tell a railroad man on any of the Van Sweringen lines that he is working for a concern called the Vaness Corporation, you tell him right and truly, even though he never heard of it before. It is the kingpin: O. P. Van Sweringen is its President; Mantis J., its Vice-President.

We have gone through the labyrinth on the Erie clew. In order to get the full picture of the Van Sweringen activities in every field it is necessary only to examine the Vaness Corporation. This the Parker committee has done; a glance at it will prove of interest.

On April 30, 1930, the Vaness Corporation owned the capital stock of four big holding companies. They were:

General Securities Corporation (since dissolved).
Metropolitan Utilities, Inc.
Terminal Properties Company.
Geneva Corporation.

The affairs of the last-named concern were being wound up when the Parker committee made its examination. As to the others, we find that:

Metropolitan Utilities controlled rapid transit and street railways in and around Cleveland, and terminal and depot properties in that city. The company's stock is carried as an investment of $13,665,000 in the Vaness Corporation's assets.

Terminal Properties Company owned real estate, terminal and hotel properties, having control through stock ownership or otherwise of seven subsidiary concerns. The Terminal stock is listed as a $4,000,000 investment in the Vaness Corporation assets.

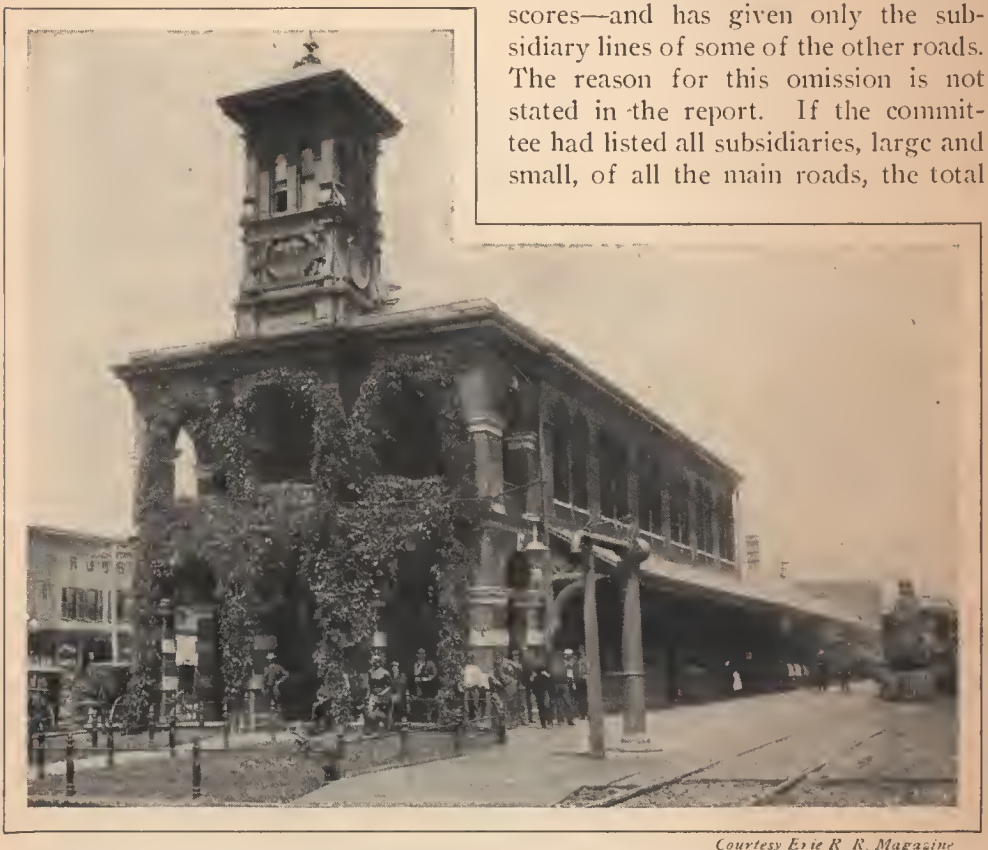
The Alleghany Corporation is the big owner of the Van Sweringen railroad properties. There is quite a listing of those railroads in the Parker report. Here they are—the railroads controlled by the Van Sweringens—as the report gives them:

The Nickel Plate.
The Chesapeake & Ohio.
The Erie.
The Wheeling & Lake Erie.
The Pere Marquette.
The Missouri Pacific.
The Texas & Pacific.
The International and Great Northern.

The foregoing, as the report gives them, represents the great Van Sweringen roads. In addition the commit-

tee lists subsidiaries of some of those roads, as follows:

The Hocking Valley.
The Lorain & West Virginia.
The St. Joseph Belt Railway.
The Union Terminal Railway Company of St. Joseph, Mo.



Courtesy Erie R. R. Magazine

The Erie's Elmira, N. Y., Station as It Looked 56 Years Ago. This Building Has Changed Little, but It Has Seen Great Developments in Railroading. The Original Photo Belongs to H. S. Tipton, Chief Clerk of the P. R. R., Which Also Uses This Station. Note the Old Indian Statue in the Foreground

The Lake Erie & Detroit River.
The New Orleans, Texas & Mexico.
The Missouri-Illinois.
The Beaumont, Sour Lake & Western.
The St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexico.
The Orange & Northwestern.
The New Iberia & Northern.
The Houston & Brazos Valley.
The San Antonio, Uvalde & Gulf.
The Sugar Land Railway.
The Weatherford, Mineral Wells & Northwestern.
The Abilene & Southern.
The Cisco & Northeastern.

In listing these subsidiary lines, it appears that the committee has overlooked the subsidiaries of the Nickel Plate, the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Erie, numbering dozens — possibly scores—and has given only the subsidiary lines of some of the other roads. The reason for this omission is not stated in the report. If the committee had listed all subsidiaries, large and small, of all the main roads, the total would exceed twenty-five, possibly several times over.

There are the Van Sweringen railroads—four steps removed by holding companies from the Van Sweringen brothers. Quite a list, but it does not represent all the holdings of the Alleghany Corporation; it also owns a 21 per cent interest in the Kansas City Southern Railway Company and one

half of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois. In the last-named case, the stock is not actually held, but is under option. The Missouri Pacific owns a 50 per cent interest in the Denver & Rio Grande Western.

There are still other holdings. These center in the Pittson Company, organized somewhat more than a year ago, and with assets of nearly $30,000,000 on April 30, 1930. Through that company the Van Sweringen interests dip into trucking in New York City, warehouses, barges and hard and soft coal mines, as well as other minor interests.

Such was the warp and woof of the Van Sweringen fabric on April 30, 1930. More than a year has passed since that time. It has been a year of vast opportunity for the Van Sweringen brothers to buy securities on the bargain counter. The times afforded the opportunity and the brothers had the money to make still further advances toward completer domination. And the brothers have never stood still.

Maybe they've gone far ahead during those twelve months. Maybe the Parker committee list already is outdated. I shall deal with that in the next chapter of "Who's Your Boss?"

TO BE CONTINUED

UNCLE SAM'S MAIN LINE IN THE GOLD COUNTRY

Station at Chicaloon, Alaska, on the Government-Owned Railroad. It's a Mighty Nice Streak o' Rust to Work on These Hot Days, but When Winter Rolls Around We Prefer Seaboard Air Line or Ferrocarriles Nacionales de Mexico

In 1926 the Missouri Pacific's Diamond Jubilee Gove It a Lot of Valuoble Publicity in Newspapers All Over the Country

Replico of Engine That Houled the First Troin West of the Mississippi on the Old Pacific R. R.

Ballyhooing the Iron Pike

Not to Be Outdone by Big Business, the Railroads Go After the Public's Good Will—and How!

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

Vice President, Roilway and Locomotive Historicol Society, Inc.

AS this paragraph is being written, I am riding on a swift express train southward across Ohio. The conductor is making his first round of the cars. He is one of those pleasant-faced old-school railroaders, with a smile and a gracious word for each of us passengers.

There has been some little misunderstanding about the ticket of a lady riding in the seat ahead of me. Apparently there is a dollar or so extra fare for the conductor to collect. As he fingers the small green bill, a puzzled look comes over his face.

"I hate to take this, lady," he says. "I honestly do. But if you will send in this receipt slip, they may reimburse you."

A smile and a showing of fine teeth. A real railroader is this man! And

These Old Engines Were Displayed at One of the Biggest Publicity Stunts in Railroad History—the Fair of the Iron Horse in 1927, Sponsored by the B. & O. On the Left Is the Ross Winans' Camel, for Many Years a Regular Freight Engine on the B. & O. Below Is the William Mason, Built in 1856 for the B. & O., and One of the Speediest "Mills" of Her Time

Photos by Harry Clark, 513 E. Girard Ave., Philadelphia

something else: He is a public relations counsel for the company which has employed him these many years. And a most efficient one.

Yesterday morning on the dining car, I failed to get a newspaper with my breakfast. Now it so happens that I am one of those crotchety old fellows who simply *must* have a morning paper with his coffee. Otherwise the day is spoiled. I mentioned something of the sort to the steward of the car.

"Now don't you worry," said he. "There has been a little slip-up, but we'll get some papers on at the very next stop and then I'll send one in to you, with my compliments."

Then he asked my name and the space I was occupying. Half an hour later my favorite paper was beside me. Another public relations man for the railroad!

Within recent years, the development of public relations work, upon definite and fairly scientific lines, has been one of the very active problems of the large American railroad. The old-time publicity man, with his pad of free passes and his theatrical stunts, is extinct. The bottle of liquor in the desk or the occasional trips to near-by bars are past history.

While personal contact still is maintained to an appreciable degree, the real work is done in a broader way. Organizations with carefully selected personnel are built up and spread to the far corners of a far-reaching railroad system.

Sometimes the paid advertising of a railroad is brought under the wings of the public relations division. As yet,

Miniature Observation Car Advertises U. P. Service

more often not. The advertising is a traditional function of the passenger department and it is hard to change traditions upon our American roads.

So the advertising manager of the American railroad—only in a few cases recognized and raised to the position of dignity that his exacting work requires — still remains very much under the thumb of the passenger traffic manager. Moreover, much of the time and energy of his staff are expended in producing a mass of timetables, special schedules and the like.

Slowly but surely this condition is being remedied. The two largest systems upon this continent — the two great Canadian railways, both of them expert in promotion methods—have already brought about this change.

From Joseph Lavelle Photo Collection

Mount Washington, N. H., Cog Railroad. The Boston & Maine Brought "Old Peppersass" Back Here in 1929 and Got Its Name in the Papers

Upon one of them, the general publicity agent — the simplicity of his title belies the fact that he is an extremely well paid railroad officer with a background of authorship and magazine editing of the highest type—sits in an

Monument Erected at Sacramento by the S. P. to the Memory of Theodore D. Judah, Who Built the First Railroad into the Far West. At the Unveiling Ceremonies Were (Left to Right): C. H. Lewis, Who in April, 1869, Helped to Set the World's Record of Laying Ten Miles of Track in a Day; J. M. Graham, Last of Civil Engineers Who Built the Western Link of the First Transcontinental Railroad; Judah's Great-Great-Grand-Niece, Miss Janice Judah; Amos L. Bowsher, Who Helped in the Ceremony of Driving the Golden Spike in 1869; Joel O. Wilder and O. N. Cronkite, Old Pioneers

office, from whose side doors stretch the long suites of two great departments—advertising and publicity.

Only in the chief's big office do these two arms meet. But there they meet securely and through his energy and skill they function in a remarkably close coöperation.

On the other great Canadian road a similar system is being formulated. And the head of it sits as a right hand of the president of the system, reporting to and in close touch with him.

On other large railroads, right here in the United States, the head of the public relations department has already attained the dignity of a vice presidency. The situation steadily improves.

On one large American railroad system, not less than nineteen expert newspaper men are employed, located in offices from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with a man or two roving through Europe most of the time. This road — I am not permitted to state its name — expends nearly a quarter of a million dollars a year upon the publicity features of its work alone, with an annual appropriation of nearly two million dollars more for its paid advertising. No wonder that it needs harmony between these two great working forces!

And yet, even to-day the average American railroad system is not as well advertised or as thoroughly promoted as the average railway system in Europe.

An Englishman knows his railways. Is proud of them. He will tell you, seriously, why the Great Western is a better road than the Midland, or the reverse.

The work of attempting to suppress newspaper stories has ceased to be a recognized function of the public relations man of any big American road. His work is vastly more constructive. Oftttimes it becomes the creating of features so filled with news value that the newspapers clamor for the details.

The Highland Fling as It Is Flung by Kathie Kemp at a Scottish Festival at Banff, on the Canadian Pacific

Anniversaries are marked with celebrations so interesting that the press is glad to record them. The Fair of the Iron Horse, held by the Baltimore & Ohio at Halethorpe, Md., in 1927, was visited by more than a million and a quarter of people, who returned to their homes singing the praises of the B. & O. That fair cost over a million dollars to prepare. It was public relations work of a high type.

A similarly successful affair was the seventy-fifth anniversary birthday party of

the Missouri Pacific, held at St. Louis in 1926. Another was the return of the locomotive "Peppersass" to the Mount Washington cog railroad.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has been holding a remarkably popular series of annual folk-song festivals in the great hotels along its line, all the way from Quebec to Vancouver. Music critics go to them from the important papers of New York, Montreal and Chicago, and they are widely reported.

Of lesser interest, but still of real value, are the exhibits made by the individual railroads at the various county and State fairs and expositions. Everything from the products of the soil to a huge locomotive and train are shown.

The Union Pacific has a miniature observation car which is in big demand for parades and celebrations of various kinds in cities and towns along the U. P. system. Built at Omaha a few years ago, it is an exact replica of its larger brothers.

It is exhibited with the slogan, "Go to Your Favorite Vacation Spots via the Observation Car." Children trail it through the streets like they follow a circus parade or a Salvation Army band. Grown-ups, too, are impressed with its message. A picture of the U. P. miniature freight train was published in the November, 1930, issue of this magazine.

That is just one phase of railroad publicity. There are many others—the furnishing of speakers to gatherings of business and social clubs, the preparation of pamphlets, large and small, upon various lines of railroad activities, the making and showing of railroad photographs, both still and movings, and many other activities.

The railroad public relations man is nothing if not versatile. He has to be.

The Signal Tower

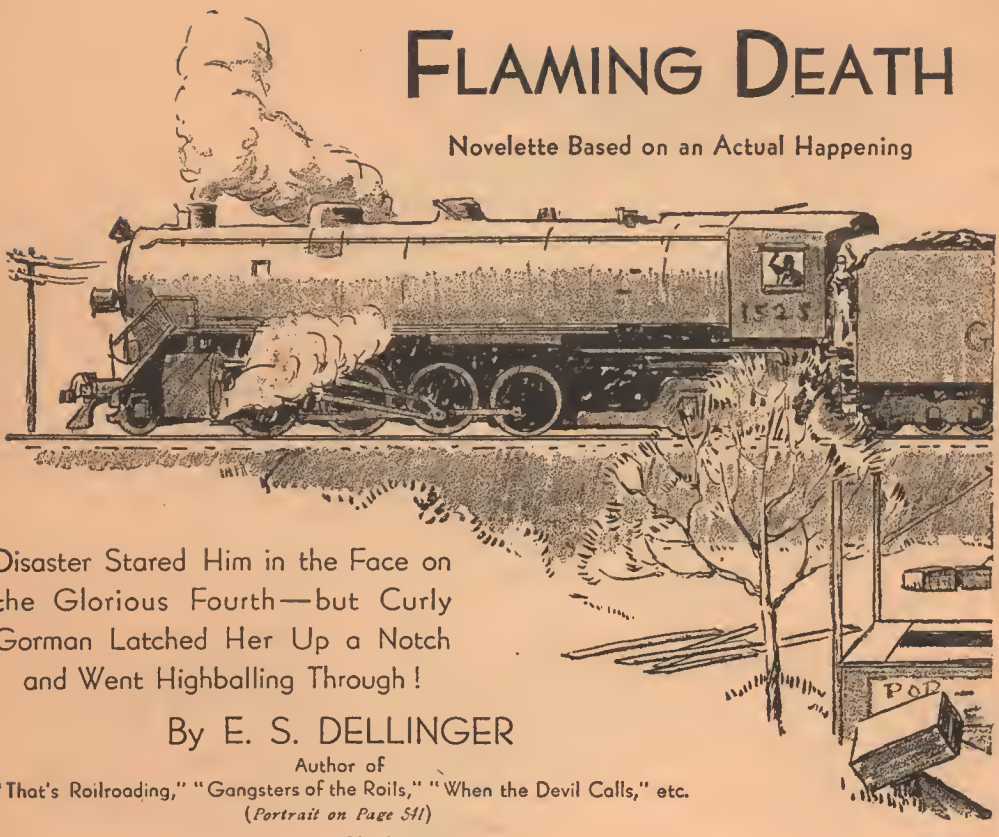
By Olin Lyman

GREEN for the peace of placid days; red for the storms that wait,
For always the trails of steel are swept by the vagrant winds of fate,
And while the horse of steel thrums on and the grinding wheels careen
The sunshine warms the heads of hills and the vales are dark between;
And wings of steam with shimmering gleam shall bear the human horde
To the joys or the griefs appointed by the will of the unseen Lord.

So ever the lever shall shuttle the strands of a purpose deep,
And some shall fare to a larger life and some to a dreamless sleep;
Through the golden days and the pit of night, with bell and blaring gong
The chattering wheels shall spell the rune of an ancient wordless song;
Forever it sounds in the world's set rounds, loosed with immortal breath,
Flung by the wandering winds of fate, the song of life—and death.

FLAMING DEATH

Novelette Based on an Actual Happening



Disaster Stared Him in the Face on the Glorious Fourth—but Curly Gorman Latched Her Up a Notch and Went Highballing Through!

By E. S. DELLINGER

Author of
"That's Railroading," "Gangsters of the Rails," "When the Devil Calls," etc.
(*Portrait on Page 541*)

Illustrated by Charles Durant

JULY sun beat down upon the ballasted tracks of the G. & P., which stretched as white as a scar down the center of the Ozark cordwood village of Spring Hill. Through the east switch a Mikado freight hog staggered up the slight grade with a string of sixty loaded coal cars, clearing the main line for the "Dixie Flier." Curly Gorman leaned slightly forward in the right cab seat, his left hand resting limply on the throttle quadrant, his lazy eyes of liquid blue roving up the dusty street.

Those lazy eyes crossed unhurriedly over the yard overgrown with Jimson and burdock and the weather-beaten lean-to at the end, took in at one sweep the white cottage with the green trimming, and came to rest upon the red-roofed bungalow where a woman was shaking a tablecloth over a flock of white chickens gathered about the back step. The woman folded the tablecloth, and without a glance in his direction turned back into the house. Curly's blue eyes wavered. The eternal smile on his bronzed face flickered and all but died.

With a sigh he turned back into the cab, clicked the reverse up a notch, and leaving it, crossed the deck to stare out from the left at the strip of tree-covered bottom which lay between the track and the dusty street on the south.

This narrow park was literally alive

The Narrow Pork Was Literally Alive with Workmen. Carnival Tents, Merry-Go-Rounds, Doll Racks, Hot Dog and—

with workmen. Carnival tents, merry-go-rounds, dance pavilions, doll racks, hot dog and cold drink stands were growing in solid wall along the south.

"Folks must be fixin' to celebrate the Glorious Fourth in style down in this burg," yelled the fireman.

"They always do, Shorty," returned the engineer. Curly stood with hands gripping the grab irons.

"Reckon you're comin' down to celebrate with the home folks to-morrow, ain't yuh, Curly?" Shorty asked at last.

"Nope."

"Yuh ain't?"

"Nope. If there was two places to spend the Fourth of July, an' the other one was the hot place, I wouldn't spend mine in Spring Hill. Lissen, Shorty! If this cockeyed burg was on fire, an' I was a billion-gallon flood headed straight toward it, I'd turn an' run like hell in the other direction."

Shorty blew the ash off his cigarette tip. Curly strode across the cab and dropped back into his seat to stare out into the dusty street.

It was a familiar street. Time was when he had known every bump and chug-hole in it. It was in the disreputable lean-to shack at its end that he, old Liz Gorman's last kid, had been born thirty-one years ago.

Since he was old Liz Gorman's kid, Spring Hill had refused to accept him—then. So far as he knew, they had never accepted him. Jealous wives had eyed him covertly. Erring husbands had anxiously watched his growth. Church and Sunday school had drawn away from him as from a leper.

Even as a handsome youth, earning his own money, wearing his own clothes, not a soul in Spring Hill save Kitty Morley had even offered him so much as a smile or a friendly nod. Both righteous age and unrighteous youth had treated him exactly as they had treated the dirty, scraggly, homeless pot hounds which nightly sucked eggs in their chicken coops and daily slunk away to hide in the post oak thickets fringing the skirts of the town.

Why should he love it? He owed it nothing—not even the chance to earn a living by the sweat of his brow. The only house which even drew a friendly glance from him as he passed through was the red-roofed bungalow where Kitty Morley—Kitty Martin she was now—had shaken the tablecloth over the flock of white chickens.

Curly brought his eyes back to the bungalow. Kitty Martin had returned to her kitchen. Curly recalled with a sigh that it had been ten years since he had spoken to her or met her face to face. He had not seen the dark circles under her once laughing eyes, nor the fearful, hopeless, brooding shadows which lurked in their brown depths. Neither had he seen this afternoon the telltale finger-prints stamped as black bruises upon her once flawless throat. Perhaps it was just as well.

While he watched, two children, a boy of nine and a girl two years younger, came out of the front gate and started up the board sidewalk toward the red station house and the town crossing below it.

He eyed them until they disappeared from sight behind the cut of freight cars on the passing track, and then, turning back to his levers, brought the coal drag to a stop with the nose of the big Mike pointed into the crossing twenty feet ahead.

II

When the engine was still Shorty Breece climbed out of the gangway with the dump wrench. Curly followed him down the steps, and while the fireman dumped the ash pan and extinguished the fire with water from the squirt hose, he set to work twisting grease plugs into sockets and squirming around the valve motion to fill oil holes from the long-necked can.

When he had finished oiling the

left side of the engine, Curly walked forward and set his can on the pilot bar. Then, while he wiped his sooty face on the red bandanna, he stared across the street at Bud Martin's old saloon, over whose false front entrance hung the tin sign bearing the inscription: *Spring Hill Restaurant.*

In the door of the restaurant the Widow Martin stood fanning herself with a magazine and staring down toward the track. Curly smiled aloud to think how the mighty had fallen. Fifteen years ago that woman, then the wife of the wealthiest saloon keeper in the mountains, had been the barometer, the thermometer, the weather vane and the trumpet of Spring Hill. Ever since he had been old enough to remember, this female dictator and mouthpiece of the community had condemned him most bitterly, had flayed him unmercifully.

"Wuthless tripe — scum of Spring Hill—be hung fer murder or sent to the pen fer stealin' afore you're thirty—"

Time after time she had scorched him thus; and he had smiled his eternal smile and taken it.

Now? Well, now things were different. Now she eked out an existence frying hot hamburgers over a hot stove and dishing them out across her husband's old bar, while her son Hollis—"My Hollis," she called him—instead of wearing a white apron and peddling booze from a spigot, wore overalls and soiled his hands like common folks, peddling gasoline from a tank truck. Time had somewhat evened the score.

Curly, without caring one whit, had wondered often of late if the widow's fall might have softened somewhat her bitter hatred toward him. Wondering, he lifted the bandanna in salute.

When the widow saw the movement she tossed her graying head and stalked airily back into the restaurant. With a laugh Curly stuffed the bandanna back into his pocket. Evidently to her and his home community, he was still old Liz Gorman's last kid.

He turned from the restaurant, picked up his oiler, and with a glance toward Hollis Martin's storage tanks beyond the crossing, walked past the pilot to finish his oiling. At one of those tanks Martin was filling his truck with gasoline. Curly's lazy eyes quickened. His jaw set stiffly. His fingers on the handle of the oiler became a clenched fist. "My Hollis" was fumbling unnaturally with the tank hose. Curly's smile became almost sardonic as, watching the fumbling movement, he recalled the harsh words of Parson Morley that night:

"The man my daughter marries must be every inch a gentleman. I think too much of her future happiness to permit her to join hands with such worthless, nameless trash as you."

III

Hollis Martin tossed the tank hose back on its hook, screwed the cap into place, and staggering slightly as he walked, climbed into the cab and drove toward the crossing. Curly busied himself with the oiler.

Fifty feet from him Martin drove upon the crossing, the powerful motor roaring in low. On the crossing he fumbled with the gear shift, changed to second, almost killing his engine. Then he pulled off toward the street intersection and stopped to talk for a moment with the two children.

"Mamma said tell you to get some ice and bring it home," the little boy told him.

"You tell your mamma I don't give a damn what she said," bellowed Martin. "I got somethin' to do besides run a ice wagon."

When their father had driven on, the two children, walking hand in hand, came over the crossing toward Curly and his big engine. The little girl limped slightly in her left leg. (She had been limping since the night, five years ago, when her father had come home soused.)

They glanced furtively across the street toward the restaurant. Their Grandma Martin was not looking. They dodged quickly down the main line out of her sight and stood watching Curly.

The little girl sucked her thumb, tried to back away. The boy gripped her trembling hand in his firm one, and both of them stared wide-eyed at the big engineer working with his back toward them.

Interested in watching, excited by their adventure, unaccustomed to the roar of the blower, the pound of the air pumps, the wail of imprisoned steam, they did not hear the Dixie Flier crashing down the main track sixty miles an hour. Curly heard it. He looked at his watch, dropped it back into his pocket, and made a hurried movement toward the engine step.

In the act of turning he glimpsed the two youngsters standing squarely in the middle of the track. His blue eyes grew wide as theirs. He dropped the oil can, leaped toward them, snatched the little girl under his right arm, the boy under his left, and sprang clear of the track a second before the Flier shot out from behind the concealing cordwood ricks and crashed over the spot where they had been standing.

Here he set them down, stared stupidly at the print of the big hand stamped in black grease on the front of the little girl's clean, white dress. The boy uttered a frightened shriek, batted his eyes dazedly, first at Curly, then at the steel Pullmans zipping past. The little girl turned a puzzled face up to Curly's gray one and smiled—the same smile which thirteen years ago had made him do without cigarettes and booze a whole summer to buy a decent suit of clothes to wear to Sunday school.

When the Flier had gone the fireman, who had been the sole witness to the near tragedy, leaped from the gangway of the freight hog and stood trembling before the group.

"God, but that was a close one!" he breathed fervently.

The boy stuffed a fist into his eye and wet it. The little girl whimpered. Curly, smiling his eternal smile, picked her up and kissed her. Then, because he could think of nothing else to do, he asked lightly:

"You kids like lollypops?"

Both nodded shyly. Curly, forgetting for the moment that he was in Spring Hill instead of Nolan, took them across the street to the corner drug store, three doors below the restaurant, the fireman walking beside him. He ordered a lollypop for each of the children.

"Now don't you git that stuff on your dress, missie," he admonished the little girl.

She turned upon him an adoring smile, leaned far forward. Curly took two sips of cherry coke, watched the youngsters lick off the coating of chocolate, and chuckled. The screen door of the drug store flew open and banged shut. The Widow Martin, her wrinkled face hard and aggressive, came stalking in. She turned her gim-

He Snatched the Little Girl under His Right Arm, the Little Boy under His Left, and Sprang Clear of the Tracks a Second Before the Flier Crashed Over the Spot Where They Had Been Standing

let eyes upon the overalled figure of Curly Gorman, sitting at the marble-topped fountain, a child on either hand.

"What aire you a doin' uv, now, Curly Gorman?" she screeched.

Curly stared at her, shrugged his broad shoulders and smiled. The widow came nearer until she spied the print of Curly's greasy hand upon the clean white dress.

"Fer the laws-a-massy, look at *that!* Jest look at that!"

She jerked the little girl off the high stool and, pointing to the mark, darted an accusing look at Curly.

"Curly Gorman!" she sputtered. "Ef—ef you ever dast tetch one uh these young uns agin — I'll — I'll tell my Hollis an'—"

"Madam," broke in the fireman, "Curly was—"

Curly signalled for silence. Always Spring Hill had questioned his motives and the Widow Martin had voiced the question. Now, as of old, the town was gathering like a desert army when the war drums beat. The drug store was already filled, and a hundred gawking necks were craned trying to see from the street. The arch-enemy was screaming.

"You ornery, low-down ragamuffin—wuthless tripe—no-'count trash—pest of Spring Hill. It 'd been a God's blessin' if you'd never been borned. You—"

Curly shrugged his shoulders. That speech contained nothing new, yet his liquid blue eyes had hardened to cold steel. The fireman set down his glass, and stepping toward the old lady, tried to tell her that if it hadn't been for those grease spots on that clean dress there would have been a splotch of blood out there between the rails instead of a little girl eating a lollypop. Curly lifted his hand.

"Let 'er rave, Shorty," he said bitterly. "Old she-devil always did get a kick out of pronouncin' my blessin'. I'd hate like hell to deprive her of the pleasure."

The Widow Martin whirled, and snatching a hand of each grandchild, went dragging them off toward the restaurant. The loafers broke into whispering groups and disappeared. Curly Gorman sipped cherry coke, smiled his eternal smile, and watched them go.

Five minutes after the screen door had banged shut, he paid his bill and, side by side with Shorty Breece, sauntered across the dusty street whistling. Number Thirty-nine bumped and rattled through. Curly waved at the engineer. Tonnage Jones came out of the station and handed him an order. The head brakeman hopped upon the pilot step. Curly climbed to his cab, hooked down his reverse, opened his throttle, worked his sand and went clanging out of the siding, dragging sixty cars of coal.

IV

His run the following morning began in a manner not strikingly different from the thousand or so other trips he had made. He was called at Nolan at 3.30 for an oil drag East at 4.55. After eating the usual order of ham and eggs at the restaurant, he went down to the crew room. Shorty Breece was there ahead of him, the center of an interested group of enginemen. As Curly opened the crew room door he heard Shorty say in a loud, angry voice:

"—An' the next time I stop in that hick burg I'm goin' straight up to that beanery and tell that old hell-cat where she belongs. The very—"

Curly slammed the door. The group broke up. Shorty sauntered over to the wash basin. Curly yawned, smiled his eternal smile, and reckoned aloud that "hell wouldn't be a bad place to land in if they jist ain't got a red-headed call boy down there to ruin a man's Fourth of July by startin' him out nursin' a freight hog over some frowzy pike at 4 A.M."

The gossipers laughed. Curly pulled off his blue serge trousers, his white shirt, his blue tie, and folded them neatly and put them in the bottom of his grip. Then he began a funny story. Curly always told funny stories; but the fellows never forgot this one. It was about a fellow who had won a Stetson hat in a guessing contest. While he drawled it out in that soft, even voice of his, he donned clean overalls, a clean jumper, knotted a clean bandanna about his neck, slipped the brown goggles over the striped cloth cap, put on his gauntlets and took his favorite oil can out of the locker.

When he came to the climax of the story he was standing in the middle of the floor, wiping the oil can with clean, white waste. As he wiped he noticed in the bright tin a dent which had not been there yesterday when he swung down to the cinders at Spring Hill.

"Now how in the hell—" he drawled, breaking abruptly out of his story.

The men all stared at him. But they did not see the chain of images which flashed through his quick mind—vision of a little girl—yellow hair—blue eyes—the Dixie Flier—the corner drug store in Spring Hill—the Widow Martin—the Spring Hill crowd and twenty years of shrinking misery.

He straightened the wavering smile, rubbed the dented tin with waste, and completed the story which left the

dingy crew room ringing with laughter until long after he had gone out to prepare his engine for its hundred and fifty miles of service.

His engine that morning was the 4703. She was a big jack, the latest thing in freight engines. Her boiler was so wide it stopped up the whole front end of the cab, so that the builders had been compelled to put a little cupola—"dog house," the boys called it—on top of the tank where the brakeman might ride and watch his train. Her steam stoker dragged coal out of the bottom of the tank, forced it like sausage through a tunnel under the deck and shoved it up into the firebox through a pot almost as big as a whisky barrel. She had a booster engine, which, coupled to the tender wheels, turned those wheels into drivers to give extra power in starting heavy loads and pulling them over the Ozark humps.

"I'll bet we git a million cars out of this burg this mornin', Curly," growled the fireman.

"We should give a car-toad's damn if we do," returned the engineer. "The bigger the train the bigger the pay check."

Both men swung up the steel steps into the steel cab and busied themselves, getting ready for the trip. Shorty raised the steam from ninety pounds toward two hundred twenty-five. Curly swung down to the ground with wrench and oiler and inspected the engine from nose to tail and back again. Soon the brakeman came to pilot him out to the train yard.

As they coupled into the string of oil cars, Old Tonnage Jones came up to the cab with a handful of orders.

"Pause and read these, my boy," growled the conductor, lighting his black stogy.

"Everybody late to-day, Tonnage," laughed Curly as he reached for the flimsies.

"Sure!" growled the conductor. "This is the Glorious Fourth. Everybody's celebratin' to-day except a lot of nut-headed railroaders. Quality folks rides the cushions, I reckon. They're runnin' three sections of Seven and two sections of Four, all off the advertised."

Tonnage Jones puffed thoughtfully. Curly checked his orders against his clearance.

"Have we got plenty of train to-day, Tonnage?" he asked when he had finished.

Tonnage blew a ring of smoke and replied with mock reverence:

"Yea, verily. Eighty-six cars—five thousand six hundred eighty-one tons. We'll pull ten thousand before we die, Curly. That's the one ambition of my life, to pull ten thousand tons in one train."

The old man laughed at his own sarcasm, puffed thoughtfully on the black stogy, and stared out across the mist-curtained yards. Curly read his orders and handed them to the fireman to read while he tested the air brakes. After a while the brake inspector came over to make his report.

"You've got eighty-six—all workin', Curly."

Shorty Breece groaned. Curly laughed, folded his report slip and stuffed it, with his order, into his overall pocket.

"All set, Tonnage?" he asked, turning to the conductor.

"Ready to go whenever you are, Curly. Highball!"

V

THE old man lifted a hand. Curly dropped the air reverse, blew sand

under his drivers, opened his throttle a few notches. The brakeman climbed to his "dog house." The fireman put on his injector and set his stoker working. Tonnage crossed the cab and started down the steps.

"We're goin' to town to-day, Tonnage," yelled Curly from the cab window.

"Yeah?"

"You tell 'em. I tried to lay off last night. This mud-head outfit around here wouldn't let me. I've got a date with Sweet Marie in Clayton for 5 P.M. Goin'—"

"You a date!" screamed Tonnage with a wink at Shorty.

The fireman laughed loudly. Curly Gorman's dates were the standing joke of the division. He had always let the rest of the boys look after the women. His dates were about as abundant as gossips in Paradise. Still, he yanked the throttle, smiled his eternal smile and declared stoutly:

"You're darn tootin' I got a date—a swell dame from San Loui'—goin' to tak 'er to supper an' the fireworks an' then—"

"Lissen, if you see Clayton at 5 P.M. this day, you'll see it lookin' down from the Pearly Gates. Eighty-five cars an' the crummy — six thousand tons, and varnished cars all off the advertised. Yea, verily, if you jine any French pettin' party at 5 P.M. this day, it won't be in Clayton."

Tonnage dropped to the cinders. The 4703 snatched the eighty-five cars of gasoline past him. Curly, watching back as the caboose creaked by, saw the wigwag on its cupola rise and fall, telling him that the conductor had safely caught the rear. It was then he lifted his reverse up on its quadrant, hauled back on the throttle, and went thundering eastward where the red disk of the July sun climbed out of gray mists and strode up the cloudless sky of burnished copper.

VI

LONG before sunrise that Independence morning, while Curly was entertaining the fellows in the crew room, the people of Spring Hill were astir. Keepers of novelty, hot-dog and cold-drink stands, of doll racks and fortune wheels, of dance pavilion and merry-go-rounds hustled to the picnic ground to get ready for the rush.

Throughout the forenoon, while Curly was threading his way eastward with those eighty-five cars of gasoline, people were pouring into Spring Hill until by noon the rush was there. Hurried comments passed from mouth to mouth among the sponsors of the picnic, who were bustling about among the crowds, swollen with importance.

"Biggest picnic we ever had."

"Folks here from St. Louis an' Springfield, an' every place."

"We got more'n five thousand on the grounds to-day."

And, indeed, the crowd looked it. People were working in the narrow, closed-in park like bees in a hive at swarming time. Five thousand were packed into the grounds, and cars were parked three and four deep on the only open side, with no means of entrance or exit save the narrow opening at the end next the crossing.

That picnic crowd was shut into the park like flies in a beer bottle. In case of stampede or of fire, they would have precisely as much chance of escape as the inmates of a sixteen-story hotel with the elevator on fire and no fire escapes.

Still, if any one had suggested possible danger in the situation, the natives would have scoffed at him as a

"We'll Pull Ten Thousand Before We Die, Curly. That's the One Ambition of My Life, to Pull Ten Thousand Tons in One Train"

false prophet. In that whole park was nothing that would burn but dead cinders and green trees. Neither the Widow Martin, serving hot dogs in the shade of her favorite walnut tree, nor her Hollis, driving his red tank truck hourly across the tracks, was bothered by a shadow of fear. In Spring Hill all was well.

VII

After the first thirty miles all did not go so well with Curly. Between Meridan and Kiowa he lost thirty minutes waiting for the train crew to take off a brake beam which had broken loose.

That thirty minutes lost caused him to lose two hours more at Kiowa, waiting for two sections of Seven and a fruit train he would otherwise have met while he took coal and water at Green River.

And from that time on, delay piled upon delay, until by two o'clock they had covered less than eighty of the one hundred fifty miles.

When they headed in at Logan, twenty miles from Spring Hill, to meet the first Number Four, Tonnage Jones walked over to the head end and, thumbs in the armholes of his vest, stood in the shade of a black oak tree, next the right of way fence, smoking his black cigar and lecturing Curly in mock seriousness on the futility of trying to mix hot dates and railroading.

"It don't pay, Curly," the old man admonished him. "If you want to make a good trip every day, git yourself a wife that don't give a damn whether you ever git home or not, an' you'll be on time every trip. Take my word for it."

"Wife!" scoffed Curly, a peculiar gleam in the blue eyes.

"Let me tell you that I've got precisely as much use for a wife as Satan has for the Sabbath day."

Number Four came by, fifty miles an hour, her green flags flapping in the wind. The engineer whistled. Curly answered with two blasts from the 4703, and a few moments later was heading his drag out of the siding, to go clacking away toward Cat Creek, watching the hills, growing from shadows all dim with distance, take shape.

From time to time he stared back at the round black bellies of the oil tanks rolling out of a cut or around a

curve behind him. Oil tanks—eighty-five of them — loaded eight thousand gallons to the tank. Enough gasoline to run a flivver twelve million miles!

But Curly wasn't thinking of the canned energy he was hauling. His mind was tossing on the angry flood of memories which the affair of yesterday had set free. Once more he lived his last night in Spring Hill, the night before he had gone to Nolan to take the job knocking fires in the G. & P. roundhouse, the night he had taken Kitty Morley home from the party, had put his arms about her, had felt her soft lips touch his.

The smile deepened, then faded. Parson Morley had come out that night. Curly could see him yet, standing in the door of the white cottage with the green blinds, popping his fists, stamping his feet while both he and the Widow Martin, standing beside him, called down the wrath of God on a "piece of worthless, nameless carrion, a hell-bound sinner who dared make love to a fine, sweet girl like Kitty."

Curly had slunk away to the woods that night like a homeless pot hound. Flat on his back, staring up at the blinking stars, he had dreamed heroic dreams. And in every dream two hopes had ridden uppermost—to return to his home town, a conqueror over birth, a hero before all—to claim his lady love like a knight of old, or to die for her in some great and heroic enterprise.

Curly's handsome face crimsoned under the tan. He snatched himself back from dream to reality, recalled bitterly that Kitty Morley, driven by the parson's stern orders, persuaded by the Widow Martin's wheedling, had married "her Hollis" before the year was out. He yanked the throttle wider and muttered, as he had muttered a thousand times before:

"To hell with 'em!"

VIII

When Extra 4703 was two miles from Cat Creek, the fireman came across the deck.

"What's the time on that second Four at Spring Hill, Curly?" he inquired.

Curly fished the order out of his pocket and handed it to the fireman. Smoothing its creases, Shorty read: "Second Number Four engine 1542 wait at Gantry until 2.43, Spring Hill 2.50, Cat Creek 2.59 for Extra 4703 east."

Shorty handed the green tissue sheet back to the engineer and looked at his watch. It was 2.31.

"Looks like yuh might spend part of the Glorious Fourth with your friends in Spring Hill," he said dryly.

Curly whirled and snapped back over his shoulder:

"I'm damned if I do. If we can't go to Gantry for Number Four, we're goin' to stay at Cat Creek."

He laughed mirthlessly. On the right the Cat Creek mile post glimmered through the heat waves. He reached for the whistle cord, held it down in the long station blast. Far back on the caboose the mechanical highballer was jumping up and down. Curly answered the signal and swore. Old Tonnage Jones wanted to go to Spring Hill.

"Are yuh goin', Curly?" yelled the fireman.

"Sure."

They swung around the curve and came in sight of the box car station at Cat Creek. Under a red order board the operator stood in shirt sleeves waving an order hoop.

"Grab that order over there, Shorty!" yelled the engineer. "Maybe the delayer's come alive and givin' us some help on that second Four."

Shorty swung down to the step, snatched the hoop from the operator, slipped out the order and climbed back into the cab. Unfolding the green tissue, Curly read: "Second Number Four engine 1542 will wait at Gantry until 2.51 for Extra 4703 east."

"If that's the best he can do, we're stuck at Spring Hill, after all, I reckon," growled the fireman.

"Not by a damn sight," returned Curly with a yank on the throttle. "I'm goin' to Gantry."

Shorty returned to his place. Curly lighted a cigar and sat smoking. The piston stroke quickened until he was doing close to fifty miles an hour on the straight track above Spring Hill.

At 2.41 he whistled for the station and whistled through. Shorty looked at his watch and shook his head. But before the whistle had ceased sounding, the wigwag was rising and falling, signalling that Tonnage Jones, checking time with him from the rear, had reckoned ten minutes was long enough to go four miles and clear a passenger train.

Curly laughed aloud. The fireman looked across the cab and yelled: "Hop to 'er, old head. I'm for yuh strong as garlic."

Curly waved a hand, blew a ring of smoke into the air. As he passed over the west switch he kicked a few pounds of air under the train, slowed it until he was doing under forty as he approached the Spring Hill crossing. Then he sat watching ahead.

IX

The G. & P. tracks come down into Spring Hill on a sharp right hand curve. Within the arc of the curve is the wood yard, cutting off the view of the town beyond. Because of the curve and the wood, Curly could not see the crossing until he was within two hundred feet of it. Knowing that the town would be alive with picnickers to-day, he turned on the bell and started the deafening blast of the whistle a quarter mile away.

The brakeman came crawling out of his doghouse and stood beside it. Shorty. Breece sauntered across the deck to stand in the right gangway. All three men were watching forward, smiling through the day's coal dust, because they knew that as they thundered down past the picnic ground a thousand pairs of eyes would be lifted toward them and a thousand hands would wave a greeting.

Tensed and expectant, they all saw it at the same time. Just as they shot out from behind the cordwood ricks, and, whistle blaring, bell ringing, cleared the gasoline storage tanks on the right, Hollis Martin drove his truck upon the crossing and stopped squarely on the track in front of them.

Time was not left for any man to think. In the cab of the truck, Hollis Martin's unsteady hand fumbled with the door fastener. It would not open. On the tank the brakeman uttered a wild yell and leaped behind his sheltering cupola. In the cab the fireman stumbled across the deck to stand in the left gangway, crouching, waiting for the inevitable crash.

Curly Gorman waited for nothing. In one instinctive movement his hand whipped from whistle cord to throttle lever. He shoved the bar home, and in the same sweep grabbed the brake valve to twist it on the "big hole"—to bleed the train line dry—to set the brakes in emergency.

With his hand on the valve he paused. His blue eyes, keen now like cutting steel, looked out over the throng in the picnic ground below him. Here faces were lifted, not smiling faces, but faces wide-eyed and frozen with horror. Those faces were turned toward him, five thousand of them. He saw the wall of cars to the south, fencing them into the little Spring Hill park. It had, in the twinkling of an eye, become a death trap from which there would be no escape if fire should come.

Still, it is doubtful whether in those first seconds a single mind in all those watching thousands even sensed the danger they were in. They saw peril only to the drunken driver of the stalled truck, not to the milling crowd in the park.

Only Curly Gorman and the two men with him saw what was coming. They knew that if Martin's tank was full of gasoline, as it usually was when he drove north across the tracks, the impact of the 4703 would splinter it, would free several hundred gallons of gasoline.

Curly knew that the fire from his furnace would ignite it as the engine passed through, knew there would be one explosive flash, then a burst of flame leaping back over the bodies of his train of loaded tanks—eighty-five carloads more of gas which might turn into liquid fire.

Leaning far forward, half rising from his seat, he remained like a statue. His face was gray, the eternal smile wiped from it. The handsome mouth was open as his eyes leaped out over the crowd and back again. If he set his brakes in emergency, he could leave the cab, leap to safety with at most a few burns and broken bones.

On the other hand, if he set his brakes in emergency he would bring those eighty-five cars of gasoline to a dead stop in the midst of the flaming river. Other explosions must surely follow; other thousands of gallons of gas would be hurled high in the air to fall back like living fire into the mass of swirling humanity in the park.

And in that park was the Spring Hill which had despised him, had condemned him, had refused him his chance in life. In that crowd were the boys who had taunted him, the girls who had scorned him, the men who had beaten and abused him, the women who had lied about him—and the Widow Martin—and Kitty Martin—and—and somewhere out in that frozen crowd a face seemed to smile up into his, a face framed in yellow hair above a white dress bearing the imprint of a greasy hand.

Curly Gorman's mouth clamped shut. The eternal smile returned to his gray face. Dropping back into his seat, he shoved the brake valve on full release, reached for the throttle, and in the instant when he plowed into Hollis Martin's stalled truck, the roaring exhaust of the 4703 ripped the sultry air and sent smoke climbing skyward from the short stack.

The pilot hit the tank squarely a third of the way back. The truck cab, with Hollis Martin in it, was hurled far out to the left. He never knew what struck him. The tank broke loose from its chassis, slammed back against the smoke box, and, caving in like a paper cylinder, went hurtling to the right, spewing liquid destruction in every direction.

Spilled gasoline washed the 4703 from tank air hose to pilot coupler. It dashed into the ashpan on live coals. It covered the wheels, the driving gear, the pilot, the boiler, the cab. It

splashed into the gangway and gathered in a pool in the deck. It bathed the crossing, the embankment, went creeping down toward the crowd where mothers grabbed little children and began swaying away from the track toward the wall of cars on the south.

A second before the crash Curly had jerked the cab window shut and turned toward the gangway, yelling:

"Jump! Shorty! For God's sake, jump!"

His words were drowned in the roar of the explosion. The spilled gas caught fire with a terrific flash. Booming, billowing, roaring tongues of black and red leaped a hundred feet in air; and out of their midst the 4703, a monstrous projectile of living flame, shot down past the picnic crowd, dragging eighty-five cars of gasoline through the lake of fire.

At the instant of the explosion Shorty Breece leaped. And with singed hair and brows and lashes, with a broken leg and caved-in ribs, he lay unconscious beyond the reach of the flood of fire which crept out from the wrecked tank.

X

The minute after Shorty jumped, leaving Curly alone in the cab of the 4703, was a minute of ordeal, of surging, seething, raging inner conflict. Curly knew he could still jump and save himself. He was not yet seriously burned. If he set his brakes and left his cab, he would escape alive.

But if he set his brakes, stopped those tanks in that river of fire, no power on earth could save Spring Hill and the watching thousands from complete destruction. He dared not leave the cab with throttle open and brakes off, either. He had a meet with Second Number Four at Gantry. Gantry was four miles away, halfway down a heavy grade.

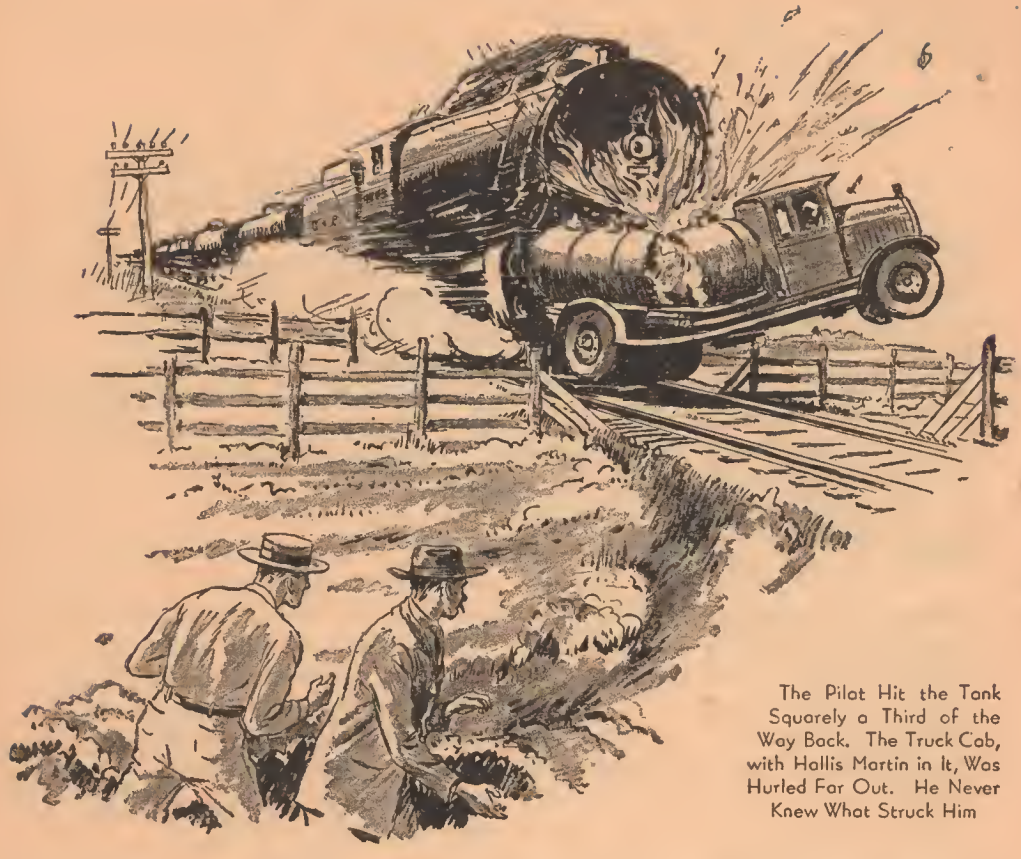
Even now this gilded special, carrying several hundred passengers, might be approaching the blind siding to fulfill its meet, or might be waiting for him there on the main track. If Extra 4703, with six hundred thousand gallons of gasoline, should plow into that load of human freight—

And such a cab! Long before the engine had dragged half the train past the crowd in the picnic ground, heat had caved in the windows. Curly was crouching down behind the brake pipes, his right arm thrown up to shield his eyes from the terrific heat and the flying glass. The hot gas stifled him. The heat seared his eyeballs. It blistered his wrists, his face, his neck, every spot that was bare.

During those creeping, burning seconds, as the pain grew more intense, weakening his first resolve to stay and see it through, the temptation became ever stronger to give up, to set his brakes and jump—to leave the picnic crowd to its fate. After all, what did he owe Spring Hill?

In those seconds, all the hatred which Spring Hill had engendered, and which he had sought to hide behind the curtain of his eternal smile, to cover with the varnish of lazy contempt, surged to the surface, threw its power into the conflict. What did he owe Spring Hill or anybody in it? Did he owe them life? Should he pay the penalty for the act of the man whom this town had praised as its angel while persecuting him as its devil?

He arose from his crouching posture, head bent to the flames, determined to set his brakes and leave this living crematory. He was gasping for breath. His clothing was on fire.



The Pilot Hit the Tank Squarely a Third of the Way Back. The Truck Cab, with Hollis Martin in It, Was Hurled Far Out. He Never Knew What Struck Him

He tried to see, but not a glimmer of light came to his blinded eyes, only a vast, black darkness, an unnatural void out of which shone the image of a face.

It was a girlish face fringed in yellow hair. It carried him back through the years to the one single soul in Spring Hill who had not spurned him, who had treated him as human. It carried him back to the night when he had lain beneath the stars and dreamed heroic dreams—dreams of the time when he, old Liz Gorman's last kid, would return a hero to claim the hand of his lady love, or to die for her.

The seconds crept by. He tried to guess his position, to estimate when he had dragged his train past the burning gasoline. He reckoned it must long ago have cleared, still he could not see. He counted rail joints as they clicked under his wheels. They seemed miles apart. He counted ten—ten rail joints—ten car lengths. How many he had already passed he had no way of knowing.

He crouched lower. The film of gasoline had by this time burned off the metal. In the fading glimmer of consciousness he reckoned his train must now be safe. He gave the brake valve a single twist. Air hissed out. Brakes took hold of spinning wheels. The train slackened speed, came to a stop.

The pain of his burns was maddening. His clothes were still on fire. He

knew he must extinguish them. He remembered that at the bottom of the tank was a drainage faucet. Staggering to his feet, he groped his way across the deck and swayed down the steps. He fumbled for the faucet. He opened it and let the water stream down over his body.

Tonnage Jones, followed by a stream of picnickers, came running over. They flagged Second Number Four and backed the oil train back into the siding at Spring Hill. Willing hands carried Curly tenderly into a Pullman where doctors gave first aid, kept him alive until they could rush him to the hospital in Nolan.

XI

Hollis Martin was buried in Spring Hill the next day. Kitty mourned, as a good wife should mourn. The minister from Logan eulogized the dead as a good preacher should do. The Widow Martin raved and moaned and cried. Bitter she was in her grief, but more bitter still in her denunciation of Curly Gorman.

"That wuthless, no-'count trash—that carrion—that scum! I allus knowed he'd do somethin' turrible—somethin' dreadful—an' now he's went an' kilt my Hollis—my Hollis!"

"There, there, now, Mrs. Martin. I wouldn't take on thataway. They say poor Curly purt nigh burn alive."

"Purt nigh, is it? Purt nigh— I hope the ornery devil roasts in torment through all eternity!"

But for once Spring Hill did not scrape and bow and nod its approval of the widow's harsh words. Those of its citizens who had failed yesterday to understand the full significance of what Curly Gorman had done for them had read the morning papers.

More than half the front page was devoted to discussion of the affair at Spring Hill. Curly's picture was there. Hollis Martin's ignoble part was played up fully. Every little detail was brought out and exaggerated. During the week which followed more than one patriarch of the village stood with foot on some strange pilgrim's running board, pointed out the exact "spot," and averred stoutly:

"Curly Gorman? Yessir, you bet I knowed him. Knowed him ever sence he was knee high to a goslin'. Fine boy! Yessir, they don't make 'em no better!"

For days Curly lay in the hospital when no one knew whether he would live or die. People from Spring Hill laid daily siege to the hospital, whisperingly anxious to know how he was. Housewives sent gifts of jelly and fruits and cakes and fried chicken.

In October he was released from the hospital. In November the new Chamber of Commerce of Spring Hill prepared a banquet with Curly as guest of honor. A committee met him at the station; and while the band played "Yankee Doodle," four stalwart sons in olive drab and overseas caps smelling strongly of moth balls, carried him on their shoulders to the Methodist Church, where the banquet was served.

There was a flowery welcome by the president of the C. of C., to which Curly, almost overcome by their evident sincerity, made response in his own simple way. At the close of the banquet, Parson Morley, on behalf of the town and the club, presented him with a beautiful gold watch in token of its appreciation. The card attached to the present bore the inscription:

"Spring Hill gave 'Curly' Gorman one life; he repaid the gift with thousands."

How many times Curly shook hands that day, he never knew. His arm grew sore with constant pumping. The Widow Martin he did not see. Kitty was there helping serve. She had a white apron over her black satin dress. Curly thought she had never looked more beautiful. The black circles were gone from her eyes. When he shook her hand he stood staring down into her face. She looked up to his, which, despite all surgery could do, was still seamed and scarred from the burns he had received—looked up and smiled from eyes which glistened. And that one smile repaid him all his suffering.

XII

Again it was July. Burning sun beat down upon the ballasted tracks of the G. & P., which stretched as a white scar down the center of the Ozark cordwood village of Spring Hill. Up the main track thundered Second Number Four at forty miles an hour. Curly Gorman leaned slightly forward in the right cab seat, his left hand lying on the throttle quadrant.

He lifted his hand lazily to the whistle cord. A blast not described in the rule book issued from the screaming whistle. Curly's blue eyes darted over the weather-beaten lean-to at the end of the street and came to rest upon the bungalow with the red roof.

In the front yard two children quit romping with the big black dog and, turning toward the tracks, waved and shouted in glee. Kitty Martin opened the screen and came out upon the porch. Curly lifted his scarred right hand, then touched his fingers to his lips and threw her a kiss.

To-day he did not cross the cab to watch the carpenters building cold drink and hot dog stands in the park on the south. Instead, Shorty Breece crossed to the north and stood leaning from the gangway, waving at the trio until the red station house hid them from view. Then he turned back, and leaning against the cab frame, called up to the engineer:

"I reckon you'll be comin' down to celebrate with the home folks to-morrow. Eh, Curly?"

"Sure—sure. Wouldn't miss it for a fortune in goose heaven."

Curly hooked the reverse up a notch and pulled back on the throttle. Shorty chuckled.

"Is this the time you're goin' to fetch the pretty widow home to that new bungalow of yours on Fourth Street?" he asked slyly.

"Nope. Not this time. Ain't fetchin' her home till just before time for the kiddies to start school in September."

Shorty returned to his stoking. Liz Gorman's last kid smiled his eternal smile, and gazed dreamily out over the familiar tree-clad hills which rose as dim shadows out of the blue haze toward the west.

"DESERT STEEL"

Another Great Novelette by E. S. Dellinger

COMING IN SEPTEMBER

Illustrated by J. Campbell Farren

"Save a Nickel a Day," Cried the Brass Hats—"I'm Just Obeyin' Rules," Snapped Back Frank—and Then the Trouble Began!

Fusee Frank, Flagman

By JAMES W. EARP

Author of "Bill Riley's Hog Train," "Dynamite Dan," "Over There with Corky," etc.

DEAR SIR:

A check of our records shows that you do not seem to be aware of the seriousness of the campaign we are conducting to "Save a Nickel a Day" throughout the entire system of our railroad.

Your requisitions for fusees and torpedoes have doubled in the past year, which means that just that much money has been lost to the company.

I hope that you will look after this matter a little more carefully and give us a little more coöperation. Your office is the only one on the system which has not shown a satisfactory decrease in expenditures.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM E. TRIMMEM,
Gen. Storekeeper,
Chicago, Ill.

To: Mr. Henry Phillcan
Mohawk Div. Storekeeper
Platt, Kansas, Feb. 2, 1931

Division Storekeeper
Platt, Kansas, Feb. 6, 1921

Mr. W. E. Trimmem
Gen. Storekeeper
Dear Sir:

In answer to your letter of the second, beg to say that I'm not to blame for the increase in use of torpedoes and fusees on this division that you complain of.

I get a requisition signed by the conductor or trainmaster for everything I put out of this place.

The fact of the matter is, Mr. Trimmem, we got a brakeman over here who is more to blame than me. His name is Frank Simmonds, but the boys all call him "Fusee Frank" on account of the way he is always using torpedoes and fusees. He is on the hind end with Conductor Sam Hardy and he is always drawing supplies like fusees and torpedoes which he says he has to have to

keep his train protected right. Maybe so, but it seems to me his train needs a lot of protecting. It is his actions which are ruining my reputation in the "Save a Nickel a Day" campaign. If the company would get rid of him, maybe then I could make a showing on your official records.

For it's a cinch I can't get any help from him. He just left here with his regular load of stuff. I showed him your letter and what it said, and he said the company could save more money if they'd get rid of a lot of surplus deadwood in the official ranks, and that one wreck saved would amount to more than all the nickel a day boloney you folks put out. By which you can see that I'm not to blame for all the torpedoes and fusees used here.

I'm doing the best I can to save a nickel a day or more if possible. But with a brakeman like this Fusee Frank Simmonds I can't. Hoping you still don't blame me and that this will let you know all about my troubles,

I am, as ever,

HENRY PHILLCAN,
Div. Storekeeper.

* * *

Office General Storekeeper
Chicago, Ill., Feb. 15, 1931

Mr. Thos. F. McHugh
Trainmaster, Mohawk Div.
Platt, Kansas

Dear Sir:

A check of our records shows that one Frank Simmonds, brakeman, your division, under authority of Sam Hardy, conductor, is using an excessive amount of torpedoes and fusees, thereby giving your division the doubtful honor of being the only division on the system which has not made a decrease in operating expenditures as regards supplies and their saving as per our company's "Save a Nickel a Day" campaign.

Knowing your desire to aid in the success of this campaign in every way possible, I am hoping you will take this matter up with Brakeman Simmonds and see if he cannot be induced to coöperate with us.

Yours truly,

W. E. TRIMMEM,
Gen. Storekeeper.

* * *

Office of Trainmaster
Platt, Kansas, Feb. 20, 1931

W. E. Trimmem
Gen. Storekeeper
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Matter has been handled with Brakeman Simmonds.

T. F. McHUGH,
Trainmaster.

* * *

Office of Trainmaster
Platt, Kansas, Feb. 20, 1931

Brakeman Frank Simmonds

Dear Sir:

We are in receipt of complaints from Chicago anent your excessive use of torpedoes and fusees. Wish to call your attention to the fact that the promiscuous use of torpedoes and fusees is expressly prohibited by employees. Also to say that we are trying to make a showing in the company's "Save a Nickel a Day" campaign. I hope I shall not have to call this matter to your attention again.

Yours truly,

T. F. McHUGH, T. M.

Platt, Kansas, Feb. 21, 1931

Dear Mr. McHugh:

Your letter received. The only time i use fusees is when they are needed and my conductor mr Hardy will tell you the same. the rules all say i am to be the judge as to when torpedoes and fusees will be used. thanking you for past favors,

i am respectfully yours,
FRANK SIMMONDS,
brakeman.

* * *

Platt, Kansas,
Feb. 21, 1931

Mr. McHugh,
T. M.

Dear Sir:

This is to certify that Brakeman Frank Simmonds is the best hind end man I ever had on a caboose. Had him a year now and haven't been hit ahead or behind since he came with me. Maybe he does use a lot of flagging material, but it's easier to buy flagging material than it is new cabooses. And anyway, you can't buy a new man once he's dead.

CONDUCTOR SAM HARDY
Seniority date 4-4-04.

* * *

Office General Storekeeper
Chicago, Ill., March 5, 1931

Mr. Henry Phillcan
Div. Storekeeper Mohawk
Platt, Kansas

Dear Sir:

Again we have the unpleasant task of calling to your notice the fact that your fusee and torpedo requisitions show another increase even over last month's. Are we to understand that you are not sufficiently interested in our "Save a Nickel a Day" campaign to coöperate with us? Must have full explanation at once and reason for said increase.

W. E. TRIMMEM,
Gen. Storekeeper.

* * *

Div. Storekeeper
Platt, Kansas, March 7, 1931

W. E. Trimmem, Gen. Storekeeper

Dear Sir:

I don't see why you keep blaming me for what I can't help. As I told you before, there is a brakeman here named Fusee Frank Simmonds on account of he uses so many torpedoes and fusees. I've tried to talk with him, but he won't give me satisfaction. I even showed him your letter and he said you had to make some sort of showing for your salary, but what you didn't know about railroading would fill another set of knowledge books. He said you might know your business, but he knew his. And he said he wasn't losing any sleep over penny-pinching brass hats, and I shouldn't worry, either.

When I saw I couldn't get no answer from him I went up to see Mr. McHugh, the trainmaster. I told him all about it and he said he would call him to the office and have an understanding with him. Maybe he did, I don't know.

But that afternoon this Fusee Frank comes over to the place with another

requisition and says, "I understand that these fusees cost thirty-five cents apiece and torpedoes three cents apiece." I told him he was right. "Fine," he says. "Give me four dollars and twenty cents' worth of red babies and the same of yellow ones and a dollar and eight cents' worth of torpedoes."

Now, I ask you, Mr. Trimmem, what can I do with a brakeman like that who don't care nothing about spending somebody else's money? Anyway, I wish you'd quit blaming me. I'm doing the best I can.

Your most obedient servant,
HENRY PHILLCAN,
Div. Storekeeper.

* * *

Office of Superintendent
Herndon, Kansas, March 15, 1931

Thos. F. McHugh
Trainmaster

Dear Sir:

Am in receipt of complaint from W. E. Trimmem, general storekeeper, who advises that requisitions on Mohawk Division for fusees and torpedoes have doubled this July over last July. Wish you would look into this matter and handle same with your conductors and brakemen. Also issue bulletins prohibiting the promiscuous use or excessive use of torpedoes and fusees, making same by employees a reason for dismissal. Advise me at once.

Very truly yours,
A. B. POWELL,
Superintendent.

* * *

Office of Trainmaster
Platt, Kansas, March 17, 1931

A. B. Powell, Supt.:

Bulletins have been posted forbidding excessive use of torpedoes and fusees. Beg to advise that the only reason I can give for the increase in expenditures is that flagmen are paying more attention to the rules.

T. F. McHUGH,
Trainmaster.

* * *

Office General Purchasing Agent
Chicago, Ill., April 8, 1931

R. N. Murray
Gen. Supt. 2nd Dist.

Dear Sir:

Our "Save a Nickel a Day" campaign is a success on every division except the Mohawk, which persists in showing a steady increase over the months of last year. The heads of our various departments have again and again called the attention of the operating officials to this deplorable condition, but without success. I am sure if we could get the support of the officials on the Mohawk Division we could make a decrease. Am calling this matter to your attention in the hopes that we can remedy existing conditions there.

Very sincerely yours,
ALBERT WIGGINS,
Purchasing Agent.

Office General Superintendent
Keana, Okla., April 9, 1931

A. B. Powell
Supt. Mohawk Div.

Dear Sir:

Inclosed letter from Mr. Wiggins. Must insist that full support be accorded this campaign to save a nickel a day.

R. N. MURRAY.

* * *

Office of Superintendent
Herndon, Kansas, April 11, 1931

Thos. F. McHugh
Trainmaster, Mohawk Div.

Dear Sir:

Commencing this date you will personally ride your freight trains and passenger trains daily until you have checked all train flagmen on their uses of torpedoes and fusees. It seems to me that this could have been done before on your part and thereby eliminated all this useless and unnecessary correspondence with resultant complaints from departments involved.

A. B. POWELL, Supt.

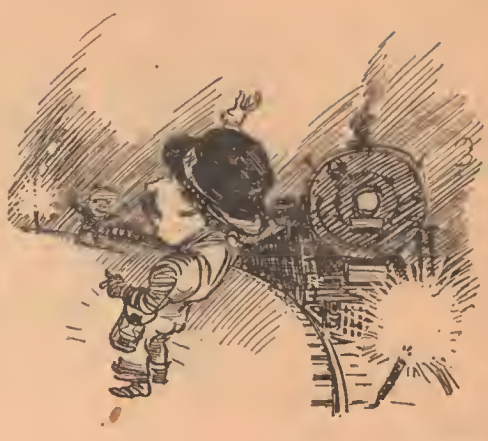
* * *

Office of Trainmaster
Platt, Kansas, April 26, 1931

A. B. Powell
Supt. Mohawk

Dear Sir:

Have checked trains as per your letter of April 11. I can find no excessive use of torpedoes or fusees on part of flagmen involved. With the possible exception of Mr. Frank Simmonds, brakeman, I find that the majority of the flagmen are endangering the safety of their trains and passen-



gers by not complying strictly with the rules and regulations requiring the use of torpedoes and fusees when needed. I am insisting that the rules be lived up to regardless.

THOS. F. MCHUGH.

* * *

Office Division Storekeeper
Platt, Kansas, May 1, 1931

Mr. W. E. Trimmem

Dear Sir:

I suppose you will be wanting to know why I've had such a big increase in torpedoes and fusees for last month, so I'm writing you first to tell you why. At first this Brakeman Fusee Frank Simmonds was the only man who was always drawing stuff, but now all the brakemen are doing it because they said the trainmaster said they had to live up to the rules and regulations.

I didn't believe them and went up to see the trainmaster, Mr. McHugh, who said that he told them they must live up to the rules absolutely, even if it took all the fusees and torpedoes the railroad company could buy. While I admit I don't know when or how or why brakemen have to use so many fusees, it is easy to see that I'll never

be able to make a showing in the "Save a Nickel a Day" campaign.

But I don't want you to be blaming me for the increase last month. I have done all I can do. Hoping you will believe me, I beg to remain,

Your obedient servant,
HENRY PHILLCAN,
Div. Storekeeper.

* * *

Office General Purchasing Agent
Chicago, Ill., May 6, 1931

Mr. M. T. Heade
First V. P
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Am inclosing copies of complete File X for your perusal. The Mohawk Division is the only division on the system where full coöperation was not given in the "Save a Nickel a Day" campaign which we are conducting. The files speak for themselves, so no comments are necessary on my part. However, it does seem to me that Trainmaster McHugh should be sufficiently interested in the welfare of his railroad to put forth some effort at a systematic saving. Instead, it is very evident that he went out of his way to thwart our campaign.

I regret the necessity of this complaint, but we cannot cut down our expenditures unless we have the help of the officials on the various divisions and in the various departments.

Very truly yours,
P. S. PENNY,
General Purchasing Agent.

* * *

TRAINGRAM
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 12, 1931
A. B. POWELL, SUPT.
HAVE TRAINMASTER THOS. F. MCHUGH REPORT MY OFFICES FOR CONFERENCE MAY 20 AT TEN A. M.
M. T. HEADE,
1ST VICE PRES.

* * *

Office of Superintendent
Herndon, Kansas, May 12, 1931

Mr. M. T. Heade
1st V. P.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Am inclosing copies of statements filed by Road Foreman Buckley, Engineer Hurley, Conductor Sam Hardy and Brakeman Frank Simmonds in regards to a serious wreck that was averted by the prompt action of Brakeman Frank Simmonds because of his strict compliance with the flagging rules. Due to the fact that we have been reprimanded many times the past few months for not making a showing in the saving of fusees and torpedoes, I think it right and proper that this matter be brought to your attention.

Brakeman Simmonds has been commended for his actions which saved us a costly wreck. His train, No. 94, was an all-stock train with twenty stockmen in drover car ahead of caboose. No. 42 which was following him is our Imperial Oil Limited.

Yours truly,
A. B. POWELL,
Superintendent Mohawk Division.

* * *

Platt, Kansas, May 10, 1931

Mr. McHugh, T. M.

Dear Sir:

Train No. 42 of which I was engr yesterday morning ran a red fusee at Parrsville and almost hit the rear end

of No. 94 ahead of us. I was not running the engine as Mr. Buckley was with us and wanted to run the engine. He said he would take the blame for not being able to stop before he passed the red fusee. You know we had a heavy fog that morning. All I got to say is that we can thank our lucky stars that old Fusee Frank Simmonds was rear brakeman. If all the brakemen would give us engineers a chance like that to stop we wouldn't be half so scared of having tail end collisions, especially in these fogs when you can't see a hundred feet ahead.

Resp'y,
TOM HURLEY, Engr.

* * *

Office Road Foreman of Equipment
Platt, Kansas, May 10, 1931

T. F. McHugh
A. B. Powell

I think a letter of credit is due Frank Simmonds, brakeman, for his actions which averted a wreck at Parrsville.

It seems that Mr. Simmonds makes a practice of leaving torpedoes and a fusee whenever his train stops to take siding. He did so this time, but due to the thick fog I never saw the red fusee until I was almost on it. Immediately I made an emergency application.

When I got stopped I was within a car length of No. 94's caboose and Brakeman Simmonds was just lighting another fusee to go back to flag. It seems his train burst an air hose when halfway in the siding and pulled a drawbar.

This letter to you in explanation of why we ran red fusee and got by one-fourth mile. I was running engine at time. I believe it would be a safe and sane and very creditable practice to have all the flagmen adopt Brakeman Simmonds's method of protecting his train. Wish you would call attention to other heads on this matter.

F. N. BUCKLEY,
R. F. E.

* * *

Platt, Kansas, May 10, 1931

Dear sir, mr McHugh

maybe youll agree now that i do a good job flagging when you here about me saving a bad wreck yesterday morning at parrsville. another car length and old Battling Buckley would have been thru our crummy and the drover car ahead and killed all your stock shippers off the road. i got fired off one road for getting hit in the rear and i dont intend to git fired off this road if fusees and torpedoes will do the job. thanking you for past favors and hoping you are the same i am,

FRANK SIMMONDS, brakeman.

* * *

Platt, Kansas, May 10, 1931

T. F. McHugh, T. M.

Dear Sir:

No. 94 busted an airhose yesterday morning while heading into Parrsville

and got a lung at the same time. As I told you once before maybe Frank was all wet about leaving torpedoes and fusees whenever we stopped to head in, but this time he sure saved us a bad mess up. No. 42 run his red fusee a quarter of a mile before they got stopped. And when they did they was sticking their noses in the caboose.

Yours truly,
SAM HARDY, Condr.

* * *

TRAINGRAM

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 19, 1931

CANCEL FORMER MESSAGE TO TRAINMASTER MCHUGH TO REPORT MY OFFICE FOR CONFERENCE MAY 20.

M. T. HEADE,
1ST V. P.

* * *

Office of Vice President
Chicago, Ill., May 19, 1931

P. S. Penny
Purchasing Agent
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

You are to be congratulated on your excellent showing in your "Save a Nickel a Day" campaign. Accept my personal thanks for your initiative in this campaign. In regards to the Mohawk Division expenditures, beg to advise that they work under severe handicaps as to train operating and therefore cannot be expected to compete with the other divisions.

Also want to compliment you on the quality of material you are getting. One of your red fusees burning in a fog and rain saved us a ninety thousand dollar wreck and possibly twice that in personal injury claims. It makes me proud of the personnel of this road to know that it has men who are conscientious in seeing that we get what we pay for.

Yours sincerely,
M. T. HEADE,
1st V. P.

* * *

Office Division Storekeeper
Platt, Kansas, June 1, 1931

W. E. Trimmem

Dear Sir:

Well, I suppose you might as well have my resignation now and not wait for me to hear from you. I can't save anything here. They're all against me. These brakemen have just about got me wild with the way they draw fusees and things. They say they're saving money by spending it and they don't mean maybe.

As you know, our contract says that I can bump anywhere my seniority will let me in case I resign.

HENRY PHILLCAN,
Ex-div. Storekeeper.

* * *

Office General Storekeeper
June 2nd, 1931

Mr. Henry Phillcan
Div. Storekeeper
Platt, Kansas

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter of the 1st, we wish to say that we are proud of your handling of the Mohawk Division's supplies. When the exigencies of this division are taken into consideration, you are to be complimented on holding down expenditures as you have. We hope you will consent to remain as storekeeper there. This closes File X.

Yours truly,
W. E. TRIMMEM.

Whitney of the B. R. T.

He Served One Day as the Only Free-Lance News Butcher on Any Main Line—Lost the Ends of Two Fingers as a Boomer Shack in the Link-and-Pin Coupler Days—and Has Just Been Re-elected President of the Powerful Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen

By JOHN AUSTIN

Alexander F. Whitney, Who Guides the Destinies of 175,000 Trainmen

"ORANGES! Apples! Chewing gum! Candy!" The voice of a news butcher rang for the first time through the Illinois Central local running from Cherokee to Dubuque. A kid of fifteen, he was; big for his age, tousled of hair, bespangled with freckles from Iowa's sun. And different, he was, from all other news butchers in the world (though this he kept discreetly to himself) in one respect—he was the only unemployed, scot-free, simon-pure free-lance news butcher on any railroad under the sun.

It was Aleck's own original idea that the local train needed a news butcher. Mr. Welsh, boss of the news agency up at Dubuque, probably had never given the subject a thought. Certainly, he had never heard of Aleck. But Aleck had heard of Mr.

Union Pacific Train Photographed at Omaha Thirty-five Years Ago, about the Time Whitney Was a Brakeman on That Road

Welsh and had designs on him. To put it baldly, Aleck wanted a job. Mr. Welsh had a job, maybe, to give him. But Mr. Welsh was at Dubuque; and Aleck, with four dollars in his pocket and the job in his mind, was at Cherokee. How to get cheaply and quickly to Mr. Welsh at Dubuque—that was the problem.

It was in working out that problem that Aleck became the world's one and only free-lance news butcher. That Saturday afternoon he took his four dollars to market and came back with a basket of fruit and knickknacks. When the local pulled out of Cherokee that night about supper time Aleck and his wares were aboard. Presently the conductor came along.

"Ticket!" he demanded.

"Ticket?" repeated Aleck, trying to look surprised. "Why, I'm the news agent!"

The conductor scratched his head, but before he could say anything more Aleck was off down the aisle, shouting his wares. The conductor turned to watch him; maybe he was all right, but why in blazes hadn't they said something to him about putting a news agent on the train?

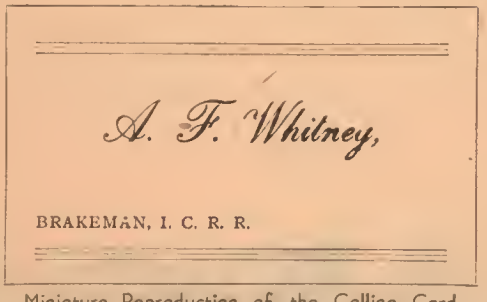
That was in the days of free and easy railroading, so Aleck made the run. In a few hours his four dollars came back to him, bringing others; the basket was empty before they reached Dubuque. Sold out and happy, Aleck counted his money. He recalled how hard he had worked to get those four dollars he'd risked, out in the harvest field where the pay was a dollar a day. His one night's enterprise had netted him as much as several days' dawn-to-darkness labor in the wheatfield. Mind had proved completely its superiority to mere muscle; henceforth news butchering was to be his dish.

At four o'clock of that Sunday morning Aleck ended his first and only day as a free-lance news butcher. Mr. Welsh laughed long and heartily when Aleck found him at home some hours later and told the story.

"Well, my boy," Mr. Welsh said, "I'll give you a job. I could use a lot of boys like you. When can you go to work?"

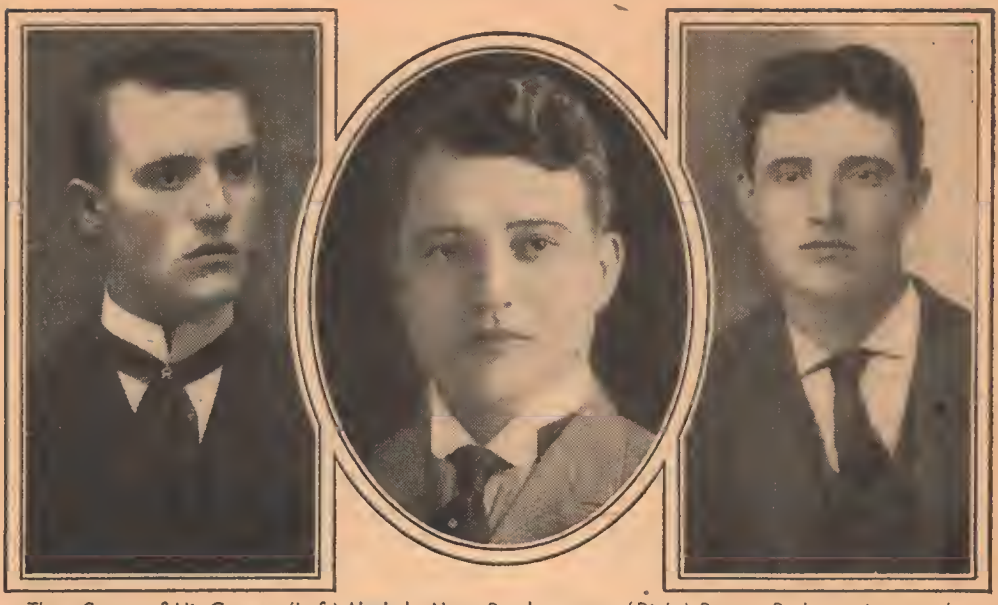
"Now," said Aleck. And from that day to this, barring the usual layoffs, Aleck has been working on the railroad, or for the men out on the line.

Nearly forty-three years ago it was that all this happened, yet its memory was vivid and delightful in the mind of the freckle-faced kid as I sat across from him at his desk the other day and heard him relate the tale. The freckles all faded long ago; the boy's rippling muscles firmed into the man's these many bygone years; the sandy hair has grayed and is no longer tousled, but the old-time enthusiasm is still at razor edge. Because he finds joy in his life work his heart has stayed young.



Miniature Reproduction of the Calling Card Whitney Used in the Days When He Was an Illinois Central Shack

The news butcher of '88 is now Alexander F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. He has just been re-elected at the annual convention in Houston, Texas.



Three Stages of His Career: (Left) Aleck the News Butcher, 1889. (Right) Boomer Brakeman in 1893, the Year He Was Married. (In Oval) Vice President Whitney of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, 1907

"The immediate, pressing problem before the Brotherhood," he told me, "is the necessity of bringing about more satisfactory employment for its members. We made a survey the other day—as of March 1, to be exact—and found that 40,735 of our members, most of whom have families, have been cut off the pay rolls or furloughed, which means they have no employment.

"That means about one-third of our members in active railroad work have been laid off. Our immediate, big problem is their relief. And we have a very definite program to meet that need: it is the establishment of a six-hour day without disturbing the present basic rates of pay.

"Other organizations of railroad employees are aiming at the same goal. The shop crafts, for instance; they advocate a five-day week. In the end, their program and ours lie very close together; they would mean about the same thing in the number of hours worked weekly. We are very much in earnest in our desire to bring about the six-hour day. I personally have made about 200 speeches advocating it, and I believe it will be accomplished."

Details of this program were crowding Mr. Whitney's long day—he gets down to work around eight o'clock—when I called on him at his office in Cleveland. He was preparing then to leave in a few hours for the convention at Houston. He expected to stay on the job till late that night, as usual (he is generally one of the last men to leave the office), yet he found time to welcome me and other callers.

The record seems to show that if there is a way to do a certain thing, Alexander Whitney will find that way and then go ahead and do it. It has been so, again and again, these many years. There was, for instance, the problem of graduating, long ago, from the news butcher business and getting a real railroad job. He solved it, though he had to make many starts because nobody would believe the eager boy

who wanted the job really could do a man's work.

"Why, you're nothing but a kid," was the usual answer. "Grow up and come around in four or five years."

It got to be monotonous. A kid, was he? He'd show 'em. Full of indignant determination, he strode one day into the presence of Trainmaster Harriman at Cherokee and demanded a job as brakeman.

"How old are you?" asked Harriman.

"Twenty-one!" answered young sixteen, almost spitting the words at his questioner.

Harriman grinned and looked his visitor over, up and down.

"All right," he said presently. "Come to work in the morning."

That night young Whitney sold his last orange as a news butcher. He reported for the job the next day, as green and gawky a recruit as was ever to tighten a hand-brake on the old I. C. His first conductor was Frank Hughes, boss of the local freight. Hughes gave him gruff and fatherly advice.

"Young fellow," was its sum and substance, "don't try to hurry too much. Do your work quickly and well, but don't get flustered."

Down the line they went. About twenty miles out of Cherokee they stopped to shift a car out on a siding. The green brakeman had done his bit—so he thought—and was standing on top of a box car, looking down at the soft soil of the field below him.

"Wham!" Like a snowslide hitting the valley, a string of cars hit the box car on which he stood. It was all news to the green brakeman; he didn't even know the cars were on the way. He wasn't braced for the impact, and now the props were knocked from under him. Convulsively he jumped. He landed on the soft soil, right side up. Twenty yards or so away stood Hughes, watching.

"What did I tell you?" Hughes shouted. "You don't have to jump off them cars; take your time and climb down."

That was good, sound doctrine for a brakeman in those days, but it proved Whitney's undoing some years later. At that time he was braking on a freight train whose conductor was a dour chap named Geltz. Out on the prairie they got a hot box. Whitney took two pails to the engine, filled them with water and started back to the scene of trouble. Geltz, in ill humor at the delay, hailed him.

"Get a move on there," Geltz ordered. "Run!"

Whitney did not run. His buckets were full. He kept on walking.

"What the hell!" shouted the feverish Geltz. "Didn't you hear me? I told you to run. I meant it. Run, durn you, run!"

Whitney put down his load and tried to put down his rising gorge as well, but failed.

"Don't you like the way I'm doing this job?" he demanded.

It seemed not. A bevy of lovely warm words from the pop-eyed Geltz put the idea across.

"Then do it yourself," directed Whitney, walking off amid the gasps of the others. Of course, it meant the loss of his job, and jobs weren't plentiful those days, either.

Back to the nearest town went young Whitney. He looked at the name board on the station. Correctionville!

By and by a way freight came along and Whitney, aboard, found himself talking with his cousin, Charlie Wood, the conductor. Wood urged him to go

over to the trainmaster of the North Western (C. & N. W.) and get a real job; said he would put in a good word. So it happened that young Whitney left the I. C. and found himself the

"Here's my record," he said. "In August, 1890, I made $13,91 braking. That was a poor month. In September, I made $53.40—big money. In October, $49.04, and so on. I have it all here.

From Photo Collection of Joseph Lavelle, Winfield, N. Y.

The Smoky End of an Illinois Central Drag. Snapped at Decatur, Ill., Forty Years Ago, at Which Time the Present B. R. T. Chief Was Struggling with Link-and-Pin Couplers on the Old I. C.

next day braking on the North Western, with headquarters at Eagle Grove, Iowa. On another occasion the young boomer shack had a job braking for the Union Pacific. Three times he had been let out by the I. C.

"The first time I was fired," Mr. Whitney says, "it was due to the fact that they were laying off men. The I. C. had a rule at that time that no brakeman was to get the regular $2 a day until he had worked three months at $1.73 a day. The result was that they let out their men, quite often, after they had worked two months and twenty-odd days. Then, after a short layoff, they'd hire them back again, beginning a three months' turn once more at $1.73.

"By doing that the road held wages down pretty well to $1.73 a day and saved 27 cents a day on each brakeman. Even so, I did pretty well for a kid. Back in 1890, for instance—"

His hand went to a sheaf of papers from his desk drawer and he turned the leaves.

And I recall that we didn't have to worry about hours of labor in those days. We used to work through eighteen, thirty, even forty hours straight if we were told to do so."

The second time the I. C. found that it could get along without Aleck Whitney involved an incident that impressed itself upon him and made him more careful the rest of his life.

"We had ended the run," he said, "and put our train on a storage track just under the trainmaster's window. The trainmaster was Harry McCourt, and he was a stickler for the rules. I was good and hungry, so I made for the restaurant. In my haste I forgot to take down the green flags; McCourt peeked out of the window and saw them, and my job was done."

With those memories behind him, young Whitney went to work for the C. & N. W. He joined the Brotherhood there, getting his card in G. E. Boynton Lodge 138 at Eagle Grove. From the first day he became intensely interested in Lodge affairs. A year

later he was elected president and chairman of the local grievance committee.

Aleck Whitney's handling of grievances is recalled with gusto to-day by oldtimers on the line. He made it his business to dig under the surface of all complaints and to get results where results were warranted. If the division superintendent ruled justly and with dispatch, Whitney was satisfied. When the superintendent ruled otherwise than in accord with Whitney's fine sense of justice, then Whitney stepped right over that official and appealed the case to his superior.

That didn't make much of a hit with the division superintendent. Things are different now, but it made the superintendent sore then to have a mere brakeman shoot two or three or four appeals right over his rulings. Whitney didn't care especially; he was out to get results, rather than to get in solid with the big boss. So he kept right on doing his work according to his own ideas. And getting somewhere, too.

Such was the situation some years later—in 1901—when the local lodges on the North Western held their joint meeting in Chicago. They got together down at the old Revere Hotel and the chairman of the grievance committee of the Chicago & North Western system, opening the meeting, came right to what was on his mind with a hot rebuke for the zealous Whitney in being persnickety and appealing so many cases over the superintendent's head. It didn't make for good feeling, the chairman said; it created friction, got the men in bad, and really didn't help at all.

"But it gets results," said the astounded Whitney, arising to defend himself. Once again the Whitney gorge was snarling in his throat, but this time he kept it down. He had put in many long hours, he told his fellows, on the thankless job of getting justice for the employees. Yes; he had appealed cases. He would appeal cases

Another Photo of U. P. Motive Power in Whitney's Boomer Days. Taken at Stromsburg, Konsos, in 1896

again whenever he thought the circumstances warranted it. He was after results.

That afternoon the assembled lodges handed him a surprise package, one of the sweetest, neatest things he'd ever opened. They elected him chairman in place of the man who had rebuked him. It was the second, and the best big surprise of the day. At last Whitney was out in the broad current of Brotherhood affairs that was to sweep him to its presidency nearly thirty years later.

Battling for the Six-Hour Day, President Whitney Has Few Opportunities to Romp with His Grandchildren. Here They Are: (Left to Right) Carol Olson and Warner Whitney in Grandpa's Arms and, in Front, Robert Olson, Edward Olson, Jean Whitney and Nancy Whitney

Because he has been through the long, hard grind himself, President Whitney knows from his own experience of the desperate struggle in which the trainmen of to-day are involved. He knows the bite of bitter poverty, the tense, anxious moments of alternating hope and despair that come to the man without work.

"See here!" he said, holding up his left hand. The ends of two fingers had been amputated. "I lost the ends of those fingers coupling cars. That was back in the time of the link and pin coupler. I am glad we don't have the link and pin coupler any more; glad that the brakemen to-day don't have to risk losing their fingers or hands making up trains.

"In my days of braking, trains were shorter than they are now. All the brakes then were set by hand. It was hard work, but I think the work to-day is fully as hard, for the trains are longer and the brakemen, with more cars to cover, are exposed to many risks. Then, too, I never knew in those days what a car retarder was. There weren't any then; they have come since then and they have reduced greatly the number of men employed in the yards.

"These and other things have brought about a very unsatisfactory condition of affairs so far as employment is concerned. Under to-day's methods of operation the productivity of employees has been greatly increased. There is no longer work for so many trainmen. We feel the only solution for this condition is a shorter working day. That will bring about a wider distribution of work and increase the purchasing power of our people. In the end the railroads will benefit from the increased prosperity.

"The shorter working day is not an idea of railroad workers alone. Many others have come to believe we must

have it. The 6,000,000 idle men in the United States must be employed if we are to have a return of prosperity."

Mr. Whitney finds some time to spend on the only hobby he knows—if it may be called a hobby—the reading of good books. But his chief interest, the all-engrossing topic of his days and nights, lies in the welfare of the 175,000 men holding membership in the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

Bermuda Builds Its First Railway

Engine No. 1 Now Runs through the Streets of Homilton, Where Automobiles Are Toboo ond the Iron Horse Wos Never Known Before

A FEW weeks ago the first engine ran over the tracks of the first railroad Bermuda has ever had. It is only a tiny work engine, as the illustration shows, but it has important business, for it hauls material from the shipping yards, where steel girders, tracks and other equipment are unloaded, to the railway yards in Hamilton.

The steaming of that engine down the East Broadway of Bermuda's capital marks the successful outcome of one of the bitterest fights a railroad has ever had to win existence. For years Bermuda has been famed for its unspoiled natural beauty, due in part to lack of railroads and automobiles. The natives prided themselves on the fact that horses and bicycles were good enough as a means of transportation for them.

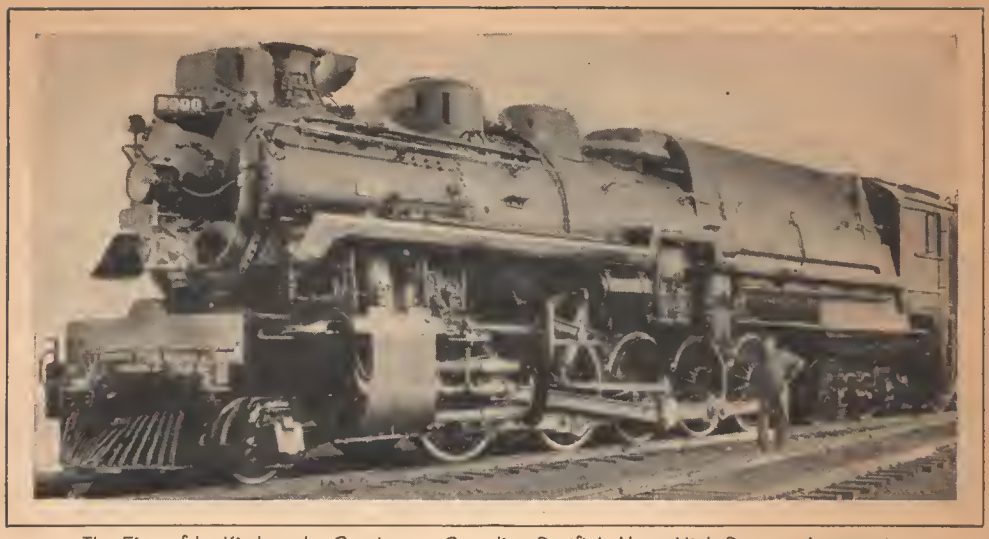
Six years ago when Robert A. Cummings, an American, drew plans for a railroad, he set the whole island at swords' points. And when, by a very close vote, the Bermuda Railway Company finally did receive an exclusive franchise, new obstacles cropped up.

In the first place, the $1,000,000 estimated to cover the total cost of right-of-way, construction and equipment, did not begin to cover expenses. Officials discovered that it required considerably more than a song to secure Bermuda land, which is all held in small parcels. Negotiations took time, and the three-year period first granted to cover the construction of the road has had to be extended time and again, in the face of violent opposition in the House of Assembly.

When completed, the Bermuda Railway will be a streak of single track, covering the twenty-six miles from St. George on the northeast tip of the island to Somerset on the southwest—a road of scenic beauty.

DOG GETS $20,000 FOR RAILWAY ORPHANAGE

THE Southern Railway of England could not have chosen a better solicitor than London Jack for the orphanage it maintains for children of its employees. London Jack cannot accost the passengers that stream daily through Waterloo Station, London, for Jack is a dog—a Labrador retriever—but in seven years he has collected $20,000.



The First of Its Kind on the Continent—Canadian Pacific's Huge High-Pressure Locomotive

Steam Power Steps Forward

By G. H. BURCK

Associate Editor, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

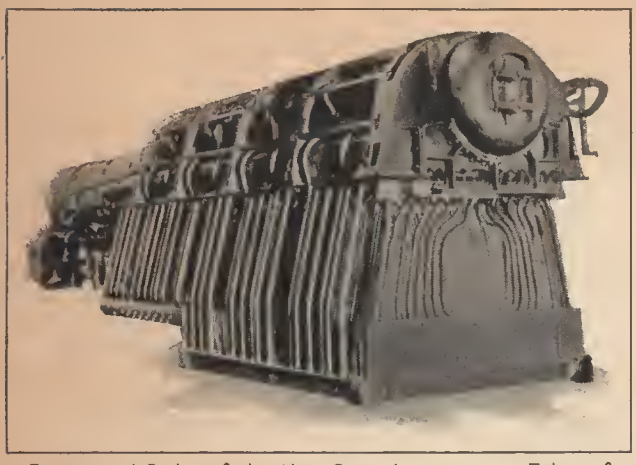
THERE is a lot of talk these days about steam locomotives becoming obsolete. Many people have the idea that in a few years they'll be extinct as the ox cart. Electricity, they say, is the coming thing.

The facts are, however, that new, expensive steam power, made to last a half century or more, is being built every day for leading railroads; that the steam engine, as an independent power unit, complete in itself, possesses an outstanding advantage; and, most important of all, that locomotive *designers and manufacturers have just begun to do things with steam.*

H. B. Bowen, C. P. R. Chief of Motive Power, Who Helped Design His Rood's New Engine

Up till now engines have been built with either speed or power the main factors, but they have been hardly more efficient than their predecessors of fifty years ago. To-day it is efficiency that is being emphasized, and developments have been and are being made that are completely changing the science of locomotive building.

There has just been finished in the Canadian Pacific Angus shops at Montreal a new super-locomotive more efficient than anything heretofore built on this continent. Another similar to it is being constructed by the American Locomotive Company in Schnectady for the New York Central.



Firebox and Boiler of the New Super-Locomotives. Tubes of Distilled Water Heat the Drum, Shown Protruding from Top of Boiler, Which Supplies Steam to the Third Cylinder

Designed in coöperation with the American Locomotive Company and the Superheater Company, both are the last word in advanced, scientific steam engine manufacture. Although three such engines are in use in Europe to-day, none of them approach the proportions of these two North American pioneers.

The C. P. R. engine, numbered in an 8000 class, is a three-cylinder, 2-10-4 type, weighs 785,000 pounds with tender, and has a tractive force of 90,000 pounds. The N. Y. C. locomotive will be a 4-8-4 type, and will be approximately as fast and powerful as the present N. Y. C. "Mohawk" or 4-8-2 type jacks, which weigh 675,000 pounds with tender, and have over 70,000 pounds tractive force with booster.

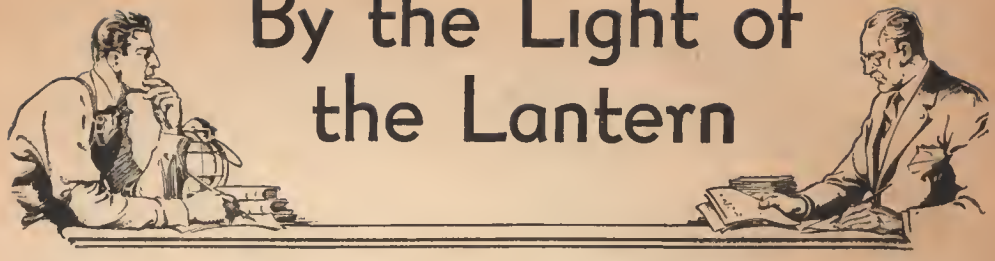
Now, there's nothing startling about these figures — there are plenty of engines on the continent that are bigger, heavier, and more powerful than these. The big feature about them is their unusual design.

To begin with, they don't have the usual kind of firebox, with sheet iron sides and stay bolts. Their fireboxes are formed by a series of water tubes which are sealed shut and filled with distilled water. These tubes carry a working pressure of *1350 pounds per square inch*, and are merely used to heat a small boiler situated in the top of the cab which does not come into actual contact with the fire at all. Distilled water is used in the tubes to prevent the accumulation of sludge.

This small boiler or drum generates the steam, at 850 pounds pressure, for the high-pressure cylinder, which is located under the smokebox between the regular cylinders, and which is connected to a crank axle on the second pair of drivers with an ordinary piston and connecting rod. Thus the small boiler and single cylinder between the wheels act as a separate engine.

The main boiler, in turn, carries a pressure of 250 pounds, and helps feed the two regulation cylinders. Yes, "helps" is the word, for these cylinders *are also fed by the exhaust of the high-pressure cylinder* — the one with 850 pounds of steam in it. Thus the new engines are, in effect, compound locomotives—the exhaust steam from one cylinder is used in another.

Old-timers will realize that here is something utterly unlike anything they've seen or heard of before. They're designed to get more out of a ton of coal or a gallon of oil than has ever been got before. It is estimated that they will effect a saving of at least twenty-five per cent in fuel costs. These locomotives are, moreover, just pointing the way.



By the Light of the Lantern

RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:

(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about positions.

(2) Owing to the large number of queries, no engine specifications will be printed except type, weight, and tractive force (t.f.).

(3) Sign your full name and address as evidence of good faith. We will print only initials, without street address.

(4) Always enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary.

(5) Answers to questions are published in this department. Don't be disappointed if they do not appear at once. This department is printed two months in advance of date of issue.

WHAT is the longest stretch of straight track in the world?—M. S., Chicago.

The main line of the Commonwealth Railways, Australia, which runs across the Nullarbor Plain for 300 miles without a curve of any kind, is said to be the longest straight track in the world.

J. W., Cincinnati.—The Ohio State Limited of the Big Four is a faster train, on the average, than the International Limited. Both are 18 hours and fifteen minutes on the road, but the Ohio State Limited covers 883 miles, averaging about 48 m. p. h., while the International travels 848 miles, averaging about 46 m. p. h.

T. C., Binghamton, N. Y.—The New York, Ontario & Western has no regular crack train, although in the summer time it installs faster runs than usual and assigns them names as shown in time-table folders. On these runs a Mountain (4-8-2) type locomotive is used.

An engineer cannot push his brake valve onto lap and get friction on the wheels unless he gives his trainline a reduction or unless there is a good-sized leak in the trainline.

WHAT types of motive power would be used in a division about 150 miles long with fairly heavy grades?—E. D., Lynbrook, N. Y.

As far as using any specific type of power goes, there are no set rules. A roundhouse foreman will pick the power that will haul the load the most efficiently. If it happens to be seventy cars of cattle that must go through swiftly, he may assign his most powerful passenger locomotive to the job. Generally, however, under the conditions you have given, the following types of power are apt to be used:

Local passenger service: a 4-6-0, or even a 4-6-2—depending upon the number of cars. If the grades are not heavy on a branch line, an even lighter type may be used.

For heavy passenger service: a 4-8-2 or Mountain type; or else a heavy 4-6-4 or 4-6-2 type. For heavy freight service, anything from a Mikado to a Texas or Mallet. A heavy Mike (2-8-2) or a Santa Fe (2-10-2) might be used on regular freight runs, with a Mallet hauling the heavy drags of coal, etc. For light and way freight runs, a Consolidated (2-8-0) or a Mogul (2-6-0).

R. W. C., Auburn, Ind.—The old St. Joseph Valley R. R., which ran from South Bend to Angola, Ind., was chartered in 1905 and opened in 1906. H. E. Bucklin was president. The road

Crack Train of the Commonwealth Railways Streaking Across the Nullarbor Plain, Australia

300 Miles and Not a Kink! Main Line of the Commanwealth Railways on the Trans-Australian Division

had three locomotives, about which we are unable to find any data. The line was abandoned in 1918.

None of the standard references seem to have anything about the old Detroit, Eel River & Indiana R. R. If you will give us approximate dates and locations, we may be able to get the information you want.

HOW many miles of automatic block signals are there on the Great Northern, N. P., and the Milwaukee? What kind are they?

(b) Do these roads use automatic train control?
—W. N. T., Parsons, Kan.

(a) The Great Northern has 3,018 track miles, including the entire main line, equipped with automatic block signals of both the color light and semaphore type. The N. P. has 2,820 miles of track with semaphore and 237 miles with color light signals, including the main line from St. Paul to Portland and St. Paul to Duluth. The Milwaukee has 785 miles of single track signals (color light type) and 994 miles of double track signals (semaphore type). The main line is so equipped from Chicago to halfway between the Twin Cities and Mobridge, from Chicago to Omaha, and 60% of the line from Mobridge to Tacoma.

(b) The Great Northern has 256 track miles equipped with Sprague Automatic train control; the N. P., 216 miles. The Milwaukee uses a continuous induction train stop between Bridge Switch and Hastings, Minn., and Portage and La-Crosse, Wis.

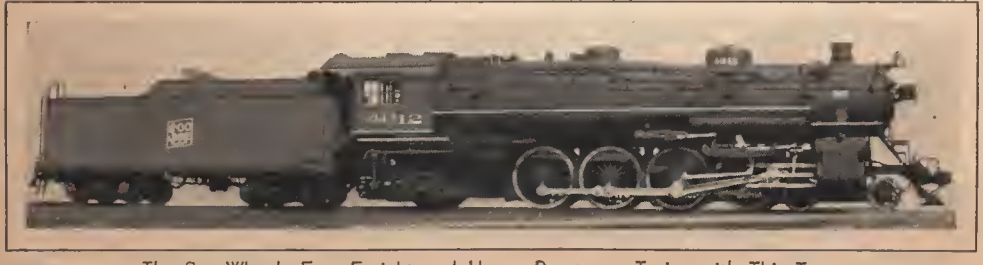
D. G. H., Oceanside, Calif.—B. & O. engine No. 5124 is 4-6-2 type; Great Northern No. 2014 is 2-8-8-0 type, and the Milwaukee 2407 is 4-6-0 type.

P. R. D., Vancouver, Wash.—The O. R. N. 4-4-2's have been removed from service, and no data on them is available. The Chesapeake & Ohio 494 class 4-6-2's weigh 331,500 pounds without tender and have 47,500 pounds t. f. The Reading 352 class, 4-4-2 type, weigh 231,925 pounds and have 32,800 pounds t. f. The C. B. & Q. 4200 class, 2-8-8-2 type, weigh 441,400 pounds (without tender) and have 93,000 pounds t. f.

R. L., Hamlet, Ind.—A locomotive with 80-inch drivers would travel 20 feet 9.4 inches with every complete revolution of the wheels.

R. S., Sewell, N. J.—The 229 class tank locomotive of the Jersey Central is used in suburban passenger service out of Jersey City.

D. F. P., Keating, Ore.—The W class No. 1500 N. P. jacks are 4-8-2 type, weigh 301,000 pounds (with tender), and have 46,600 pounds t. f.



The Soo Wheels Fast Freight and Heavy Passenger Trains with This Type

Wreck of the Royal Scot. Only the Fact That Many Had Gone Back into the Diner at the Rear of the Train, Which Was Damaged Very Little, Saved Them from Death

L. B., San Francisco.—The Royal Scot, one of the fastest trains in the world and pride of the London, Midland & Scottish line, was wrecked on March 22, 1931, shortly after leaving London at 11.30 A.M. Although it makes the 400-mile run from London to Glasgow without stopping, and attains a speed of ninety miles an hour, the train was cut down to about thirty miles an hour near the Leighton-Buzzard station, about forty miles out of London. Suddenly the engine left the rails and turned over, while the cars following piled up on each other in the shape of a huge cross.

Six people were killed and nine injured. Both enginemen were killed when the cars near the locomotive jumped into the air and buried the locomotive. The derailment was caused by the engine's fouling the switch point when it was being shunted from the express to the slow line.

A. P. R., Vancouver, Wash.—The North Coast and Alaskan Limiteds change engines at Missoula, Mont., Jamestown, N. D., and St. Paul, Minn. High speed locomotives of the 4-6-2, 4-6-4, 4-8-2, and 4-8-4 types are used.

The C. B. & Q.'s fastest passenger engine is their 3000 class, 4-6-4, specifications for which we gave in our April number. This type hauls both the above-mentioned trains between Chicago and the Twin Cities.

E. M. L., Matador, Texas.—The Santa Fe's largest freight engine, a 2-10-4 type numbered in a 5000 class, which weighs 880,100 pounds with tender and has 93,000 pounds t. f., is not as large and powerful as the Southern Pacific articulated 4-8-8-2 type, 4100 class engine. It weighs 907,000 pounds and exerts 112,760 pounds t. f.

The Santa Fe's Largest Freight Power. A Superb Example of the Texas or 2-10-4 Type

C. W. G., Columbus, O.—The Pennsy Decapod (2-10-0 type) is singularly powerful for its size, possessing a t. f. of 90,024 pounds. It weighs 590,800 pounds with tender. The Lackawanna 1400 class, 4-8-2 type, weighs 601,300 pounds with tender and has 61,135 pounds t. f.

M. R., Elizabeth, N. J.—The Jersey Central owns 21 Pacific type engines. The "Bullet" and the "Blue Comet" are pulled by the 831 class Pacifics, which weigh 326,470 pounds (without tender) and have 46,920 pounds t. f.

The "Bullet" averages 42.4 m. p. h. between Jersey City and Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

O. R., Pender, Neb.—The Burlington 4200 class Mallets (2-8-8-2), specifications for which were given elsewhere in this issue, are neither as heavy nor as powerful as the Great Northern 2031 class, 2-8-8-2 Mallets, which weigh 916,500 pounds with tender and exert 127,500 pounds t. f.

F. F., Westfield, N. J.—The specifications for the 811-814 Jersey Central engines were published last month, while above is given the data on the 831-835 class. The 820-830 class jacks weigh 475,000 pounds (with tender) and have 42,768 pounds t. f.

J. M., Chicago, Ill.—The locomotive whistle signals were published in our April, 1930, issue.

G. L. D., Danvers, Mass.—Most turbo-generators on locomotives are of the 32 volt, 500 watt type. All employ fuses to protect the generator in case of overload.

H. E. C., Waterbury, Vt.—The Delaware & Hudson has several 0-8-8-0 type Mallets which weigh 647,800 pounds (with tender) and have 109,200 pounds t. f. The St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain Railway climbs 1,124 feet in 19 miles from St. Johnsbury to Walden Summit, five miles beyond Danville.

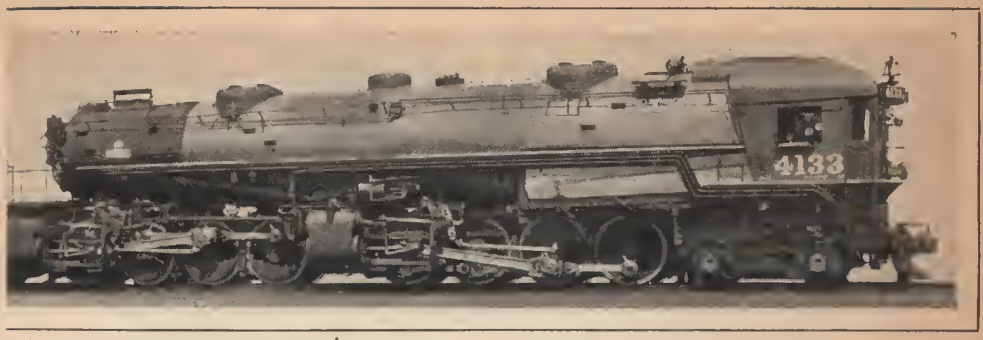
Every Pound of This Powerful Delaware & Hudson Mallet Rests on Its Drivers

W. J. B., Philadelphia.—The 900 class, 2-8-2 type Jersey Central locomotives weigh 551,000 pounds with tender and have 62,949 pounds t. f. The Reading Co. 1821 class, 2-8-8-2 type single-expansion engine weighs 707,600 pounds with tender and has 108,800 pounds t. f.

R. G., Reading, Pa.—The Reading 410-419 class engines, 4-4-0 type, weigh 173,490 pounds (without tender) and have 27,580 pounds t. f., which makes them unusually powerful for their type and size.

M. J. L., Norfolk, Va.—The Central of Georgia has no narrow-gauge branch lines and as far as we know there are no others in operation in that territory.

M. Y. C., Bayonne, N. J.—The old Colorado Midland ran from Colorado Springs to Buena Vista, up along the Arkansas River to Arkansas Junction, then turned west and ended up at New Castle. Including a couple short branches, the line was 222 miles long. For a time it used the D. & R. G. W. tracks from New Castle to Grand Junction.



Queer Looking Giont, This. The S. P. Turned Its Mallets Araund and Ron Them Cab Faremost to Insure o Cleor View far the Enginemen. Only the Use af Oil os Fuel Hos Made This Passible, for It Is Piped from the Tank to the Firebox

S. R. K., Oakland, Calif.—The Union Pacific 7000 class, 4-8-2 typc cngine, weighs 585,000 pounds with tendcr and has 54,838 pounds t. f. It has 73-inch drivcrs and total wheel-base is 79 feet 11½ inches.

G. H. B., Shippensburg, Pa.—The Chicago & Northwcstern has no locomotives with the engincer's seat on thc left side. The trains on this line do, however, run on the left-hand track and are the only ones in this country which do so.

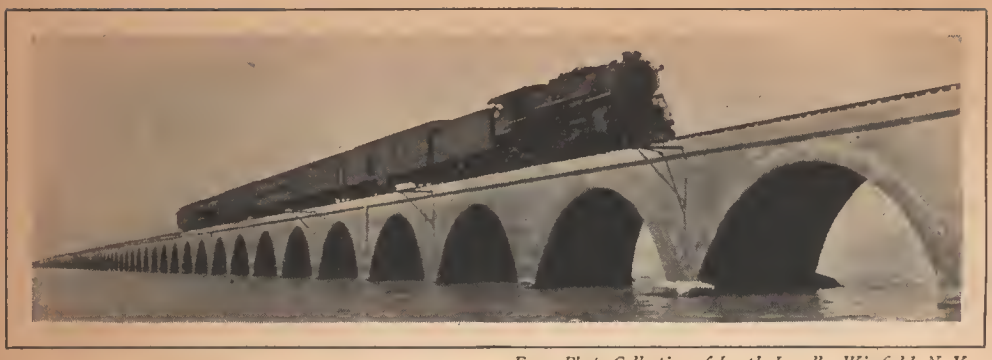
F. G., Lynn, Mass.—The average speed of the Pine Trec Limited between Boston and Portland, Me., is 50.80 m. p. h., and the average speed of the Minutc Man between Boston and Troy, N. Y., is 43.74 m. p. h. Betwcen Albany and Chicago it is haulcd as a part of the N. Y. C. Lake Shore Limitcd and averages 42.51 m. p. h.

T. A., Baltimore.—The B. & O.'s largest passcnger cngincs are their 5510 and 5550 classcs, 4-8-2 type locomotives They weigh 658,000 pounds with tender and have 65,000 pounds t. f. The differcnce between the two classes is that the former cmploys a watcr tube firebox, while the latter has the conventional boiler. The B. & O.'s largest freight locomotives are their 7400 and 7450 classes, 2-6-6-2 type simple Mallets, which weigh 738,000 pounds with tender and have 00,000 pounds t. f. The former use a water-tube fire box, but their wheel-bases are the same. While the B. & O. has both heavier and more powerful Mallets than these, they are not used in regular road servicc.

J. R. B., Ithaca, N. Y.—Following are the addresses of the locomotive builders you asked about: Baldwin, Philadelphia, Pa.; American, 30 Church Strect, N. Y. C.; Vulcan Locomotive Works, Wilkes-Barrc, Pa.; H. K. Porter Locomotive Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Davcnport Locomotive Company, Davenport, Iowa; Lima Locomotive Works, Lima, Ohio.

J. J., St. Paul.—The N. P. Q-1 class engines weigh 258,230 pounds with tcnder and have 31,000 pounds t. f.; the Q-3, 269,000 pounds with tender and 31,000 pounds t. f.; the Q-4, 273,500 pounds with tender and 34,600 pounds t. f.; the Q-5, 369,300 pounds with tcnder and 44,080 pounds t. f.; the W, 290,400 pounds with tender and 46,600 pounds t. f.; the 1700 class, 387,500 pounds with tender and 63,460 pounds t. f.; the 1833 class, 305,300 pounds with tender and 63,460 pounds t. f.

"Giant Conquerors of Space ond Time," Minioture Repraduction of P. R. R. 1931 Colendar, Painted by Grif Teller



From Photo Collection of Joseph Lavelle, Winfield, N. Y.

A Seo Voyoge by Rail! Overseos Extension of Florido Eost Coost Roilwoy to Key West

W. W., Ridgewood, N. J.—The Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio R. R., now operated under the name Clinchfield Railway, was started about 1887. It has grown to be 309 miles long, and makes use of 55 tunnels, ranging from 179 feet to 7,854 feet in length. In 1923 the road was leased jointly by the Louisville & Nashville and Atlantic Coast Line.

A. S., Johannesburg, South Africa. — The "Modified Wootten" and "Wootten" type of firebox were much wider than the average, as they were built for hard coal. The early engines employing them had their cabs in the center of the boiler, since there was not room enough at the rear end. They were, as a result, nicknamed "Mother Hubbard" and "Camel Back." None have been built recently for the reason that hard coal is too expensive to burn in engines.

D. O'B., Mancelona, Mich.—Any railroad which has a net annual operating income over $1,000,000 is a Class I railroad.

The P. R. R. Santa Fe (2-10-2) type engines weigh 380,700 pounds in working order and have 73,829 pounds t. f.

L. P. B., Gary, Ind.—The Chicago Short Line Ry. has 11 engines of 0-6-0 and 0-8-0 type; the Chicago and Calumet River Ry. has 6 engines, and the Chicago, West Pullman & Southern Ry. has 12 0-6-0 switchers.

C. A. G., Union City, Okla.—The largest passenger engine on the Southern Pacific is 4-8-4 type, Baldwin-built, weighs 735,700 pounds with tender, has 73½-inch drivers, and has 75,900 pounds t. f. with booster.

56-Ton Block of Morble Being Houled from the Quarry at Proctor, Vt. It Is to Be Used os o Sorcophogus ot the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier

Jazzing Up Travel on the "Transcantinental Limited" of the Trans-Australian Railway. This Is Said to Be the Only Train Anywhere to Equip All Its Launge Cars with Pianos. (See Page 533)

Along the Streak o' Rust

JAMES MORGAN, C. N. R. Master of Menus

The Human Side of Railroading

CHEF to royalty! James Morgan rules the kitchen of the vice-regal train that carries the Governor General of Canada and his suite over the Canadian National Railways—and rules with distinction. He has received praise—and a valued collection of souvenirs—from distinguished travelers. Queen Marie of Roumania and the Prince of Wales are among those he has served.

Morgan has been with the C. N. R. ten years. He orders his supplies,

plans his menus and often cooks without assistance. He is also chef on "The International Limited."

* * *

WILLIAM DOIG ROBB

WILLIAM DOIG ROBB, who started as an apprentice blacksmith on the Grand Trunk Railway at fourteen, retired June 30 this year as a vice-president of the Canadian National Railways. He is seventy-four.

His father, a Scotch engineer, was brought to Canada to run a Grand Trunk train. It was only natural that Billy should work on the same road. As superintendent of motive power, he improved the construction and handling of locomotives and introduced the modern method of washing out engine boilers with water.

In 1922 he was made general manager of the system and in 1923, when the Grand Trunk was merged with the C. N. R., Robb was appointed a vice-president.

Shortly before Billy Robb retired, Judge John W. Redmond was made vice-president in charge of legal affairs on the Central Vermont Ry., a subsidiary of the C. N. R.

Judge JOHN W. REDMOND

* * *

JAMES WALKER

JAMES WALKER, youngest of five brothers, all Mo. P. general foremen, claims to be the youngest general foreman on the entire system.

Jim is thirty-five and lives at Poplar Bluffs, Mo. Nineteen years ago he started railroading for the Santa Fe in Dodge City, Kan. Later he served in the La Hunta, Colo., and Albuquerque, N. M., shops.

HAROLD SABROWSKY.

RIDING flat cars at 48 below zero, and walking ahead of engines in raging forest fires inspecting ties and bridges, made railroading on the Superior ("Wooden Shoe") Division of the C. M. St. P. Ry. interesting for Harold Sabrowsky, author of "Snaky and I Go Running," in this issue.

Sabrowsky started work on that road at eighteen after serving as hostler, caller and stationary boiler fireman in several States. His present address is 634 77th Ave., West Allis, Wis.

* * *

JOHN JOHNS

JOHN JOHNS, freight conductor, who wrote "Boomer Pilot" (page 594), is only twenty-eight, but has railroaded fourteen years. He began on the Pennsy, braking freight and firing, and has been on the New York Central since 1919. For a year he flagged on the Twentieth Century—one of the youngest men ever to hold the Century as a regular run.

"Johnny" lives at 1491 Shakespeare Ave., New York City. Other stories he has written are "Trainmaster Rides To-night," "Road's End," "The Flagman" and "The Night Peddler."

* * *

M. D. BLACK

SUPPLEMENTING the list of railroad mayors appearing in our February issue, we offer the following on the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad:

Trainmaster M. D. Black, president of the City Council of Dothan, Ala.; Superintendent T. L. Dumas, mayor of Sanford, Fla.; Superintendent J. A. Raffield, North Western Railroad of S. C., mayor of Sumter, S. C.; C. G. Leitner, clerk, mayor of Dunnellon, Fla.; H. K. Gilbert, division storekeeper, mayor of Florence,

H. K. GILBERT J. A. RAFFIELD T. L. DUMAS C. G. LEITNER IRA THOMAS

S. C.; Ira Thomas, operator, mayor of Green Cove Springs, Fla.

Other A. C. L. mayors, not pictured here, are Mrs. S. E. Braswell, agent, McFarlan, N. C.; E. L. Jordan, roadmaster, Climax, Ga.; O. Starling, agent, Wade, N. C.; B. Jones, clerk, Hope Mills, N. C.; H. C. Carter, agent, Lynchburg, S. C.; E. W. Rountree, agent, Punta Gorda, Fla.; J. H. Walker, agent, Ehrhardt, S. C., and S. T. Wright, agent, Waycross, Ga.

* * *

E. S. DELLINGER

E. S. DELLINGER, author of "Flaming Death," just can't stay away from the rails. He became a shack on the Mo. P. out of Osawatomie, Kan., in 1907, a few days after he was of age. The boys returning from France cut him off the board in 1919 when he was braking for the Frisco.

"I have some B. R. T. receipts in my wallet," says Brother Dellinger, "and expect to carry them until the Trainmaster of the Universe chalks my name off the board."

* * *

"IF it's mechanical, 'Sandy' can fix it," they say in Louisville, Ky. At his shop, 4114 South Second St., Engineer E. J. Sandmeyer fixes whatever the neighbors bring in. He is a first-class wood carver, too, but refuses to turn his hobby to money. He began work for the L. & N. in 1913 as a carpenter helper. His father is an L. & N. carpenter.

"SANDY"

"THE human time-table"—that's Miss Edith Richardson, only woman ticket seller on the M.-K.-T. She earned the title in 1918 when, during a "flu" epidemic, she ran the entire office at Muskogee, Okla., for ten days without help.

EDITH RICHARDSON

In 1917 "Rich" left school, after learning telegraphy, to take her first railroad job as night shift operator and ticket clerk for the Katy at Tulsa. The following year she went to Muskogee, where she has been ever since. Rich, who is the only railroader in her family, is glad she gave up school-teaching for ticket-selling.

* * *

AS a switchman for the Burlington back in 1904, A. F. Tomlinson lost his left hand and most of the fingers of the right. Tomlinson has overcome this handicap, however, and is busy building bird cages of his own invention with tools he made himself. In fact, he's official show cage builder for the Aviculture Society of America, the California Aviculture Society, and other groups of bird fanciers.

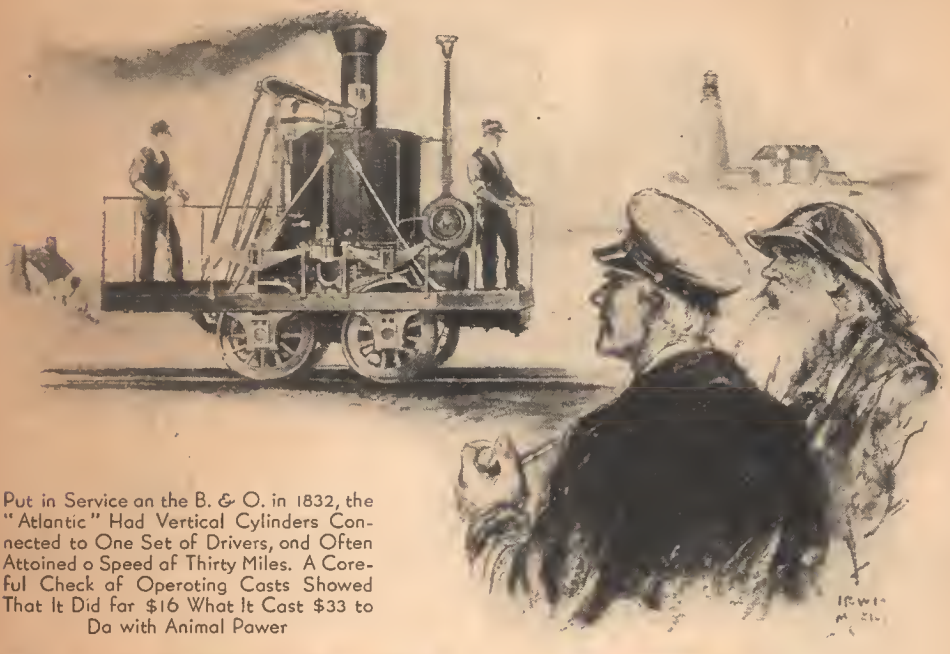
A. F. TOMLINSON

He held clerical positions with the Spokane, Portland & Seattle and the Pacific Electric roads, and was for several years an organizer for the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks. He was elected president of a Southern California organization of Burlington veterans.

Brother Tomlinson wants to hear from any friends who read this item. His address is 506 Newport Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

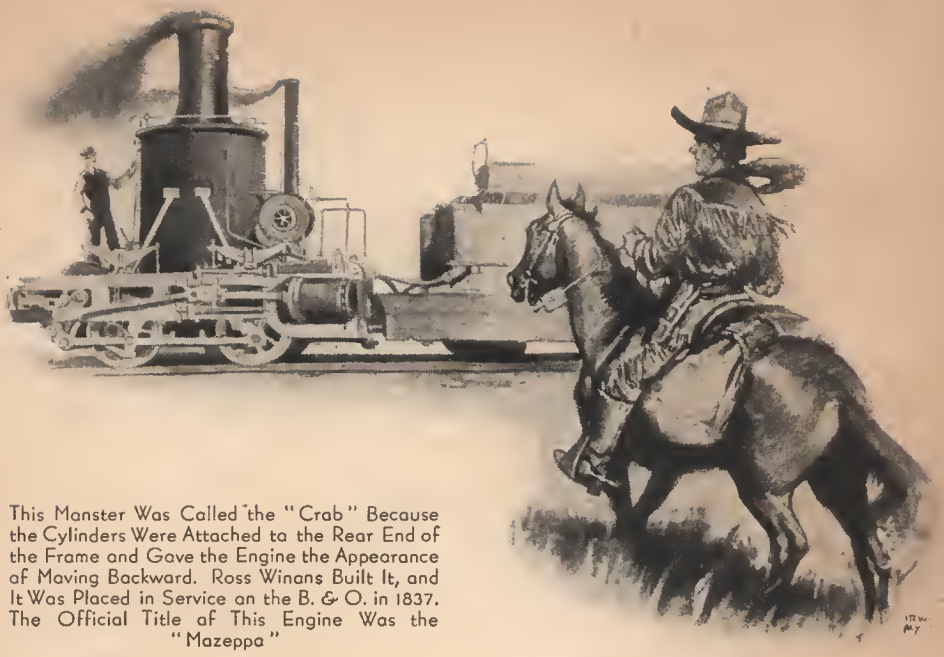
DEVELOPMENT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE

© Republic Steel Corp., Youngstown, O.

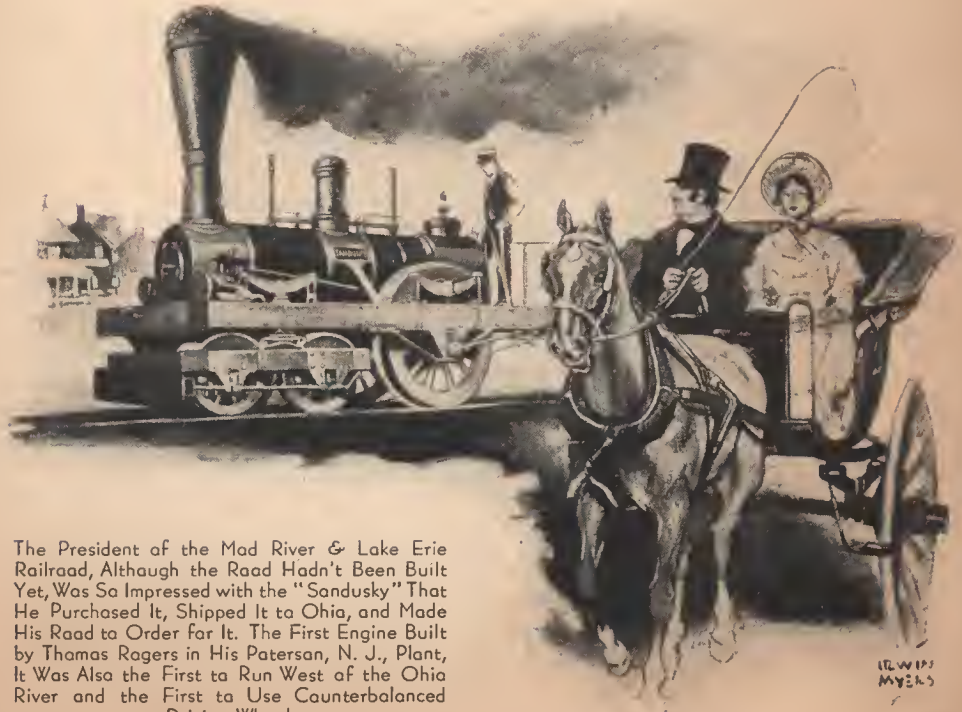


Put in Service on the B. & O. in 1832, the "Atlantic" Had Vertical Cylinders Connected to One Set of Drivers, and Often Attained a Speed of Thirty Miles. A Careful Check of Operating Costs Showed That It Did for $16 What It Cost $33 to Do with Animal Power

Here Is the First "American" or 4-4-0 Type. It Was Built by James Brooks for Henry R. Campbell of Philadelphia, and Was Finished in 1837. Although a Very Successful Engine, It Rode Hard, Due to Non-Equalization of the Weight on the Drivers. A Striking Feature of Its Performance Was Its Ability to Run up Grades a Hundred or More Feet to the Mile



This Manster Was Called the "Crab" Because the Cylinders Were Attached to the Rear End of the Frame and Gave the Engine the Appearance of Moving Backward. Ross Winans Built It, and It Was Placed in Service on the B. & O. in 1837. The Official Title of This Engine Was the "Mazeppa"



The President of the Mad River & Lake Erie Railroad, Although the Road Hadn't Been Built Yet, Was So Impressed with the "Sandusky" That He Purchased It, Shipped It to Ohio, and Made His Road to Order for It. The First Engine Built by Thomas Rogers in His Paterson, N. J., Plant, It Was Also the First to Run West of the Ohio River and the First to Use Counterbalanced Driving Wheels

TO BE CONTINUED

Our Engine Picture Club

WHAT is it? What happened and where? That's what we want to know about the above photo. It was taken about forty years ago and was engine 173 of the Inter Colonial road of Nova Scotia, now part of the Canadian National. N. A. Gillies, R. F. D. No. 2, Bangor, Maine, who sends us this picture, says it was taken either by his father, Duncan Gillies, or J. B. Orechia, Pictou County, N. S., photographer.

It looks to us like the engine watchman fell asleep and let the water get too low. Anyway, it's an interesting picture and there's probably an even more interesting story back of it. As you can see, it's the type used in the 70's and 80's.

Built on a Slant, This Engine Pushes Cars up Mt. Rigi, Switzerland. Standing in the Cab is L. J. Miller, P. R. R. Shapman, of Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Engine picture fans seem to take more interest in the small, little-known roads than in the larger ones. David G. Harris, 129 Dacotah Street, Houghton, Mich., writes:

> I am more interested in the pictures of power on small roads than I am in the Class I roads, and I'll be glad to hear from any one who can help me out in this respect. I have negatives of D. S. S. & A., Copper Range, Calumet & Hecla, as well as many of the Santa Fe, U. P., and S. P. I am also interested in snaps of wrecks of any kind on any road. Right now I'm also on the lookout for C., M., St. P. & P. photos.

Names of readers who buy, sell, exchange or paint railroad pictures are published here in good faith, but without guarantee. We welcome the following:

M. H. LITTLE, 128 E. 18 St., Minneapolis, Minn., has 2¼ x 4¼ pictures of engines on G. N., N. P., Burlington, North Western, Great Western, and C., M., St. P. & O. Will exchange.

PAUL MESILA, 260 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., collects engine, street car, and interurban electric car pictures; also street car transfers.

H. E. RUMBARGER, Box 1087, Buffalo, N. Y. "Would like to get in touch with some one with pictures of past, present and future engines, stations, towers, tracks, etc., in the U. S. S. R. (Russia)."

HAROLD JOHNSON, 2622 Margarette, Maplewood, Mo., wants pictures of Frisco 1500 class and Mo. P. 5300 class passenger engines.

S. B. VANLEUVEN, 1070 N. Magnolia, Burbank, Calif. Just starting collection. Has S. P., N. P., and G. N. pictures; wants to trade.

H. TREESH, North Liberty, Ind., is making a railroad scrapbook; could use pictures of all kinds.

LESTER SHINSKE, 428 Hennipen St., LaSalle, Ill., wants to buy post card size photos of steam hogs, as well as electric jacks, snow plows, and wrecks.

H. W. PONTIN, 82 Raymond St., Allston, Mass., is issuing "new lists covering many new pictures being taken in the 1931 season."

THOMAS ARNOLD, 805 Gorsuch Ave., Baltimore, Md., wants pictures of old B. & O. engines; just starting collection.

E. M. TURNER, Buckfield, Me., wants to get in touch with collectors willing to exchange snaps of the D. & H., Pennsy, C. of Georgia, L. & N., N. Y. C. & St. L., Mo. P., K. C. S., M-K-T, St. L. & S. W., I. C., Monon, C. & O., N. & W., T. & P., and I. & G. N.

ARTHUR HALSTED, 36 Brainard Place, Ridgewood, N. J., has many 2½ x 4¼ photos taken in the New York City area. Wants to trade for pictures in other sections of country. Complains that many collectors kept samples he sent them without answering him.

H. AUSTIN OTIS, Hobart Mills, Nevada Co., Calif.

WILLIAM F. MYERS, 5670 Blakemore St., Philadelphia, Pa. Beginner.

M. H. CARTER, 762 7th Ave., San Francisco, is making a scrapbook.

W. SPRAY, "Lindisfarne," Curzon St., Long Eaton, England, wants to exchange pictures with American rails. Is a signalman on London, Midland & Scottish Railway.

H. C. BULLOCH, 137 Prince Edward, Jackson, Tenn.

ARTHUR R. MACOMBER, 84 Spring St., Auburn, Me.

N. ARENDOUSK, 4856 S. Winchester, Chicago.

CLAIR C. ROBBINS, 513 W. 16th St., Tyrone, Pa.

A. H. BENDER, P. O. Box 196, Garrettsville, O., wants blue prints for model railroad at reasonable price.

A. J. WOODS, 2-5 St., Oneonta, N. Y., wants a picture of "Twentieth Century Limited" suitable for framing, also picture of the Erie 2-8-4 type, 3300 class.

J. D. WELSH, 94 Pembroke St., Toronto, Ont.

R. D. AGNEW, 35 De Peyster Ave., Tenafly, N. J.

LEE K. ALLEN, 209 E. Oglesby St., Salem, Ill., wants C. & E. I., Frisco, M. & O. and I. C. time cards; also C. & E. I. locomotive pictures. Collects train orders, clearance cards, and employees' time cards.

WM. C. STEARNS, Box 66, Wheelwright, Ky. Has 700 clippings, 400 post cards, and few C. & O. and N. & W. taken himself. Will exchange. Good at drawing pictures; reasonable rates.

A. W. JOHNSON, 5843 West Huron St., Chicago.

C. & O. SETS COAL-DUMPING RECORD

A COAL-DUMPING record that will be next to impossible to better, was set up recently at Newport News, Va., when 966 cars of coal, having a tonnage of 53,674, were dumped by the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad over one pier into ships in a period of twenty-four hours. This record supersedes all others at Hampton Roads, the queen of coal-dumping ports.

"It's Funny How One Little Half-Eaten Sandwich Can Make or Break a Boomer Switchman"

Open Season for Bulls

By EDMUND E. PUGSLEY

Illustrated by D. H. Hilliker

"HEY, 'bo, stop! Stop, I tell you, or I'll shoot!"

Dod Lewis had a good lead on the pursuing yard policeman and disregarded the order. Slipping between two box cars and around the end of a train, he glimpsed an open car doorway, where a switchman in a rain slicker sat munching a sandwich, out of the rain.

It was too late to retreat, so Dod pushed into the car and lurched, panting, to the shadows of its interior. Then he waited, tense, at bay, struggling to suppress his labored breathing.

Heavy feet crunched along the cinders outside, stopped suddenly. A thick, red face peered cautiously in at the door. The man with the sandwich turned his head slightly to scowl, but munched on.

"Hey, Hunk! Where'd that damned 'bo git to?"

"What 'bo?" surlily responded the man in the slicker. "Can't a fellow eat his lunch for two minutes out of the rain without some dumb bull nosin' round to give him indigestion? What you always chasin' the poor 'boes fer, anyway? They don't do any harm!"

"They don't, huh?" snarled the bull. "Say! If I had my way there'd be open season all the year round for shootin' them guys."

It Was too Lote to Retreot, so Dod Lurched into the Open Doorwoy

"Yeh? And if I had my way there'd be open season fer pluggin' bulls!" returned Hunk, taking another bite off his sandwich.

"You jest try obstructin' me in my duty and see how quick I'll git your job, Mister Pin-puller!"

"Job? Say, you couldn't git nothin' but a pain in the neck!"

"Well, you better move, so I can search that car!" the policeman ordered. "The 'bo must be in there or you wouldn't be makin' such a fuss. Come on now, *move!*"

The officer's beefy hand gripped the rain slicker. Hunk made a pass with his foot, whereupon the bull stepped back, hanging on. There was an instant rending of the raincoat. Hunk saw red, and sprang.

It was a short fight. Hunk was wiry and tough from constant twisting of hand brakes. His large hands reached out and jerked his opponent's puffy arms from their frantic attempt to reach his concealed weapon.

Once, twice, he struck in rapid succession at the flabby face that cursed him. The officer went down. Not content, Hunk tore off what remained of his ripped raincoat, rubbed it into the muddy gravel, then plastered it on the face of his panting foe.

Screaming with rage and fear, the

bull wormed loose at last and ran down the track, vowing vengeance.

As Hunk stood watching, a triumphant grin on his leathery face, a form clad in a "thousand miler" slunk from the shadows of the car and dropped to the ground.

"Nice work, brother!"

Hunk looked at the floater and reached into his pocket for another sandwich. "You better beat it while the goin's good!"

"Thanks, brother, I will," said the tramp. "Hope he don't git your job fer this!"

"Huh! That guy!"

"I reckon he got more than he was lookin' for," the wanderer responded, gazing covetously at the half-eaten sandwich in the switchman's hand.

Hunk caught the expression. "Here," he growled, "take this! I'll bet you're hungry. Me, I done some 'boin' in my time, too. Know what it's like. Go ahead, eat it! I've had all I want."

The bony hand reached out tremblingly for the proffered sandwich. Hunk turned his head a trifle to avoid watching the ravenous manner in which the man wolfed his food. He must be starving!

Hunk's hand went into his pants pocket and emerged with a half dollar.

"Go uptown and get some grub!"

The floater stared at the hand that held the coin.

"How'd you smash your finger, brother? Drawbar?"

Hunk nodded. "You guessed it," he said. "You a boomer snake?"

The other man scratched his head thoughtfully. "Yep. Been six months on the bum lookin' for a job. Hit every yard between K. C. and here."

"Yeh, I reckon things are bad just now," Hunk agreed. "But say now! You might get on here for a week or two! There's a run of wheat goin' west to the new elevators. Here!" Hunk dived into his pocket again and fished out a dollar. "Go to a barber and get rid of that alfalfa. Then meet me at the center yard at five o'clock. I'll fix it with the G. Y. M. My name's Hunk Rogers. What's yours?"

"Dod Lewis," was the reply. "Thanks, brother, I—"

But the switchman cut him off. "That's all right! See you later! Better beat it quick before that damn bull comes nosin' back. Once you're shaved he'll never know you."

II

Dod had been switching for three days before he heard what had happened to Hunk Rogers. The bull had made good his threat to get Hunk's job.

"That's a tough break!" Dod muttered. "Now he's on the bum just like I was, and it's all my fault! Wish I knew where to find him."

Dod clung to his job for a year, shifting cars from one track to another, making and breaking up trains, pulling pins and setting brakes. Then one day as he rode a cut down in Q yard he heard two shots behind him. A shaggy figure scurried past and disappeared between two cars.

Dod set his brakes and scrambled down the ladder to hurry back along the tracks. There, hunched in a heap, he found a body with a fatal, dark, sticky smudge on the cinders beneath! The switchman turned it over and found the victim was a yard policeman —the same who had chased Dod a year before. He had bullied his last 'bo.

Dod called the crew and reported having seen the fleeing hobo. He was quite sure he could identify the mur-

derer if he saw him again, he told the poliee. So the grim man-hunt was on.

III

An hour later Dod sat swinging his feet from the doorway of a box car, munehing his grub. Presently he heard a faint seraping from a refrigerator ear on the next track. A eautious, unshaved head peered over the top and a tattered figure wormed out and down the ladder.

Dod Thought He Recognized the Fellow Who Hod Fled Post Him from the Deod Policemon

Dod thought he reeognized the fellow who had fled past him from the dead policeman. He deeided to wait for the gaunt stranger to reach the ground before jumping on him and ealling for help.

"Poor devil hasn't much kick left in him," Dod mused, as the suspieious eharacter staggered to his feet. "Just like I was a year ago. It's a shame to turn him over, but—well, murder is murder."

Dod sprang, landed fairly, and bore the weak man easily to earth. Then, after his prey had ceased to struggle, he asked:

"How'd you eome to bump him off?"

The bum protested vehemently:

"I didn't shoot the bull, mister! Honest, I didn't!"

"Yeah? Why'd you run, then?"

"I was runnin' from him first. He shot at me!"

"Sure! Now I'll tell one. I s'pose he shot himself so's he wouldn't hit you?"

The tramp glared in disgust.

"No, mister! Listen! That bull shot at me from between cars, yellin' to stop. I stopped and waited. When he came to go through after me, he slipped. His gun caught in a ladder and he jerked at it till it let go and

caught him in the chest. That's the honest truth, mister! He jest dropped down in a heap and I beat it!"

"Pretty good, 'bo," Dod commented dryly. "But if it happened just that way, why all the runnin'? That makes you about guilty in the law!"

"Aw, say, Mister Club-Winder, I wouldn't have the chance of a sewer rat if they caught me! They'd frame me on general principles first and then for shootin' that bull in revenge."

The shrivelled form darted his eyes around beseechingly. Dod felt that a grim fate might well have placed him in a similar hole a year ago. The face behind that unkempt beard stirred him strangely.

The man might be telling the truth. Probably was. But if not, Dod had no right to let him go. Murder was bad business. Nobody would be safe with one at large. He'd better hold the suspect until a crew came along.

"Maybe you're right, 'bo," the switchman admitted. "Here, have a sandwich while we talk it over."

Dod passed him the last bit of grub from his pocket and allowed the captive to sit up to eat it. The clawlike hand that snatched it from him caught and held Dod's gaze. The index finger was off at the first joint.

"Holy cats, man! You're—let me think—you're Hunk Rogers!" exploded Dod, backing off.

The other nodded. "How'd you know?"

"Good reason, brother!" muttered Dod Lewis, hoarsely. "I ain't never forgot that sandwich you staked me a year ago! Here! Take this two spot and beat it for a barber! Then get a square and I'll fix it for you to come back. There ain't nothin' serious against your record. I found that out."

A gleam of hope illuminated Hunk's face, but he asked dubiously:

"What about the dead bull? They'll pinch me for murder!"

"No, they won't! I can't identify you when you get that disguise mowed off. Hustle, Hunk!"

As the boomer shuffled off down the track, Dod Lewis muttered:

"Yeah, I guess it was open season for bulls. And it's funny how one little sandwich can make or break a man."

He turned with a soft whistle toward the yard office.

STRICT RULES FOR TRAVELERS IN 1830

THAT train travel in 1830 was not a matter to be taken lightly may be seen from the following rules for travelers issued by England's first railway:

(1) Any person desiring to travel from Liverpool to Manchester, or vice versa, or any portion of the journey thereof, must, twenty-four hours beforehand, make application to the station agent at the place of departure, giving his name, address, place of birth, age, occupation, and reason for desiring to travel.

(2) The station agent, upon assuring himself that the applicant desires to travel for a just and lawful cause, shall thereupon issue a ticket to the applicant, who shall travel by the train named thereon.

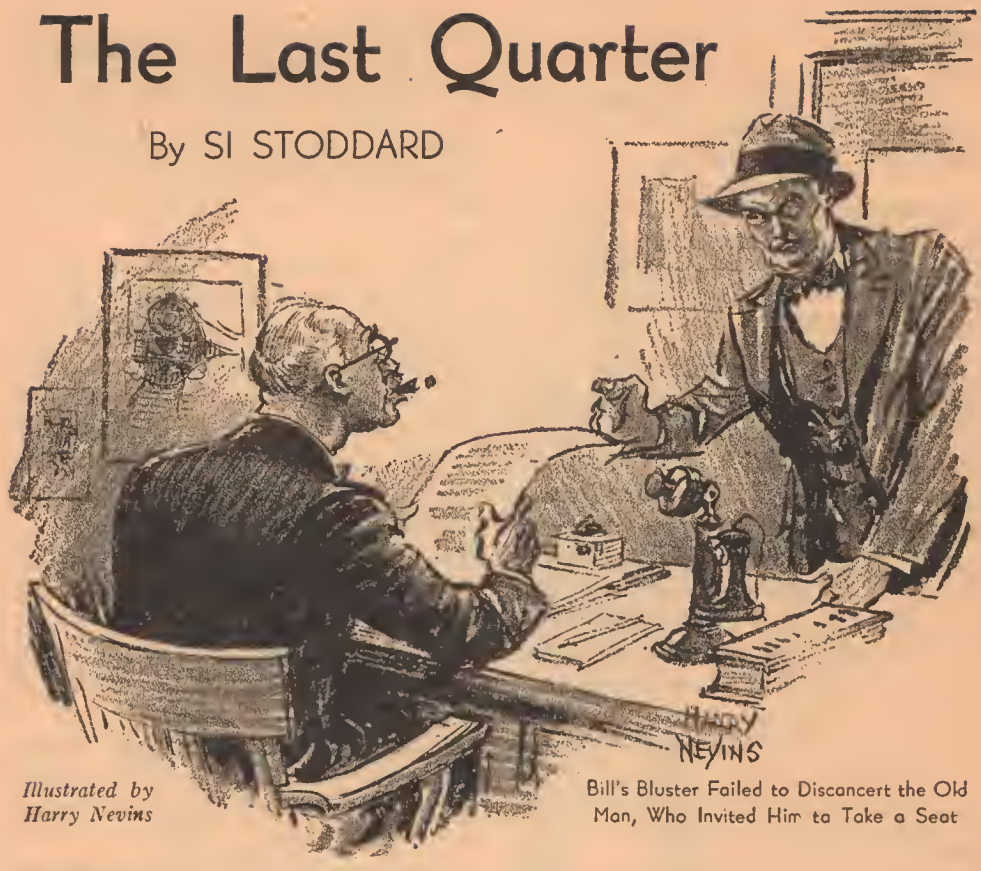
(3) Trains will start at their point of departure as near schedule time as possible, but the company does not guarantee when they will reach their destination.

(4) Trains not reaching their destination before dark will put up at one of the several stopping places along the route for the night and passengers must pay, and provide for, their own lodging during the night.

(5) Luggage will be carried on the roof of the carriages. If such luggage gets wet, the company will not be responsible for any loss attached thereto.

The Last Quarter

By SI STODDARD



Illustrated by Harry Nevins

Bill's Bluster Failed to Discancert the Old Man, Who Invited Him to Take a Seat

THE Superior Express on the G. T. & S. V. had passed Mullen, its last stopping place before reaching the end of its run. In the baggage car Conductor Bill Butterball was making out his trip report. Concentration furrowed his brow.

Thinking he was unnoticed, he went about his calculations in a methodical manner. Placing the receipts in front of him, he put a dollar to one side with the remark, "There's a dollar for Bill Butterball." The next dollar went into a second pile as "A dollar for the G. T. & S. V." With the exception of a two-bit piece the division broke even.

For a moment Bill appeared undecided which pile was entitled to the quarter, then proceeded to settle the matter with a toss.

"Heads I win; tails I lose!" he exclaimed as the coin went spinning into the air.

The result was disappointing, so he flipped again, only to have the tails repeat. Apparently something was wrong, but after a moment's thought he recalled the old slogan of "Three times and out," and gave the coin another flip. It landed heads up, so he added it to the pile designated as his own.

Pocketing his share, Bill placed the company's in the envelope furnished for that purpose, and when the end of the run was reached started for his apartment.

Three days later Bill received a let-

ter from Superintendent Hooker which read:

> For reasons known to this office you have been removed from service. Your discharge becomes effective at once.

That evening Bill stood before the Palace Bar informing companions he did not take the superintendent's letter seriously.

"Haven't I been on the job for 25 years without the semblance of a demerit mark?" he asked. "Just wait a few days and if Hooker don't put me back to work I'll go down to headquarters and tell that bonehead where to head in at."

Next day Bill wrote Hooker asking the reason for his discharge. Failing to receive a reply, he wrote again with the same result. Then he donned his war paint and started for headquarters.

Superintendent Hooker was glancing over his morning mail when his office door opened and in walked Butterball, who demanded to know "Why in 'ell" he was canned.

His bluster, however, failed to disconcert the Old Man. Swinging around in his chair, Hooker invited Bill to take a seat, and then began talking.

"There is nothing secret about your discharge," he said. "But before I go into detail I wish to relate an incident on which I desire your opinion.

"Some time ago, one of our conductors, whom I shall call Jim Jones, was making out his trip report. Instead of turning in all the receipts, Jones labored under the impression he was entitled to a portion. To strike a balance, he placed a dollar on one pile and contended it belonged to him, and another dollar on a second pile for the company.

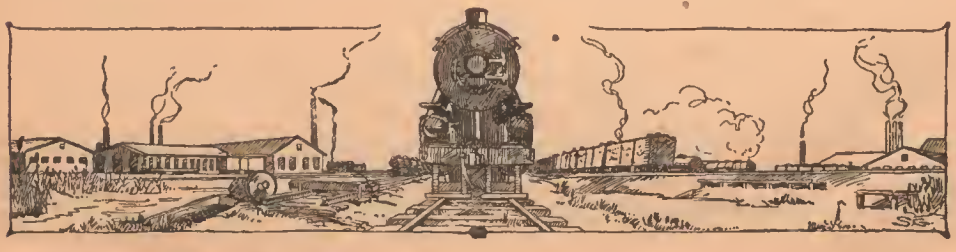
"After the dollars had been doled out, an odd quarter remained. To determine who should have it, Jones decided to toss. Picking heads, he flipped, but refused to abide by the decision when it came tails. A second attempt brought no better luck, so he made a third try, and when it landed heads, pocketed the money."

At this juncture Hooker turned to Butterball and inquired, "What do you think of that?"

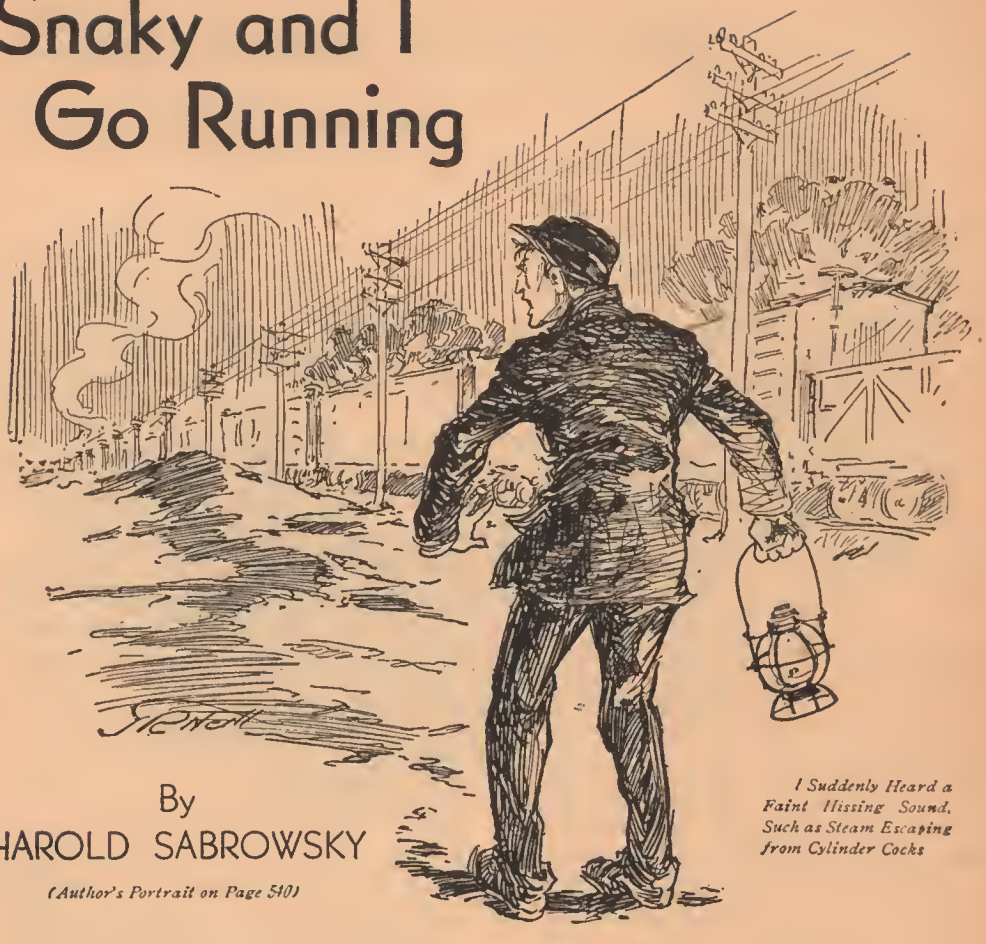
Bill realized Hooker had the goods on him, and that it would be useless to deny the fact.

"There's only one thing wrong with your story, Mr. Hooker," he admitted. "It wasn't Jones who pulled that stunt—it was myself."

"I see you're truthful," Hooker replied gravely, "so I'm going to be frank about the real reason for your discharge. It wasn't for stealing that money—I've overlooked that entirely, but"—here he placed his hand on Bill's knee in fraternal fashion—"the reason for letting you go, Butterball, was because I don't think you gave the company a square shake on that last quarter."



Snaky and I Go Running



I Suddenly Heard a Faint Hissing Sound, Such as Steam Escaping from Cylinder Cocks

By
HAROLD SABROWSKY

(Author's Portrait on Page 540)

The Skippers Thought They Had the Goods on That Minute-Pinching Detainer, but He Told 'Em Where to Head In!

Illustrated by John R. Neill

HAD you seen Snaky and I stalk into the dispatcher's office at Channing the other day, you'd have thought we were a pair of dizzy, inbred high-hatters. But such was not the case, I assure you. The reason was simple—we had just been set up.

This fact we announced to Dispatcher Al Seeman with no idle display of pride, I admit. But we don't feel so stuffed up any more.

"Conductors, eh?" scoffed Al. "Well, we'll give you guys a chance to exercise your authority right away." Whereupon he sauntered into the next room where the board was located, and cut two more crews in the ring, with Snaky and I as their captains. Then he turned around and eyed us with an attempt at disdain.

"A coupla fine looking skippers, you birds are. May the gods have pity on us if you're as lazy running as you are braking, being as short on power and crews as we are without sending 'em out to drag in victims of the hog law."

Snaky jabbed me in the ribs. That's the way with Snaky, darn him, aldays depending on me to step to the front and utilize my oratorical powers in defending our rights.

"Give us time on Number 3," I says, "with about five minutes lacking the time required to go to Quinnesec or Iron Mountain for them, so that we'll have to remain at some blind siding like Merriman and get a thirty minute stab with our hands tied behind us; give us, with a hundred ore jimmies, a meet on 65, which has a train of fourteen and fifty-six, at Traders, which holds exactly fifty-eight—or at Randville where there's plenty of room, then change the meet to Sagola where 63, 72, 99 and an extra already are; hand us about six hundred tons over our hog's rating and send the next crew out right behind us, caboose hop; let everything into Channing at the same time, then, after we've made an excellent run, hold us two or three hours at Ford River till there's room enough for us to squeeze in, and we'll congratulate you upon having lived up to the proverbial reputation of every member of your profession, even if the hog law does get us, eh, Snaky?"

"Highball the switch!" harmonized Snaky.

But apparently my little oration merely went right through Al, for the following reply seemed to be just a continuation of his last smart-crack:

"And remember, all the responsibilities will be yours when you're running. Instead of having a captain to shove your boners onto, you'll have a couple deadheads shoving their boners on to you."

And when we were outside, walking up the track toward town, he craned his long neck out the window and favored us with this one:

"Just a little friendly advice, fellows. Lots of things can happen to a new captain, you know, and I thought I'd kinda warn you to keep your goggles peeled. And stay home now, and go to bed like nice little boys, because the caller'll be after you for an 8 or 9 P.M. Hill job."

"Pull in that bad order load of brains to clear before something comes down the main and corners it for you," I growled.

Al had an excellent reason for cutting Snaky and I in the ring. At least four or five more crews could have been kept busy, but the men to make up the crews were lacking. The extra board had fallen into temporary disuse, and we were the two oldest available conductors at the time. Every crew was being called out on its rest, and to meet a train into clear with its entire crew in the hay was no uncommon occurrence. Usually at this time of the year there were a sufficient number of boomers to relieve this shortage of men, but this spring most of them had very likely landed a job en route.

II

THE iron ore rush was on! That night we made our first trip running, with students for brakemen and a wily dispatcher praying for an avalanche of bad luck to fall upon us.

I was called on to go east at 8:15 on two turn-around trips to Iron Mountain—the Hill job. That left Snaky first out, and he was also lined up for a Hill job.

I took an inventory of the students

The Hind Man Boasted He Had Been a Street Car Conductor in Milwaukee for Two Years

under me, and I began to wonder how many boners would be shoved onto me before morning. The head shack openly admitted that he had never any more than rode the varnished wagons as a revenue passenger, but the hind man boasted of railroading for two whole years before marking up with me.

When I asked him in what capacity he had been employed, without batting an eyelid he proudly informed me that he was a "conductor on the T. M. E. R. & L. street car line in Milwaukee."

Going east on the first trip Al gave us an order to meet an extra at Sagola, 63 at Randville and 75 at Quinnesec. The extra was into clear at Sagola, 63 was between switches on the main at Randville, and they highballed us through the passing track. At Quinnesec we just got the switch lined back for the main when 75 appeared. Good work, Al!

At Iron Mountain I kept a sharp eye on the students. To my surprise they were quite capable of following instructions. That made me feel somewhat better, but I threatened the hogger and the head shack with violence bordering on dire calamity if they permitted the engine to climb the iron while they were taking her around the wye.

To be delayed for an hour or more in rerailing an engine on this wye was just a part of the game, as it was constructed for much smaller engines than the ones we were using. Without a single mishap, however, we performed the rest of our necessary duties, and in record time we were roaring back to Channing, with a meet on extra 8017 east at Merriman.

Merriman is unquestionably the blindest of all blind sidings. The nearest telephone is about a mile from there, at a farm. The right of way, the full length of the siding, resembles the shape of a large letter "S" and is walled in on each side by a rock cut which is no less than twenty feet in height. This passing track has a capacity of one hundred fifty cars, and about eighty or ninety car lengths of this space is used to store flats, box cars and gondolas in the summer and ore cars in the winter. At this time about eighty cars were in the center of the siding, which left room for about thirty-five cars at each end.

At Iron Mountain the dispatcher had informed me that the 8017 east was the second Hill job, under the capable management of Conductor Snaky Heim, and that he had but fifteen empties. There was plenty of room for us to head in the east end of the siding at Merriman. We were inferior to the 8017 east by direction, but it was the general practice for eastbound Hill extras meeting at Merriman to head in when hauling a short train or running light, but to hold the main when their train consisted of from eighty to one hundred and twenty empties, which was usually the case. So, knowing that Snaky had only fifteen cars, I instructed the hogger to hold the main there.

Coming into Merriman I looked at my watch, and at once I sensed a probable opportunity of hooking Al up a notch or two. Five subdivisions terminate at Channing, and about this time Al should have the yards sewed up with a lot of extras. If Snaky got tangled up in that mess, which was very likely, he'd still be at Channing, in which case we'd get a beautiful stab here, and Al wouldn't be able to change the meet if he should find it expedient to do so!

But such was not our luck. At the east switch a fancy highball greeted us, which I recognized to be one of Snaky's manufacture. The old boy was right on the job, having walked around the curves to where our hogger could see his signal, so as not to delay us. I hastily scrawled out a note for him, commending him upon his coöperation in combating the wiles of that crafty dispatcher. As I handed him the note he yelled to me:

"There's a hundred 'n' twenty waiting in the yards for you. Al wouldn't let the Y. M. give 'em to me, 'fraid I'd get caught in the jack-pot. Keep on your pins, and don't let 'm kid you!"

Al was playing a tight game. He was taking no chances.

Perfect railroading, so far, to the credit of Snaky and I—and Al.

III

When I entered the office at Channing and checked in, Al admitted: "You guys are doing pretty good for new skippers."

"You ain't doing so bad yourself," I retorted.

"But trouble usually turns up when you least expect it," he continued. "So be on your guard, the day's still young."

"The same applies to you, brother," I shot back.

"If you're referring to the day, I go off at 1 A.M.," he laughed.

"That part's all right, but how about that meet you'll have to give us on Snaky?" I countered.

"You go light this trip. Those empties we sent to Bates, need 'em bad over there. I 'spose that makes you mad, what?"

"Not a bit," I answered, and I didn't lie this time.

Al gave us a meet on Snaky

Snaky Also Was Sleeping. When I Entered the Crummy He Jumped to His Feet

"Don't you ever worry about any meets that I put out, kiddo," he drawled, with apparent confidence in his ability. "You'll never know you're working on a single track pike so long as I'm on duty."

"I hope so," I lied, as I left the office and started toward the yard.

I met our engine coming down the main with nothing but the caboose. Assuming that the students hadn't been able to find the empties, I swung a stop sign. But the Y. M. was on the caboose, and he informed me:

at Randville. As we were purring eastward I tried to work out a plan whereby we could score one against Al, but the more I thought the gloomier the prospects of such possibility appeared. This meet, as all the others had been, should be perfect. It was unavoidable, unless Snaky's hog slipped off the iron on the wye or something like that.

I sort of lost interest in the game and got sleepy. But at Randville the board was red, and I hoped for a change in this monotonous state of affairs. The operator handed us an order

changing the meet on the 8017 to Merriman. Whether this would serve to provide us with an opportunity to relieve Al of some of that overconfidence of his, I didn't know. But I was in hopes.

My spirits mounted when we arrived at Merriman and I saw no sign of extra 8017. We expected to see them waiting on the main line with the switch lined for us, but it seemed that fate had finally decreed that we should have a break—and I was happy.

We lined the switch. The hogger put out his headlight, released the air, and we glided into clear.

After waiting for about thirty minutes, the hogger and the fireboy came in the crummy.

"Whatya supposed happened to them birds?" the hogger grumbled.

"Snaky's colts forgot their signals, most likely," I ventured, "and piled 'em up in the yard. Or their hog has a wye spread all over Iron Mountain."

Not so good for Snaky if that were true, although he couldn't be blamed for accidents of such nature.

"And look what's going to happen to us," I joyfully added. "We're going to be here for a long, long time, and whose fault will it be? Nobody's but that smart-cracking dispatcher's. Maybe we'll be victims of the hog law, as he said we would, and I hope we will. If he'd left us at Randville he'd be all right now, for he could get in touch with us there. But that boy was pinching the minutes like a miser pinches the coppers, 'fraid we'd get five or ten minutes' spot at Randville, and now maybe we'll get five hours' spot here. Hooray! The game's ours!"

The hogger was plainly puzzled. I guess he thought I had stripped some of my cogs. Then I told him all about our little contest with Al.

"Ah ha!" he said. "He played the game a little too hard and flopped, eh? Serves 'im right."

"Exactly," I agreed. "I suppose he expects me to walk over to that farm and call him. Well, if he does he's going to be disappointed. I'm disturbing no hard working farmer from his peaceful slumber at this time of the night, and, what's more, I'm taking no chances on getting all chewed up by a dog. And it's no fault of mine that this's a blind siding."

"That's what I say," endorsed the hogger, and we both hit the hay.

IV

It was just breaking day when I awoke. After thinking over the situation for a few minutes, I decided that the proper thing for a conscientious conductor to do under these circumstances would be to take a walk over to the farm and try to get the dispatcher by phone. So I started.

I had just rounded the second curve in the right-of-way when I suddenly heard a faint hissing sound, such as steam escaping from the cylinder cocks of an engine. I looked up. Into clear in the east end of the passing track was extra 8017!

The terrible truth slowly sank into my cast-iron skull.

Snaky was told by the Y. M. at Channing that the hundred twenty empties would be given us. He hadn't thought of inquiring any further, and, assuming that we'd be one hundred twenty long and would hold the main, had headed in for us! And I, my thoughts entirely taken up with the determination to put one over on Al and prevent him from putting one over on us, had forgotten Snaky's words at Merriman on our first meet! Thinking all the while that he'd do

nothing else but pull up the main line, we had headed in for Snaky!

The 8017 could hardly have pulled into clear without our hearing her exhausts, while we had drifted down grade almost noiselessly into clear. Snaky must have arrived first. Still, as we had all been sleeping, and as a distance of eighty or ninety car lengths separated us, it was possible that we hadn't heard, and that Snaky hadn't been here as long as I feared. That was my only hope.

I hoofed it back to Snaky's crummy. As I passed by his engine, I saw his engine crew was in the hay.

Snaky also was sleeping. As I entered the crummy he rose to his feet.

"What's up?" he asked. "Just get here?"

"Yah!" I answered. "Just got here about three hours ago—at 1:05, to be exact. What time'd you get here?"

Snaky glanced at his delay sheet, then disclosed this disconcerting truth: "Just five minutes ahead of you—at 1 A. M.!" Another perfect meet!

"But where's your train?" he continued.

I could see he was still in the dark, so I enlightened him with the cold, cruel, and unembellished facts.

We both sat down. We stared at the floor. Our thoughts were the same.

. . . . .

We saw Al coming up the street yesterday, although he didn't see us. We used to enjoy talking with Al, but for some reason or other we have no desire to do so lately. He's not a bad dispatcher, though.

SOMEBODY MONKEYED WITH THE SWITCH

Lacamatives Daubleheading a New Haven Freight Train af 65 Cars near New Britain, Cann., Were Derailed April 13th, by Running inta an Open Switch That Apparently Had Been Tampered With. Six Men in the Train and Engine Crews Were Hurt. Phata Shaws a "Big Hook" at the Scene

Sunny Side of the Track

Telegraph Poles

FROM the edge of the east the telegraph poles
Race over the desert floor,
But near the tank slow down to a walk
And peer through the station door.

They saunter awhile, looking back—but soon
Again they break into a run,
And sprinting like mad up the far western grade
Leap into the setting sun.

—Tom Barnett.

* * *

Overheard at the Harvey House

RED-HEADED Beanery Queen: "What become of that Santa Fe hogger who was rushin' you last spring?"

Greta-Garbo-Blonde B. Q.: "Johnny Hayes? Oh, I give him the air. I figured he was gettin' too fresh. I overheard Johnny tellin' his bakehead: 'She's lame on her left side, an' she's got a flat wheel on her right, an' she hops around like an old goat jumpin' a ditch.' Well, I made a few sizzlin' remarks, an' then I learned he's only talkin' about his old engine."

* * *

Not on the Bill of Fare

SWITCHMAN *(at the Greasy Spoon):* "Coupla hard-boiled eggs to take out."

Waitress *(winking):* "Okay, baby. Can yuh wait till eleven o'clock when me an' Mazie go off duty?"

* * *

This Jargon of Ours

ONE of the train crew, says the *Crescent,* testified in a suit growing out of a railroad collision, that "The con was flipping the tissues in the doghouse; the hind shack was freezing a hot hub near the hind end; tallowpot was cracking diamonds in the tank; eagle eye was down greasing the pig, and I was bending the rails when they hit us!"

The King James version reads as follows: "The conductor was examining train orders in the cupola; the rear brakeman was cooling a journal; the fireman was breaking coal; the engineer was oiling the engine; and the head brakeman was throwing a switch when the trains came together."

* * *

A Fourth of July Lament

THOUGH wind-whipped flags are snapping,
Our thoughts are dull and gray
As far-off drums are tapping
Where others are at play.

From office work and factory
They head, excursion bound,
For picnic fields to romp in glee—
We snake them over the ground.

It is no railroad holiday;
We're due to prime the hog
From Seattle to New York Bay
And Denver to Patchogue.

—Olin Lyman.

* * *

An Embarrassing Explanation

"LADY," said a skipper, in *Santa Fe Magazine,* "you'll have to pay half-fare for that boy."

"But, conductor," the passenger objected, "he's only four years old."

"Well, he looks like a six-year-old."

"Sir, I have been married only four years!"

"Lady, I'm not asking for a confession; I'm asking for a half-fare ticket."

* * *

A Cause for Thanks

MY wife's away—hooray, hooray!
I've got a free foot now
To stay out nights and see the sights,
Nor have her raise a row.

My wife's away a week to-day—
My socks are on the bum;
My shirts are gone, I still have on
Last week's—that's going some!

My wife's away two weeks—I say,
If she's not back here soon
I shall expire—Ah! Here's a wire!
Hooray! To-morrow noon!

—W. W. Whitelock.

Death Valley Scotty's Great Run

He Paid for Speed, by Gum, and He Got It—the Fastest Time Ever Made Between Los Angeles and Chicago

By the ENGINE PICTURE EDITOR

A FEW minutes before noon on Saturday, July 8, 1905, a man walked into the private office of John J. Byrne, general passenger agent for the Santa Fe in Los Angeles. He wore high-heeled cowboy boots, a ten-gallon Stetson, a cheap, heavy serge suit, and a thick, blue woolen shirt set off by a flaming scarlet tie. The G. P. A. looked up in amazement.

"Mr. Byrne," the stranger said quietly as he tossed his coat in one corner, "my name is Walter Scott—'Death Valley Scotty' they call me hereabouts. I made my fortune minin' in Death Valley, California, and I got money to burn."

The G. P. A. drew up his chair and handed his visitor a cigar. Who didn't know about Death Valley Scotty?

Death Valley Scotty as He Looks To-day

"Wa-al," continued Scott in a quiet, easy drawl, "I've been thinkin' some of takin' a train over your road to Chicago. I want to git there in forty-six hours. Kin you do it?"

General Passenger Agent Byrne gulped.

"Why, that's almost twelve hours faster than the fastest eastbound run has ever been made," he said. "Do you—"

Scotty interrupted Byrne with a wave of his hand.

"I know it. I've been over your road thirty-two times between here and Chicago. I'm willin' to pay anythin'," he went on slowly as he pulled out his wallet. "Kin you do it? Let's talk business."

Byrne's eyes grew large as he watched Scotty finger a wad of thousand-dollar bills and deposit a few of them on the table. But he pulled

out his pencil, figuring as he talked. An hour later they got up. Byrne had $5,500 in his hand.

"Young fellow," he said to Scotty, "we'll get you to Chicago in forty-six hours. But you'll be riding faster than a white man ever rode before!"

"Pardner," replied Scott laconically, "I like your talk. It sounds good to me. Line 'em up and tell 'em we're comin'."

And so, at twelve o'clock noon the next day, the "Death Valley Coyote" Special stood waiting in the La Grande Station at Los Angeles. A baggage car, a dining car, and a standard Pullman, headed by Engine No. 442, a Baldwin ten-wheeler, made up the train. Thousands of people had gathered and as the departing time neared the sheds became packed and the tracks lined with sight-seers.

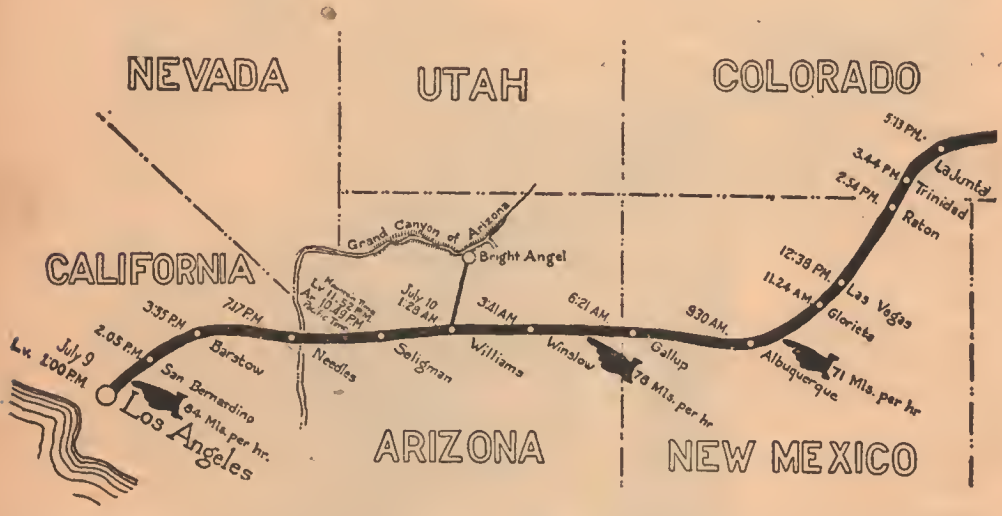
A big automobile dashed up to the station. Scott alighted, fought his way through the crowd to the train, shook hands with Engineer John Finlay, and got up on the tender, where he made a short speech.

"Let 'er go!" he whooped.

A minute or two later, promptly at 1 P.M., the special pulled out. On board were Scotty and his wife, also C. E. Van Loan, a newspaper representative, and F. N. Holman, another writer.

The glistening ten-wheeler gave a toot, Engineer Finlay widened on her, the high drivers slipped and caught, and the famous Scott Special picked up speed and streaked out of the yards. The cheers of the crowds along the right of way shrilled an excited farewell, and Scotty waved his huge Stetson in greeting.

Faster and faster she flew—until they hit 84-miles an hour! Then the



jar of the brakes told that something was wrong.

"Too bad!" said Conductor Simpson. "The tank box has gone hot, but the fireman's playing the hose on it."

The trouble was soon straightened out, however, and Engineer Finlay began to make up lost time. He cut ten minutes off the one hour and fifteen minutes schedule to San Bernardino.

Here a helper engine was picked up, and they attacked the heavy Cajon Pass grade. But they didn't stop to

uncouple the helper engine when they reached the summit. Instead, the pusher uncoupled on the fly and spurted ahead onto a siding. The switch was closed and the Scott Special dashed ahead without slacking its pace!

Then came the down grade stretch of track. Eighty miles an hour and still picking up speed. Ninety—ninety-three—ninety-six miles an hour! Ninety-six miles an hour around the downhill curves! But Scotty rubbed his hands in glee.

"That's the way to roll 'em!" he declared.

At Barstow they arrived 26 minutes ahead of their own schedule—the hardest schedule ever laid out for a train. There they changed engines in less time than it takes to tell about it, and were soon highballing across the desert behind No. 1005, a Baldwin Prairie type. Engineer Gallagher didn't let up for anything.

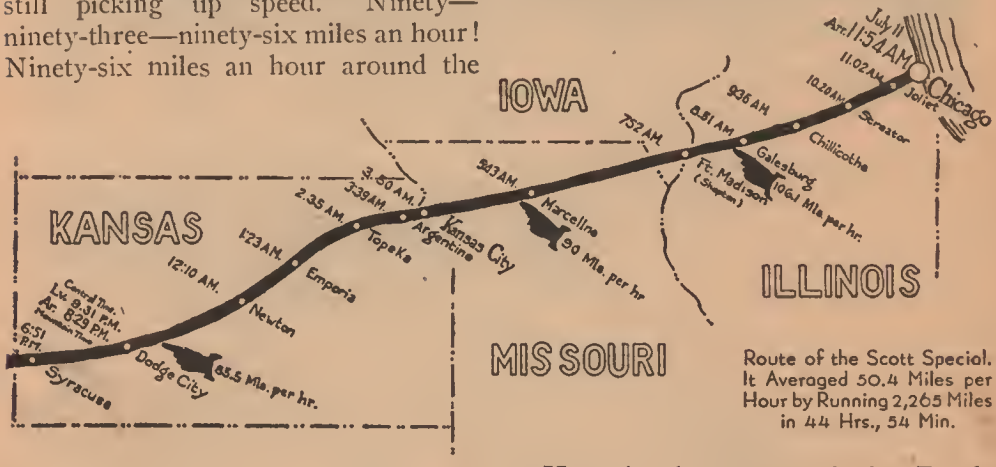
"Let 'er go, Gallagher," ordered Scotty—and Gallagher did.

At Needles they changed to No. 1010, a Baldwin Prairie type, manned by Engineer Fred Jackson, in eighty seconds! He, too, slowed down for nothing, not even the Colorado River bridge. The special snaked across it at a 65-mile clip.

About this time Scotty sat down to his first meal on the trip.

"Pretty shaky," explained the conductor as the salt and pepper cellars danced a jig on the table. "Jackson don't know a curve when he sees one. The whole road looks straight to him."

"I'm satisfied with him, pardner," said Scotty simply.



Route of the Scott Special. It Averaged 50.4 Miles per Hour by Running 2,265 Miles in 44 Hrs., 54 Min.

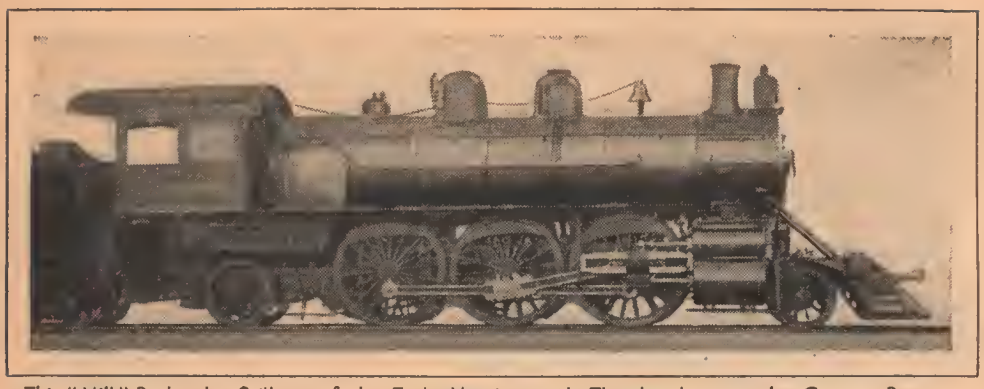
Here is the menu of the Death Valley Coyote:

Caviare Sandwich à la Death Valley
Iced Consommé
Porterhouse Steak à la Coyote, two inches thick and a Marvel of Tenderness
Broiled Squab on Toast, with Strips of Bacon au Scotty, Stuffed Tomatoes
Ice Cream with Colored Trimmings
Cheese Coffee Cigars

Three hours more of hard mountain railroading and they pulled into Seligman at 10.49 P.M.

Division Superintendent Gibson climbed into the Pullman.

"What detained you?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye. In making up the schedule the train was put down as an hour late—to enable the engineers to reach out for time. Jackson did, and hung up one of the best records between Needles and Seligman.



This "Mill" Broke the Stillness of the Early Morning as It Thundered across the Country Between Winslow and Gallup, 75 Miles an Hour. It Was a Baldwin Prairie Type, No. 1000

Superintendent Gibson rode the train the entire length of the Albuquerque Division. He was glad when the train left his division, just as it was a relief to every one along the line. Section gangs carefully patrolled the tracks before the special and examined every switch, rail and tie. But even at that it was something to worry about.

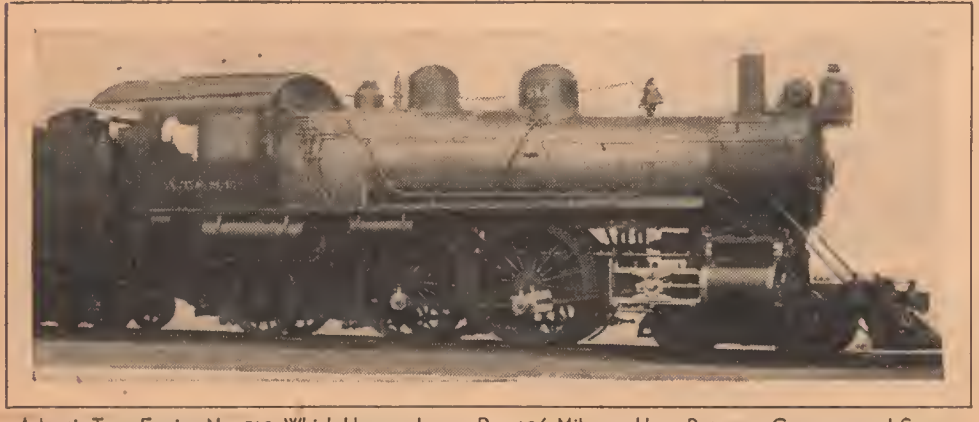
At Albuquerque the next morning, after a sleepless night, they were coupled onto a Pacific type engine with Engineer Ed Sears at the throttle. He dropped the special down the hill between Albuquerque and Lamy at a 71-mile clip. Then they prepared for the run to Glorieta—up a grade that ran 158 feet to the mile.

"Here's where you get a touch of real mountain railroading," said Jim Kurn, the trainmaster. "We're going to beat the schedule if we have to sidetrack that dining car. She's got a hot box."

"Sure," replied Scott. "If she smokes, cut 'er out!"

Between Glorieta and Las Vegas came a drop again. Down, swerving from right to left, the Pullman leaped and jumped against the long curves. It was impossible to stand in the aisle. Finally, at 12.38 P. M., they pulled into Las Vegas.

All that day they bucked the mountains, setting up records that were to last for years.



Atlantic Type Engine No. 510, Which Hogger Lasee Ran 106 Miles an Hour Between Comeron and Surrey

At 5.15 P.M. they arrived at La Junta behind No. 1215, a Baldwin Pacific type, with the worst part of the journey behind them. There it took exactly two minutes to change to one of the Santa Fe's new Atlantic type balanced compounds.

Again they were off, tearing across the straight track and level roadbed of the Kansas plains like a bullet. No more mountain grades to buck; no more sharp curves to slow down for. And they were hours ahead of their own grueling schedule!

Elated, Scotty rode the cab into Dodge City.

"Mister," he told H. G. Simmons, the hogger between Syracuse and Dodge City, "them telegraph poles look just like a fine-tooth comb."

They pulled into Dodge City at 8.29 P.M. Although engines were changed in less than 100 seconds, Scotty was so enthusiastic he made use of the time to send a wire to President Roosevelt—he had a couple seconds to spare:

AN AMERICAN COWBOY IS COMING EAST ON A SPECIAL TRAIN FASTER THAN ANY COW-PUNCHER EVER RODE BEFORE. HOW MUCH SHALL I BREAK THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RECORD?

That night they averaged a mile every fifty seconds as they cut across the middle of Kansas. Between Emporia and Argentine, despite four slow orders and numerous grade crossings, they ate up 124 miles in 130 minutes.

Scotty tried to grab a little sleep that night, but, as he said, he had to stay up and take a look at Missouri. A look was all he got, however. Only four hours after leaving Kansas City at 3.50 A.M. they raced across the whole State of Missouri and a corner of Iowa. During the night Engineer A. F. Bauer hit it up to 90 miles an hour.

Leaving Fort Madison at 7.25 A. M., the Coyote cut loose for the home stretch across the State of Illinois. By this time everybody had heard of the wonderful record the train was making. The newspapers had been full of the accounts of the daredevil cowboy who shook hands with Death and gave a whoop at the same time. The Associated Press had kept its wires hot with news about the train, and the big dailies in all cities gave the news front page headlines.

Every town from Shopton to Chicago was out along the right of way to a man. Everybody cheered as the train came by. The run to Chicago was a triumphant procession.

Scotty was more jubilant than ever.

"That's the way to roll 'em!" he shouted enthusiastically to Engineer Losee as he helped the fireman scoop the black diamonds into the white-hot fire. Losee took Scotty at his word and gave her the limit. Every switch was spiked and the entire operating department was standing on its toes. In the dispatcher's office the op would hardly have time to put one "O. S." on the sheet before another would be handed him.

"It looks as though she were falling down a well," one of the superintendents remarked.

Losee grabbed the throttle and headed for the tank, while Scotty grinned his whole-hearted approval. Then they began to tear! Between Cameron and Surrey the Coyote bounded along at a speed of 106 miles an hour! And despite five minutes' delay at Chillicothe, four at South Joliet, the Scott Special, fastest long distance run ever made and ever yet to be made, covered her last 239 miles in

as many minutes, to pull into Chicago at 11.54 A.M.

The Death Valley Coyote, leaving Los Angeles at 1.00 P. M. on July 9, had streaked over 2,265 miles of heavy mountain grades, tortuous hillside curves, and blistering desert sands in exactly 44 hours and 54 minutes. Even with all delays she had averaged 50.4 miles an hour for the whole trip!

Scotty was happy. He had set up a mark for all time. Why did he do it? It was his way of giving a whoop—his way of telling the world that he was alive and happy, and that he was on a bender.

"I'm buying speed," said Scotty.

Nor has the famous run ever been bettered. To-day you pay extra fare, in an extra fast train, to ride over the same iron highway in the same direction. But you do it in 56 hours and 55 minutes, and even at that you're going some.

STEALING A MARCH ON THE "ESPEE"

RAILROAD men accustomed to assume that the Southern Pacific's hold on the east shore of San Francisco Bay could never be broken, were amazed to discover recently that the water front of six important East Bay cities had been wrested from it by the Santa Fe, Western Pacific, and Great Northern.

Only by a masterpiece of strategy could such a feat have been accomplished. Although every move had to be made before the S. P.'s watchful eyes, these moves were so skillfully combined and directed that the S. P. was completely deceived as to their real meaning.

Probably no road has ever had more complete control of an important water front. Two generations ago the S. P. laid its tracks as close to the Bay and the Oakland Estuary as they would go. When the Santa Fe and the Western Pacific arrived they had to fall in behind. As the region grew, the biggest industries located themselves virtually in the S. P.'s lap.

Santa Fe, Big G and Western Pacific officials were worried. Finally the three roads got together and decided upon an audacious plan. This was to buy and reclaim those tidelands themselves, run their own tracks along the new water front, and leave the S. P. a mile inshore!

But how were they to do it? The minute the S. P. should discover them buying there, it would start buying, too, and block the whole plan.

A concern with the innocent-appearing name of "Berkeley Waterfront Company" was formed for the avowed purpose of developing the tidelands opposite Berkeley. S. P. officials were pleased; this was the sort of thing they had been waiting years for. The company extended its buying along the whole water front and then began building a rock wall to reclaim the land.

Meanwhile, it had been necessary for the allied roads to figure out a way of getting their tracks down to the new water front. How could they pierce the enemy's line without letting him know they were doing it?

Fortunately, there was an active real estate market in that city. So among the frequent transfers of lots, nobody noticed that a certain number of them, occurring widely apart in time and under various names, were in a straight line running from the Santa Fe down to the water front. Over this right-of-way will come not only the Santa Fe, but the Great Northern as well.

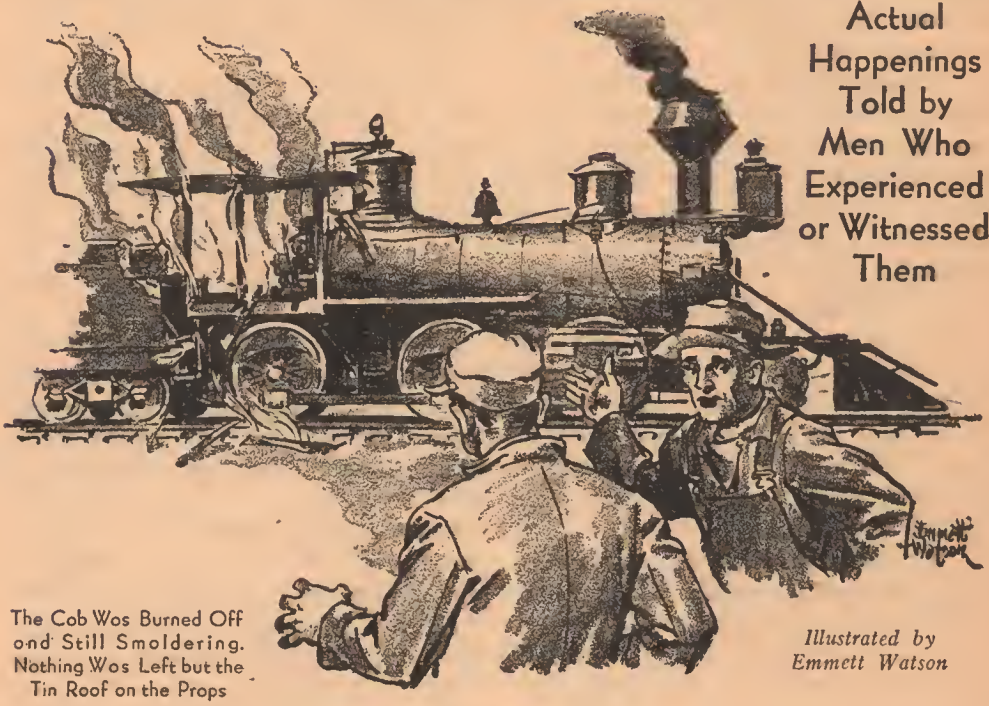
For the Western Pacific such a course was impossible. But the interurban lines of the Key System cross the S. P. by diving under it in a subway, and then run along the southern boundary of the tideland area. Arrangements were made with the Key to do the Oakland switching for the W. P. The Key locomotive that picks up its freights will haul them under the S. P. tracks and onto the tideland area.

The connection between these operations was not guessed until the purchase of a tract connecting the tidelands with the Richmond right-of-way revealed the "water front company" as the Santa Fe and Western Pacific Railroads.

Daily the rock wall, already three miles long, is being extended. Soon 15 square miles of factory sites will rise from the Bay. Then will come the factories. And the hauling of all their freight is going to mean a lot of new jobs for railroad men.—*H. J. FitzGerald.*

TRUE TALES OF THE RAILS

Actual Happenings Told by Men Who Experienced or Witnessed Them



The Cab Was Burned Off and Still Smoldering. Nothing Was Left but the Tin Roof on the Props

Illustrated by Emmett Watson

The Skeleton Jack

By ALEX BRICE

READING "Midland Memories" in the December, 1930, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE sure brought back to my mind my experiences on that old Colorado road. It was on that line that I fired my last engine. Maybe you brothers would like to hear about it.

It was in June, 1886, that I first heard about the railroad they were building up near Glenwood Springs, Colorado. I was firing on the old A. & P., then, now the Santa Fe, and I had a passenger run from Winslow to Needles. It was so hot I couldn't sleep and a ninety-mile up-hill run to Peach Springs kept me more than busy. So I started out for Colorado.

I reached there in November, 1888, having worked meanwhile on the D. & R. G. and the Northern Pacific. They'd told me at Salida to go to Leadville and hire out on the Midland, as they were going to double crew the engines on account of the large business and so few engines. I did just that and got a job.

One of my big experiences on that line was when I fired for a certain big

Swede hogger. The air those days was quite unlike what it is now. A straight-air man who'd never handled automatic air could give you the thrill of your life. It was nothing unusual to have a runaway.

On this occasion we were going east toward Leadville. When we tipped over the top through Hagerman Tunnel, I closed the cab door and settled down for a little sleep. The snow in this place was about ten feet, and I heard the engineer tell the brakeman, Henry Mullen, he'd better get out.

When I woke up I saw that we sure were traveling. I told him to put her in back motion, and he did — sliding the drivers. We got stopped down in Sow Belly Gulch. There the helper caught up with us and helped us down the balance of the way.

There were no more side tracks between there and Leadville, and we had about ten minutes to go five miles and get into clear for No. 3. I asked the engineer where he was going for No. 3, and he told me to Leadville, of course. He pulled her open and nearly knocked the fire out of her. No. 3 happened to be ten minutes late, and we got in clear just as she pulled in.

We cut off and went to the roundhouse. Just as we were about in, who should come along but the master mechanic, Tom McNeil. He cocked his ear when he heard the "flat spots" and came right over. When he asked the engineer what was the matter with the wheels, the Swede said "I sleeped her." "All right," said Tom. "'Sleep' in and get your time."

But it was a job of firing that ended my connections with the Midland.

Christmas Eve, 1888, the engineers gave a "ball," and of course I went. I got to bed about 2 A.M., and was scarcely asleep when the caller came after me to go to a wreck at a place called Nora, near Aspen Junction. An engineer named Bossinger had let them get away and run into the side of the mountain and killed the fireman and brakeman.

We worked all Christmas Day, and that night I was told to watch the engine. I told the master mechanic I was not fit to watch the engine, but he said there was no one else to do it. So I filled her up with water, banked the fire and went back in the caboose and to bed.

I woke up about 2 A.M., and, on looking her over, I found the left side frozen up. I wrapped some waste and coal oil around the pipe and got the steam going through and had about a third of a glass of water. I figured that would last until morning, so, after putting the fire out around the branch pipe, I went back to bed.

At 6 A.M. I went out to get ready for a day's work, and there stood the "Five Spot" like a skeleton. The cab was burned off, and still smoldering. Nothing was left but the tin roof on four props. I told the engineer to come out and look at his "baby."

"For the luvva Mike! What happened?" he asked when he saw her.

I told him the cab was burned off, as, of course, he could see. We did what we could—which wasn't much.

We were busy disconnecting her when the master mechanic came along on another train. He wanted to know all about it, and I told him I didn't know—I was asleep in the cab, and when I awoke the engine was all on fire. Of course he told me I was lying, and I couldn't contradict him.

I went to Leadville then and told my buddy, who was hostling there, what had happened. He said to go to bed and he would call me for an extra

What Was Your Biggest Christmas Thrill?

TELL us in less than 500 words. Two dollars will be paid for each letter we publish next December about an exciting, amusing or pathetic railroad incident that actually occurred on a Christmas or Christmas Eve. It may be something you experienced or witnessed yourself or it may have been told to you by an eyewitness.

Names and addresses must be given for publication. Letters should be mailed not later than September 15, 1931, addressed to CHRISTMAS THRILLS EDITOR, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, *280 Broadway, New York City. No letter will be returned, whether published or not.*

west, as Tom never told him not to call me. So sure enough he called me, and I went over to Aspen Junction and back to Leadville.

As Tom was coming to work that morning he saw me get off the engine. He stopped as though he had been shot.

"Where have you been?" he wanted to know.

"Over to Aspen Junction," I said.

"I told you that you were fired," he said.

"Well," I came back, "I thought maybe you had reconsidered it. I'm a pretty good fireman."

"Consider, hell!" he growled. "Go get your time."

I thanked him for giving me the job, and also for firing me. Then I went over to the D. & R. G. and went switching. I've never fired since.

Running Wild

By KEITH DAVIS

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

YES, sir! Running wild; and what was worse, a grinning madman sat across the cab from where I lay bound with the bell cord of my own engine.

I had just been promoted to the right-hand side of the cab, getting an engine in helper service on Dixon Hill, from Neberry to Mason. My fireman, Joe Donner, was an old acquaintance—I cannot say old friend, for I believe he had no real friends in the true sense of the word. He was very queer.

Somehow he couldn't pass Buck Ogle's swinging doors when he was off duty. Though rarely becoming soused completely, he could and did attain that unenviable state of being perpetually pickled without any one noticing it particularly.

Joe's frequent stops at Buck's saloon did not noticeably affect his ability to spread the black diamonds. Many was the time we reached the top of the hill helping a heavy drag, with our pop valve working steadily. Yet there was something wrong with Joe. I had

never stopped to figure it out, but bits of gossip in Neberry now and then told me things I could never get from Joe himself.

His wife, working in a railroad restaurant to keep their two kiddies in school, knew something of the effects of that gentlemanly drink of Joe's. While it did not seem to touch him physically, his wife knew that Joe was gradually losing his mind.

I scoffed at most gossip of this sort.

We were called one afternoon to help a red ball freight up the hill. Joe had everything shipshape on the 519 when I reached the roundhouse. Very quiet as a rule, he seemed unusually quiet on this trip, and still more unusual, the old pop valve never lifted once on the way to Mason.

When we stopped at Mason to cut out I noticed the steam gauge was falling steadily. A bad flue, I thought, for Joe had been wielding the scoop with all his strength and cunning.

"Couldn't keep her hot, Bill," he muttered, as he climbed down the gangway to open the wye switch.

We backed up the west leg of the wye with Joe riding on the pilot. He would get the switch at the stem of the wye before getting back in the cab. When we passed this switch the steam was still falling fast. I stopped and got down to walk around the engine. As I expected, there was a wide leak somewhere in that firebox. Water was running in a stream through the grates. It was downhill practically all the way to Neberry—maybe we could get her in.

Joe lined the switch for the east leg of the wye and started back to the engine. I had one foot on the bottom step of the gangway when I saw his face. What I saw there held me as if I were frozen to the spot.

He advanced toward me in sort of a crouch, with eyes of a raving manic —*stark staring mad*..

In the few seconds that I stood rooted there, many thoughts flashed to my mind—the gossip I had scoffed at, and the knowledge that Joe was much stronger than I, even when sane.

I could see in his eyes the mad purpose that impelled him: to crush me—to grind me down. There was a long, heavy monkey wrench behind my seat box. A tap on poor Joe's head was the kindest thing I could do, and it was evident that I must do something. When I started to climb into the cab, Joe lunged forward and I felt a sharp crack of pain, a roar in my head, and passed out. Joe had crowned me with an angle iron.

When I regained consciousness some time later, I was awkwardly trussed up on Joe's seat box. He had bound me with the bell cord, and was now opening the throttle to start. I thought of the rapidly falling gauge and prayed that he didn't have steam enough to get out on the main line, but she started. And I knew that was enough to send us both into eternity if I didn't do something to stop that engine before we topped over the hill just east of the depot.

Even though, by some miracle, we should make all those curves on the hill, I suddenly remembered that we were to meet No. 109, the Texas Limited, at Morley siding, eight miles east of Mason. The thought of riding with that madman to crash into that heavily-laden passenger train—well, I can't tell you just how I felt, but it wasn't pleasant.

Though I was tied, I managed to get one hand in my jumper pocket where I felt a short pencil and an old clearance card. We were now ap-

proaching the depot. We had our running orders back to Neberry, so the operator at the depot would have nothing for us and probably would pay little attention to a helper going back.

But it was my only chance. With my hands behind me movable only an inch or so, and with the paper against the side of the cab, I wrote:

When I Started to Climb into the Cab, Joe Lunged Forward and Crowned Me with an Angle Iron

Fireman insane. I am tied, helpless. Engine running wild. Hold 109 at Morley, open switch and derail.

To get my message out of the cab window I had to raise myself a foot or so, and the movement attracted the attention of my mad captor. But before the heavy shovel landed on my head in a glancing blow that put me back in slumberland, I saw that little scrap of paper flutter to the platform directly in front of the telegraph office, and I prayed more fervently than I had ever prayed that the operator saw it, too. For, in that last moment of frenzied thinking, the awful realization came to my mind that the engineer on 109 was *my old dad*. He was making his last run on the A. & P. before retiring on account of age limit.

Perhaps it was the savage lurching of that wild engine around those sharp curves that restored me to consciousness again. Anyway, we were just leaving the curves and entering a long stretch of straight track in which there was a deep sag, two miles west of Morley.

The madman across the cab had the throttle wide open, staring wildly down the track ahead with a horrible grin. Turning my head slightly, I glanced ahead.

In the distance I could see a train coming toward us at full speed. Working desperately, but quietly, I succeeded in freeing one hand from my bonds. I got my pocket knife from my overalls and cut the remaining cord.

My plan was to jump for the air-brake valve and give her the big-hole when we were about a half mile from the oncoming train. They could see us and would stop. If I could reach that brake valve I could stop the runaway engine before the madman could finish me. There was no steam for him to work, but there was plenty of air showing on the air gauge.

About a mile away the oncoming train's engineer shut off his steam. I could see the rapidly spurting exhaust die away and black billowing smoke float lazily back with the wind. Now was my moment.

Watching the madman closely, I leaped for the valve. But it seemed that he was watching me from the corner of one red-streaked eye. He met me halfway and we went down on the deck together. His clawing hands grabbed for my throat. I rolled and avoided that death grasp, and at the same time struck a short arm drive to his neck.

Now the maniac was fighting with insensate fury, kicking, gouging, biting, and trying most of all to reach my throat with those large grasping hands. I fought desperately, doggedly, though I felt it was hopeless. We were too near that other train. We were riding right into death, why resist now? But with my chin ducked, I took a lot of punishment in the face, and succeeded in keeping those clawing hands away from my throat.

Repeated blows from hamlike fists were finishing me quickly when I felt the engine jar as though we had made a rough coupling. Then, as a sickening poke in the ribs put me back in dreamland again, I caught a glimpse of the shaggy gray head of my dad climbing up the gangway with a brake club.

The next thing I knew I was on a comfortable cot in the baggage car on 109. A medical-looking gent was saying to dad:

"He's all right. Couple of ribs broken. Lost a lot of blood and skin, but he'll come out of it nicely."

When the Doc went back to his Pullman, dad told me how it happened.

The operator at Mason got my message and transmitted it to the dispatcher, who gave Morley orders to hold 109. Dad grasped the situation quickly, cut off his engine from 109 and with his fireman came boiling up the track to try to make a flying couple-in and stop the 519 without a wreck. It was a desperate undertaking, but he figured the two miles of straight track and that sag would be in his favor.

He met us in the sag just right, getting his engine reversed and under way just in time to pick us up in the sag. The madman was preparing to throw me into the firebox when dad and his fireman overpowered him.

"What will become of Joe, dad?" I asked, when he finished.

"There are two private cars on this train, loaded with mining capitalists," he replied. "When they learned what had happened they made up a sizable purse for you and me and my fireboy. I was going to refuse it, when I happened to think of poor Joe and his family. Then I told them on what conditions we would accept their offering. They understood quickly and it is all arranged. Joe will get the best treatment obtainable, and the kiddies will have their schooling."

I was thinking of dad now—of his long and honorable record.

"Your last trip, dad?" I inquired.

"No, sir-ee. Not by a damn sight. Do you think for one bloomin' minute

Now the Maniac Wos Fighting with Insensate Fury While We Were Riding Right into Death!

that I'm going to end my forty-two years as an engineman making my last trip in a *baggage car?"*

And he did make one more perfect run before he retired. But me—I haven't touched a throttle since.

PENNSY BREAKS OWN RECORD FOR LONG TRAINS

ALL records for single engine train movement over the Renovo Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad were broken recently when train W-4 pulled into Renovo yards from Kane and Erie with 153 cars, 118 of which were loaded. This train measured 7,007 feet, or about a mile and a quarter in length. The exact tonnage was 9,229 tons and the estimated value of the shipment was approximately $350,000.00.

Engine 651 was used to handle this immense train, and was in charge of Engineman W. Snodgrass, Fireman D. F. Campbell, Conductor P. B. Connelly, Flagman John Cooney, Brakemen G. C. Mason and F. H. Charter.

This mountain of freight was moved over the division on scheduled time and without a hitch.

The Baboon Continued Faithfully to Act as Assistant to His Chief for Many Months

Baboon Signalman

By N. H. LAING

Illustrated by Emmett Watson

SOME railroad companies complain of having two-legged apes or donkeys in their employ, but one railway in South Africa actually has had a baboon assistant to a signal man.

The traffic manager of the Eastern Railway system, Mr. Creswell Clarke, after one of the Kaffir wars in which he served as officer, learned that one of his men had lost a leg while fighting under him in the uprising. Wishing to give him some employment he gave him a signal post a quarter of a mile from the railway station of Uitenhage, Cape Colony, about twenty miles from Port Elizabeth. The engineer had a light hand car especially constructed for him so that he could easily run it out to the signals and put it on and off the rails.

This scheme was successful for a few months, but then the signaler found that his strength was failing. Determined not to accept any form of charity, he racked his brains for means by which he could hold his job and still preserve his health. Finally he conceived the idea of teaching his pet, a strong, young baboon, to assist him.

After weeks of training the results were amazing. The baboon trundled his master with the greatest glee to and from the signals, took the hand-car off the rails and placed it in position. He even took up his stand to pull the signals when his master ordered him to.

When a train passed through again he put the signals to danger.

This was done for a considerable time, and he never made a mistake.

Many people visited the place out of curiosity in order to see the hairy switchman who used arms and legs.

One visitor wrote an alarming letter to the general manager, Sir Charles Eliot, K. C. M. G., pointing out the unusual labor conditions prevailing at Uitenhage, and protested that the safety of the traveling public should not be left to the mercy of an ape!

The general manager shortly afterward left for Uitenhage and made a careful personal inspection of the proceedings. He decided that the ape was successfully carrying out his work, but in order to calm the public, who had been aroused unnecessarily, he made one or two trivial suggestions which were carried out. The baboon continued faithfully to act as assistant to his chief for many months.

"Reach for the Ceiling!"

By E. K. WRIGHT

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

IT was a chilly night, but I felt chillier yet when I thought of the thousand dollars or so in the cash drawer. Smith, the second trick man, had had a big day. That was in the spring of 1922, when I was employed as a third trick telegrapher-clerk at the Delta, Utah, station of the L. A. & S. L.

When I came to relieve Smith I asked Dinty, the third trick dispatcher at Milford, for an hour or so off and went out to eat with Smith. We fooled around a while and finally left. Smith's last words to the cook were, "Guess I'll go down and hold up the depot before I turn in—I had about a thousand dollar ticket sale to-day."

Things went fine all night, however, and I began to think my feelings of apprehension were foolish.

About four in the morning several persons came in the waiting room, a couple of them buying tickets for Milford. Then they stepped into the ladies' waiting room, which was heated, and closed the door behind them.

In the meantime two more men came into the main waiting room. I was busy pounding brass and paid no attention to them for a minute.

Then came a guttural command:

"Reach for the ceiling!"

I whirled around and saw one of the two men leaning through the ticket window and leveling a rifle at me.

"All right," I smiled, "be with you in a minute." I thought he was jesting—thought he was maybe going hunting somewhere.

"Put 'em up," he commanded, "an' no foolin' this time—we want that money in the cash drawer."

I shivered a little, for the gun was pointed at me and the end of it looked big enough for me to crawl into. I made a grab for it without stopping to think of the possible consequences.

The bandit pulled it back.

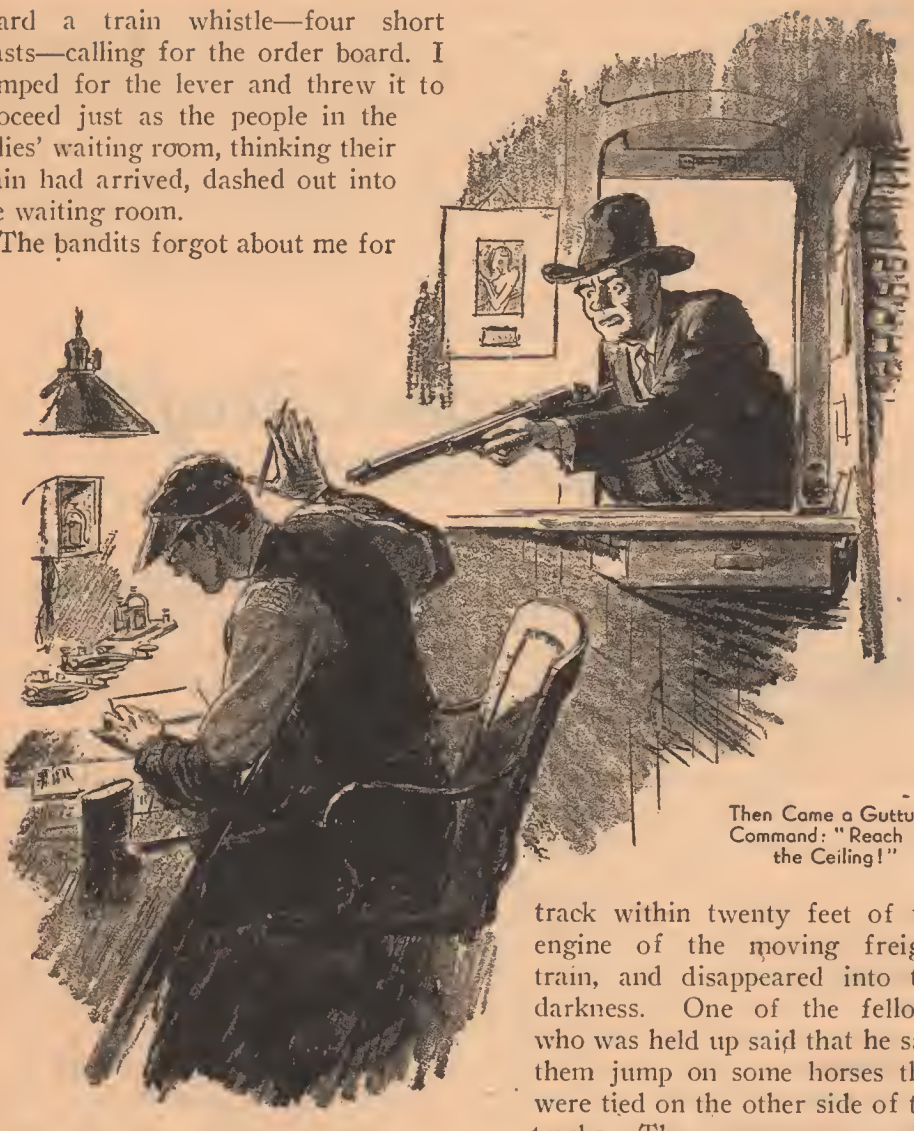
"Make it quick," he said, "or I'll blow your head off!"

By this time I saw that he was pretty drunk—too drunk to realize that I had tried to grab his gun. Then I tried argument, but it didn't work. He meant business, I could see that.

Just at the peak of the situation I

heard a train whistle—four short blasts—calling for the order board. I jumped for the lever and threw it to proceed just as the people in the ladies' waiting room, thinking their train had arrived, dashed out into the waiting room.

The bandits forgot about me for a minute and proceeded to line up the passengers against the wall and search them. Then I made a jump for the ticket window, yanked it down and fumbled at the ticket case. I dashed for the phone, gave the ringer a frantic twist, and let central in on the news.



Then Came a Guttural Command: "Reach for the Ceiling!"

The bandits, in the meantime, had got flustered and ran out of the door without troubling me. They dashed out on the platform, cut across the track within twenty feet of the engine of the moving freight train, and disappeared into the darkness. One of the fellows who was held up said that he saw them jump on some horses that were tied on the other side of the tracks. They never were caught.

But Smith had a hard time explaining off that remark of his to the restaurant keeper. Somehow or other the officials got hold of it. The cook says he didn't tell, and I know I didn't. My guess is that the bandit heard Smith tell the cook about his big ticket sale and then planned the holdup. But Smith got cleared up all right, although I'll wager he makes no more such remarks!

The Call Boy

By FLOYD T. WOOD

SOMETIMES he's past twenty; more often he's not,
But he's hitting the ball with the best that he's got.
He's fresh as the devil and wise like an owl.
"Hey, Bill, sign the book here and cut out the yowl!"

Sometimes he has money; more often he's broke,
But he's zippy and happy and keen for a joke.
He knows all the stalls that have ever been sprung,
So don't try to fool him or, brother, you're stung.

He may have flagged school but he's wrestled with life;
He's harder to kid than a late model wife.
He finds all the places where lazy rails lurk
And gets a big kick out of making 'em work.

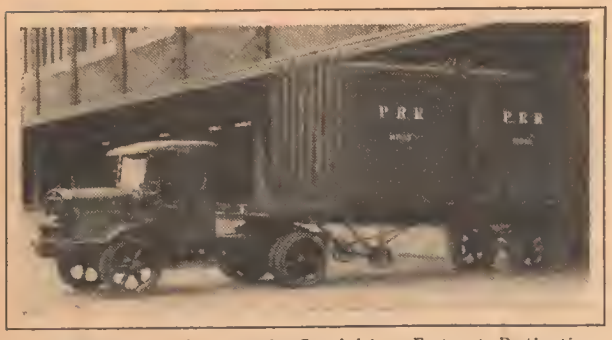
This week he's on day shift; next week 'twill be nights.
He's wise where there's poker and game chicken fights.
Don't waste your time bluffing; you won't make it stick;
The call boy's a wizard at curing the sick.

And don't try to dodge him and cause a delay;
At least never do it if aiming to stay.
He's heard every lie that has ever been lied.
"Hey, Bill, sign the book here, or off comes your hide!"

Rail-Highway Hook Up

By WILLIAM EDWARD HAYES

Author of "Rubber-Tired Railroading," "Yonkee Clipper," "Highballing the Broadway," etc.



Less-than-Carload Shipments Are Carried from Factory to Destination by Truck and Rail in These Containers without Repacking—Which Means Better Service for Shippers, More Jobs for Railroad Men, and Fewer Dollars for Long-Distance Trucking Companies

Modern Railroaders Are Going After Big Business in a Big Way—the Huge Steel Freight Container Is One Effective Weapon Against Motor Truck Competition

THE second trick roundhouse foreman loped around the tank of the peddler freight engine and came down the left-hand side with a growl in his throat and a right dangerous glint in his eye. He took one look at the left-hand guide, shifted his chew and laced into the half-baked machinist he had put on the job.

"Didn't I tell yuh we wanted that job in a rush? You haven't done a darn thing that I can see!"

"Yeh," said the mechanic. "I know I didn't do anything. I was waitin' to see whether you wanted—"

"Waitin'!" The fire blazed higher in the foreman's eyes and he snorted again. "Waitin'! When you got a job to do, do something. Even if you do it wrong, do something! Now you go an' hang up a delay on us."

Do something, even if you do it all wrong! A lot of good logic there, and it's applicable now to the Pennsylvania Railroad in one of the most interesting experiments which has been carried on in recent railroad history. For the Pennsylvania, tired of hearing about ways and means to beat the highway competition, has taken definite action according to its own lights, and that action is centered around an effort to prove that there can be such a thing as full coördination of rail and highway transportation.

A few years ago some of the larger trunk lines, operating in the East, struck upon the idea of a container

A Carload of Empty Steel Containers. These Units Are Packed so as to Get Maximum Tonnage on Each Car and Utilize All Possible Carrying Space

Here We See the Containers Being Loaded on a P. R. R. Gondola in Philadelphia

system for transporting less than carload freight. It had been handled in box cars with a great deal of loss and damage claims eating into the revenue.

These containers were built of steel, solidly riveted together, and loaded at point of origin with whatever commodity the shipper wanted to send out. The containers then were placed on gondola cars and carried to destination. This system enabled the carrier to get maximum tonnage on each car and utilize all carrying space.

Truck competition came along, package freight began to slip away from the rails, and truck business thrived as cargoes rolled over the highways. Shippers liked that truck service, even if it was a little higher, because it gave them "store to store" delivery. Once a revenue-getter, the third-class train became a pain in its management's neck.

The pain got so acute for the Pennsylvania a few years back that the peddlers were pulled out of service completely and trucks were supplemented to carry the package freight over the highways where the public road paralleled the railroad. This gained in the management's favor until now the Pennsylvania Railroad operates 49 truck routes over 1,770 miles of territory daily, and Pennsylvania officials have stated that this system has resulted in an approximate annual saving of $1,335,000.

Of course a lot of train and engine crews lost out, and highways became congested.

The Pennsylvania, however, has not believed that operating its own trucks

The Twenty-two Injured Victims of This Wreck Hove Lost Some of Their Enthusiasm for Bus Travel. The Bus, Running from Pittsburgh to Cleveland, Skidded on o Wet Highwoy and Turned Over Twice Between Butler ond New Castle, Po. Fortunately No One Was Killed

over the public roads would solve the problem of truck competition. In fact, the management has stated that "We do not anticipate that the Pennsylvania Railroad will engage in highway trucking (aside from the service already mentioned), for the reason that our studies indicate motor truck transportation has the advantage of cheaper terminal costs, while rail transportation has the advantage of the cheaper cost for the line haul."

Now, something new would have to be developed, according to the Pennsy's way of thinking.

"How shall we hook up the truck on the highway with the rails?" it asked itself.

"What's the matter with the container idea that we are now using on less than carload freight on the longer hauls? Why not build containers that can be loaded at the store door, while on a truck chassis, then hauled to the car where they can be hoisted off by use of a crane, loaded on the car and carried to the destination only to be put back on a truck chassis for delivery to the store door there?" it replied.

The Pennsylvania got busy and built the containers. The service was inaugurated between Baltimore, Buffalo, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and New York, and is now being extended to Cincinnati, Columbus, Indianapolis and Chicago. Through a subsidiary, the American Contract and Trust Company, the road has acquired an interest in trucking companies in various cities. The trucking end of the service is designed to be carried on independently of railroad operations.

Now it has come down to a question of rates for this service on less than carload freight. The Interstate Commerce Commission, as this is being written, had the application of the railroad before it. In working out a rate basis it was determined that the heaviest highway truck competition could be found within a 250-mile zone from any given large city, reaching its peak in the first hundred miles of travel.

"The solution of this problem, in our judgment, would be the creation of a coördinated transportation arrangement whereby the rail carrier may transport within the 250-mile area the truck bodies for the trucker. *This should be accomplished at a charge below the trucker's cost,*" Vice President J. F. Deasy of the Pennsy told the Commission.

The savings to shippers can best be illustrated by the facts upon which the

conclusions of the demountable truck experiment are based on the haul between New York and Philadelphia. The movement is approximately 100 miles. The average rail rate on less than carload freight is now 56.9 cents per hundred pounds. The average truck rate is 42 cents per hundred pounds. The truckers figure on a profit of four cents, which means that it costs them 38 cents on store to store hauling. Twenty cents of this 42 cents is a terminal cost incurred in the pick up and delivery service in New York and Philadelphia, and the road haul cost is figured at 18 cents.

It's Safer and More Convenient to "Take a Train instead of a Bus." Here Are Two Views of Fatal Bus Wrecks. Three Passengers Were Killed and Several Injured in the Above Scene near Fort Humphreys, Va. Two Others Met Death and Eleven Were Injured near Dayton, O., in the Crash Pictured at the Left

Now, with the demountable truck idea in operation, the railroad can make the road haul rate nine cents. Using the coördinated service then, the present truck cost can be slashed from 38 cents to 29 cents and, if you add the four-cent profit to that, you have a rate of 33 cents between the two points, or a saving of 42 per cent to the shipper.

How will this service affect the train service employee? There is an important question. The answer seems simple enough. The coördinated service certainly should bring back a lot of package freight to the railroads. More and more of these containers mean more trains, in the aggregate, and, provided the experiment is a success and is extended to the principal carriers throughout the country, it is

reasonable to assume that more train jobs will be created.

This cannot be said, however, of the coördination of the bus and the railway, because naturally, where train service is supplemented by bus service, fewer employees are required to handle the volume of traffic.

The Pennsylvania, in explaining its idea of bus coördination, made the following four points as the basis of its conclusions:

1. The replacement of train service in whole or in part.
2. The speeding up of trains by the elimination of local stops.
3. Feeder lines.
4. Supplemental to rail service.

Contrary to the experience of other roads, the P. R. R. has declared that the bus has hurt passenger business little, if any. It started in the bus business in 1924 when it replaced unprofitable passenger trains over the entire line. Then the railroad bought up the bus lines which paralleled it and, finally, seeing what highway passenger business was coming to, bought a block of stock in the Greyhound Corporation, and dived into the long distance passenger hauling which paid a net profit of $816,620.45 in 1930.

It is certain that bus travel cannot be made as comfortable for the passenger as train travel. Speed of trains is entirely out of the question, owing to congestion, and about all the rubber tires have to offer is a lower rate. The Frisco's two-cent mile experiment, growing more and more successful month by month, is certain to prove that the railroads can operate passenger trains as cheaply as they can operate busses, provided they fill up the passenger coaches with two-cent tickets.

Regulation would put an end to fly-by-night highway carriers, and would make any new line show where its operation would serve public necessity or convenience. If the railroads could not buy up existing bus lines, such regulation would make it mighty hard on the roads to institute new service by highway for the purpose of working out a scheme of rail-bus coördination.

Aside from the work now being done by the Pennsylvania in its delivery experiment, sixty other steam railroads are knee-deep in motor truck operation. These sixty roads have in service more than 7,000 trucks, tractors and trailers, and indications are that more roads soon will be taking up the highway method of freighting.

The St. Louis Southwestern (Cotton Belt Route) has experienced unusual success with the combined service. In the large towns their own trucks pick up freight and deliver it at the store door; at smaller towns local transportation companies perform the service.

The Missouri Kansas and Texas Transportation company, a subsidiary of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railway, according to recent figures, has, with a store-door pick up and delivery service in connection with the main and branch lines of the road, taken some 70 per cent of the truck freight revenue away from the highway competitors in the southwest.

Store-to-door delivery in the New York area was resumed by the Baltimore & Ohio last summer but was soon suspended upon protest by other roads. In return the Pennsylvania, Lehigh Valley and Erie lines made changes in their provisions for trucking to inland stations.

In the passenger field, the Southern Pacific Lines seem inclined to outdo the Pennsylvania. The recent acquisition of capital stock in Southland Greyhound Bus lines by the Southern

A Good Exomple of the Increasing Tendency Toward Roil-Highwoy Hook Up Is Seen on the St. Louis Southwestern (Cotton Belt Route) Which Uses Motor Trucks to Boost Its Roilrood Freight Business

Pacific gives that railroad a total of fifteen motor transport corporations, some of which are controlled through the Pacific Greyhound Company.

The Chicago & North Western, the Chicago Great Western, the Milwaukee and the Illinois Central have also inaugurated a store-door pick up service.

Now, into this whole picture of highway hook up enters the problem of what the railroads might do with the rate structure when they continue to divert freight from the railroads to their own truck lines. The Interstate Commerce Commission requires revenue reports only on the business which is carried over the railroad lines. The bus and truck business is not reported, and the issue has been raised by the railroads that they are entitled to increased rates on the business which has remained on the rails.

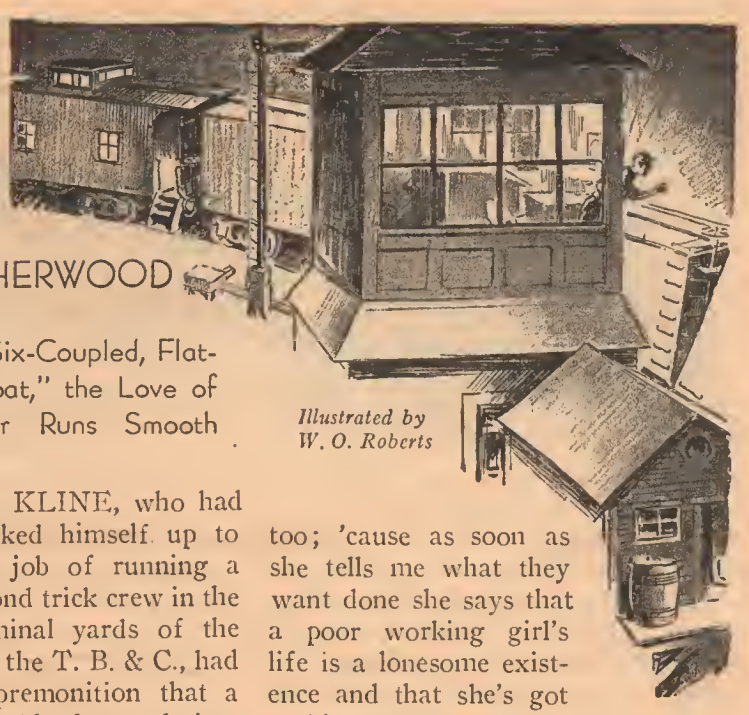
How long will the highways, as now constructed, stand up under the increasing freight and passenger traffic? Taxpayers certainly cannot be called upon to stand for newer, greater highways in order that the railroads and the private bus and truck operators may flourish. Here is your real need of legislation, and a need that should be met before the game has gone too far.

This writer has talked to executives of the Big Four, Illinois Central, Louisville and Nashville and other roads operating out of the Middle West territory, but so far, while all agree with the Pennsylvania on the truck side of the argument, no one seems to have an idea where the bus is concerned.

Red Block

By LELAND SHERWOOD

Like an Old Six-Coupled, Flat-Wheeled "Goat," the Love of a Rail Never Runs Smooth



Illustrated by W. O. Roberts

MARTY KLINE, who had worked himself up to the job of running a second trick crew in the terminal yards of the Central Division of the T. B. & C., had not the slightest premonition that a dark cloud of trouble hovered just above his unsuspecting head as he entered the yard office to sign up for duty.

He noticed that White, a first trick brakeman whose engine happened to be blocked in by the hump crew, was hard at his usual pastime of popping; but, as White was one of the few men in the yards whom Marty could not tolerate, he ignored that windy gentleman and his audience and went about his business.

"We were down at the Bellevue yard this morning," White was saying, "and that canning company out there said they wanted a switch, so the brains sent me over to their office to get the dope. Take it from me, fellas, there's a dame in that dump that's got everything; and Mr. White himself, in person, is going to take her under his wing and show her the better things of life.

"She knows class when she sees it, too; 'cause as soon as she tells me what they want done she says that a poor working girl's life is a lonesome existence and that she's got nothing to do to-night.

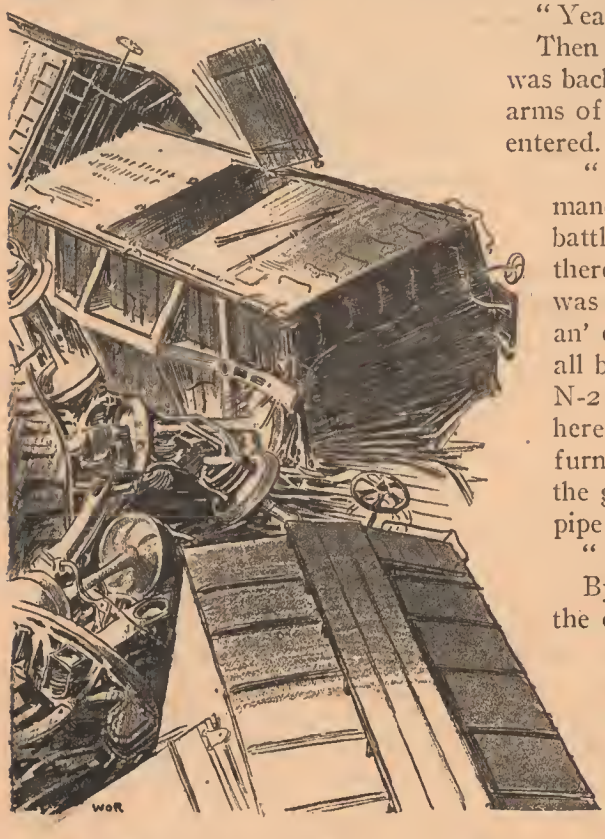
"Well, a guy don't never want to let a jane think he's too anxious, so I kids her along a while; but when I see that she's going to break down and cry all over the place if I don't promise to take her out and show her things, I tells her that I'll be around to-night, maybe, if I ain't too busy; and she brightens right up and takes a new lease on life."

"Ain't he hell with the women?" one of White's listeners remarked.

"More like a hell of a liar," said another. "Who is this dame that wakes up an' says, 'Ye gods, where am I at?' when she gets a look at that wide-open face of yours?"

"Well, just to show you birds that I don't fear competition because this is no open-shop proposition, I'll tell you who she is," White replied. "Her name's Jane Marlow, and she's secretary to the boss of the Bellevue Canning Company."

White's answer caused an ominous silence, for all those who had heard his modest story also had noticed Marty Kline's entrance; and the fact that the charm of this same Miss Marlow had transformed Marty from a boomer brakeman into a serious-minded young man, to whom a steady job was a most



A Drawbar Came Out by the Roots and Tangled with a Pair of Trucks, Causing One of the Cars to Leave the Rails and Turn Over

important asset, was no secret to them. Marty whirled from the register and seized White by the collar.

"Listen, windjammer," he advised the vociferous young man, "that lady happens to be a particular friend of mine, so I know you're a blankety-blank liar; but I'd like to hear you admit it. Speak right up now and tell us good and loud."

White jerked himself free, but saw that Marty blocked his way to the door.

"And suppose that I don't?" he asked sarcastically.

"This floor ain't so clean," Marty replied, "so I'll mop it up with you."

"Yeah?" White inquired.

"Yeah!" Marty answered.

Then he made a rush at White, who was backing away, but ended up in the arms of the yardmaster, who had just entered.

"Cut it, Marty," the latter commanded. "This office ain't no battle ground. The last time there was a fight in here there was two windas, a door, the stove an' every damn chair in the place all broke to hell. It looked like an N-2 had split a switch an' come in here to lay down. When any more furniture is busted up in here I'm the guy that'll do the bustin'. You pipe down!"

"Leggo me!" Marty shouted.

By this time White had reached the door safely. Seeing his engine approaching from the hump, he decided to take a parting shot at the unfortunate conductor.

"Go on to work, lame-brain," he said. "Keep the old cars rollin' while me an' this particular friend of yours goes places an' sees things."

Marty made a desperate effort to break away, but his captor possessed the greater strength and weight; and he was forced to watch White run out and swing upon the footboard of the passing engine.

"I'll tell the world," Marty declared, "that the next time I get close to that guy I'm goin' to stop his clock. I'll lay him out so flat that—"

"Aw, get wise to yourself, Marty," the yardmaster interrupted. "You can't beat that guy up around here and get away with it. You know who he is."

"Sure," Marty answered, "I know that his old man is one of the brass collars of this road who figures that, because his son got kicked out of a couple of colleges and proved to be no damn good in general, he can stick him in here to learn the work and make a railroad official outa him. But that don't cut no ice with me. I'm goin' to knock him for a row of switch stands, job or no job!"

"That's O. K. with me, Marty. Lose your job by tanglin' with this guy if you want to; but do it some place where I won't get fired for lettin' you get away with it. I got a family."

II

About an hour later Marty's crew arrived at the Bellevue yard and the conductor located Miss Marlow as she was leaving her place of employment. He took the matter up with her.

"Jane, has that guy, White, been bothering you?" he asked.

"What's getting into my boy friend?" Miss Marlow inquired. "Is he old-fashioned enough to think that little girls can't look out for themselves these days?"

"That guy's a bad egg, an' he's been makin' cracks."

"I never saw a man that wasn't a bad egg and didn't make cracks; and he's got a swell car."

"You can't go out with him, Jane."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want you to!"

"So it's got to where you think you can tell me what to do, has it?" Miss Marlow flared in a beautiful rage. "Well, let me tell you something. This White came around this morning and got fresh. Tried to make a date with me, but I told him I wasn't interested. He said he'd call me up to-night, anyway; and I told him he could call his head off for all I cared. Then you come along and get heavy; and, just to show you how much I think of that, I'll tell you that if he calls up again I'm going out with him!"

"Now I've played hell!" Marty exclaimed, as he gazed after her retreating figure with the pathetic expression of a lost sheep. "Gosh, but women are funny!"

And he returned to his work, firmly resolved that his next meeting with Mr. White would be one grand and glorious affair, regardless of the consequences.

III

This meeting occurred at a dance given by the local chapter of the B. of R. T. Marty got off and brought Jane to the function; but the feeling between them was not so good. Jane had not gone out with White as she had threatened; but, when Marty questioned her about it, she replied that it was none of his business.

White was there, a little too well lubricated; and it took him no time at all to single out Jane as the most suitable prospect for his undivided attention.

When Marty first noticed White's presence the latter was dancing with Jane and doing a good job of making himself objectionable. A few moments later she stopped dancing and attempted to leave her partner in the middle of the floor; but White, not wishing to be deserted, grabbed her and would not let her go. Whereupon Jane, because she did not wish to create a disturbance, decided to finish the dance.

Marty was not so tactful. Marching up to White, he seized the latter by the back of the neck and whirled him about.

"Any more of that stuff an' out you go on your ear!" he informed the amorous gentleman.

"Which ear?" White inquired.

"Take your pick," said Marty. "It's your funeral. Come outside and fight like a man."

The dancing ceased. The dancers couldn't be bothered with such foolishness when the prospect of a good fight presented itself. They lived up to traditions of the road by dropping their partners like hot potatoes and crowding round outside. One or two started to interfere, but the others would have none of it. Why spoil a good fight?

White would have liked to wriggle backward out of the predicament in which he found himself; but pride—the most substantial element of his make-up—would not tolerate that. The grinning faces of those who watched angered him. Nothing would please them more than to see him knuckle under to this lowbrow. Weighing his chances, he sensed an advantage. He knew how to box, was rather good at it, and saw he bettered Marty on reach and weight; and so, deciding to show this dumb conductor where he got off, he took a healthy swing at the latter's chin.

Marty dodged the blow and landed a beautiful clout on White's jaw which sent him on his left ear. He got to his feet, however, and came back with a bull-like rush; but Marty, using his head, sparred for another opening, found it and delivered the goods in such a manner that White ended up on his other ear.

By this time the latter was convinced, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he had erred; and his hands, groping for anything that could be made use of, encountered an empty pop bottle. He tried to use it.

This proved to be another serious blunder, for immediately his chin stopped a well-timed uppercut and the lights went out for Mr. White. Just a sharp, bright flash followed by utter darkness as though, somewhere in his system, a short circuit had been struck and a fuse blown out.

IV

When they repaired his ignition and brought back the light with some cold water, there was just one thought in White's mind. He would make Marty Kline pay for this humiliation if it was his last act on earth. A railroad yard at night is an ideal spot for treachery; as serious accidents are not unusual and there are times when a man might cause a fatality and lay it to chance. If he would bid in a job on Marty's crew and wait for a favorable opportunity, his time would come. So White took his defeat gracefully and every one was fooled into believing the experience had taught him a lesson.

But White's plans for revenge would not have interested Marty had the latter known of them; for that young man was learning that the course of true love is not green blocked. When he found Jane, after convincing Mr. White that he danced neither wisely nor too well, he saw that things were not as they should be.

"Why, where are you going?" he asked in surprise.

"Home!" the girl of his dreams replied, in a tone that would have made a blast from Greenland's icy mountains seem like a sweet summer breeze.

"W-why, w-what's the matter? W-what have I done?" he inquired

with a mortally-wounded gasp of unfeigned surprise.

"Done? Do you think you can make such a disgraceful show of yourself, humiliate me as you have to-night and get away with it? Don't you think I've got sense enough to take care of myself? Was I born yesterday? I'm through with you—y-you b-big roughneck! Don't you ever—"

"W-why, I—e-er—didn't mean to—Aw, gee, Jane, listen! I—"

But she turned from him and ran through the door. He followed, calling frantically for her to wait, but his efforts only caused her to run the faster. Finally he stopped and tried to figure out the reason for such actions.

Wouldn't any man have acted just as he had? Hadn't White started the whole thing? Could a fella stand around and let a guy like that—

"Aw gee, but women are funny!"

However, there was little solace in this conclusion. White was the kind who would use his pull to get an enemy in wrong with the boss. Well, what of it? What difference did it make whether a fella had a job or not when the only girl in the world thought he was a big roughneck? If she felt that way, he wouldn't bother her any more. There were plenty of other girls. Sure, the world was full of girls; but why the hell couldn't a fella just crawl off somewhere and die?

V

THE Bellevue yard, maintained for the disposal of south-end industries—cars consigned to the industrial plants of that vicinity—was made to order for White's plans of treachery. Because of several elevated street crossings it was some distance above the street level. A ladder ran along the westward edge of the embankment with the yard tracks branching from it on the elevated side.

At the lower end of the yard a spur track ran westward from the ladder to the loading platform of the Bellevue Canning Company's plant and ended a few feet from the wall of its office building. On account of its exceptionally steep grade, this spur was known as the Toboggan, and a crew switching at night at the upper end of the yard could not easily distinguish between the switch which led to it and the one which opened into No. 9 track of the yard; for both these switch lights were of the same color, on the same side of the track and only a few feet apart.

One evening, shortly after dark, Marty's engine pulled seven cars out on the latter and the conductor cut White off with two of these to ride into No. 8. When the two cars had been cut off, Marty flagged the cut, closed No. 8 switch and opened No. 9. Then the cut pulled to the upper end of the ladder and he kicked off two more cars which his other brakeman rode into No. 1. This left Marty with three cars which he intended to ride into No. 9.

When the cut first pulled out on the ladder, White knew what was to be done and saw his time for revenge was at hand. As soon as his two cars were well into No. 8 track he set a slow brake, left his lamp on top to make it appear that he was still at his post and dropped to the ground; and, as the cut pulled to the other end of the ladder, he closed No. 9 switch and opened the one which led to the Toboggan.

As Marty closed No. 1 switch, he glanced down the ladder to make sure of his lineup. All the switch lights were green except one at the farther end, and of course the conductor thought this was No. 9. Giving a wild kick signal to the engineer, Marty

Immediately His Chin Stopped a Well-timed Uppercut and the Lights Went Out for Mr. White

caught the car next to the engine; and, when the cut had begun to roll along at a lively clip, he flagged and pulled the pin.

Marty Kline got one of the worst surprises of his life when the cars he rode swerved off on the wrong side of the ladder and shot down the Toboggan. He had pulled the track earlier in the evening and knew it was clear. He also knew those cars would tear down the bumping post and bore a hole through the canning factory office in spite of anything he could do.

He had no chance of stopping them with hand brakes on that steep incline. No one could blame a man for unloading under those conditions. It was the next thing to suicide to stick. But Marty stuck.

He did not stay with the cars for the sake of saving three box cars and a few tons of brick. He refused to join the birds for the reason that behind the wall through which those cars would crash several people were at work and Jane Marlow was one of them.

The canning season was at its height; the factory was working overtime, and the office force was still on

duty. And so Marty, in the hope of preventing an appalling loss of life, disregarded his own safety and stayed with the cars.

The cut shot down the Toboggan with Marty on top, yelling like a wild Indian. He managed to get a brake set on the first two cars and was bending on the third—the car which bore the brunt of the crash—when the cut hit the wall.

They heard him coming. A deaf man could have heard the racket he made; and in the few seconds they were allowed, because of the brakes he had set and the warning he had given, all were able to rush to safety; but it was some time before they succeeded in digging Marty out of the mountain of débris.

VI

The first thing to attract Marty's attention as he came back to consciousness was the fact that there was something comfortably warm and soft in his unbandaged hand. Gradually he became aware that it was another hand. Then he thought he was dreaming that Jane was holding his hand and he kept his eyes closed, not wishing to spoil such a wonderful illusion.

But a sharp twinge of pain caused him to grit his teeth and open his eyes; it was Jane who was holding his hand!

"Aw gee, Jane," he stammered, forgetting the pain, "I didn't mean to humiliate you. I ain't no big roughneck. Honest I—"

Suddenly Marty realized he had committed another dreadful crime. Jane's eyes were filling with tears. Why had he said that, anyway? Gee, but women were funny!

"Oh, please don't talk like that, you're making me feel bad," a sweet, husky voice pleaded. "I didn't mean what I said that night. Really I—"

"Aw gee," said Marty, "that's all right, as long as you don't run away again."

"If you'll be quiet and go to sleep, like the doctor says, I'll promise never to run away again."

"I'll do anything if you promise me that."

"It's a bargain, then, and here's something to seal it with."

So Marty went to sleep, feeling that life was not so empty after all; and thus would the story have ended happily had it not been for Mr. White, who had another card concealed up his sleeve.

VII

It was some time before several broken bones had healed sufficiently for Marty to get back on his feet; and, wishing to begin work as soon as possible, he reported to the Old Man shortly after he was out of bed.

"Got an alibi for that wreck?" the Old Man asked.

"No," said Marty. "I guess I just overlooked my hand and bent the wrong rail. I never done anything like that before, and I don't understand it."

"That mistake cost the company a lot of money," the Old Man remarked.

Marty held his tongue. They had it on him and there was no use making a squawk.

The Old Man eyed him for a long interval, then he smiled.

"But you stayed with the cars," he said. "I'm mighty glad you stayed with the cars, Marty. If you hadn't, you'd have lost your job. Some of the big boys heard of the trouble you had with young White and they wanted you fired; but you stayed with the cars,

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The Cut Shot Down the Toboggan with Morty on Top Yelling Like a Wild Indion

probably saved several lives, and I held that up for you and fought 'em like hell. So finally they said I could let you off with a thirty-day suspension."

"I'm much obliged," Marty said. "It was a fool stunt—me overlookin' the switch—an' I sure appreciate your kindness. I'm going to be married soon, an' if I lost my job I'd be up against it."

"Yes," the Old Man agreed, "it's pretty tough for a man to lose so much time. I guess you've lost enough already."

He drummed the desk with his fingers and regarded the conductor thoughtfully.

"Tell you what I'll do," he continued. "I'll make out the papers and date 'em a month ahead of time; and you can go to work tomorrow, if you feel like it."

The papers were filled out and signed and, as Marty was about to go, the Old Man said: "You reported a month ago and I gave you thirty days, see? Call it a wedding present if you like, but if you get into any more trouble before this thing blows over I'll have to give you the gate. Mr. White thinks you handled that son of his pretty rough and he's after your hide; but, just between the two of us, I think he got just what he needed."

While Marty was in the hospital White had received his first promotion and was engaged in making road tests. He had exerted himself considerably, through his father, to cause Marty's discharge, but the conductor was coming back to work; and, worst of all, he

was regarded as somewhat of a hero because of his performance at the Bellevue yard.

VIII

THE first day Marty came back to work White dropped off at C. N. tower with a ray of hope adorning his features. Marty always brought a cut of empties from the Bellevue yard when he had finished his work there, and this cut passed C. N. tower.

Because the majority of this crew's work was done outside the general yard limit they were equipped with a caboose; and, as this was Marty's last job, he had formed the habit of grabbing a few winks of sleep in the cupola during this last run to town. White had worked with Marty long enough to know his habits and was sure he had the conductor this time.

On this particular night Marty was almost exhausted by the time he had finished. His right knee had been twisted badly in the wreck and still bothered him enough to make walking difficult; but the work was disposed of and finally, as the cut pulled out on the main, Marty climbed to the cupola of the caboose and closed his eyes as usual.

At C. N. tower White watched the cut head out onto the main.

"Is Marty Kline running that Bellevue crew to-night?" he asked the operator.

"Sure is," the other replied. "First day he's worked since that smashup over there on the Toboggan."

"I want you to drop the block on his rear end," White instructed the operator as the engine snorted by the tower.

"I wouldn't do that," the operator said. "I gave that hoghead a clear board so's he could make a run for the hill. He's pickin' 'em up an' layin' 'em down. If the air was set on him from the rear end he'd pull a drawbar sure."

"I know," White replied, "but the air won't be set. He'll roll right on by, just as though it was clear."

"How do you know he will?"

"Because I've worked with Marty Kline long enough to know his tricks. He's dead to the world by this time and I'm the baby who's smart enough to catch him at it. That's the advantage of having practical experience. Drop that block and don't give me any more argument."

White smiled with satisfaction as he descended the steps of the tower. He would go down to the track in order to be close enough to see Marty stretched out in the cupola. It would add considerably to his triumph to be able to appear before the conductor at the investigation and say he had seen the latter asleep as his rear end went by a red block.

"Can you imagine a guy like that?" the operator lamented, when White had gone. "Hangs around out here half the night just for the satisfaction of knocking a job out from under a man who has to work for a living. Why don't he go to Marty like a man and tell him to stay awake? What a fine official he'll turn out to be!"

The operator was roused from thoughts of the trials and tribulations of the workingman by a noise which sounded as though the cut had plowed into a stone wall, for the air had been set with a bang. Midway of the train, a drawbar came out by the roots and tangled with a pair of trucks, causing one of the cars to leave the rail and turn over. The operator leaped from his chair and thrust his head out the window.

"He saw it an' he stopped 'em!" he

cried. "I'll say he stopped 'em. It's a wreck train job, an' it serves that blankety-blank White right. Oh, boy, he'll sure catch hell about this!"

Then he went down to the track to inspect the damage, and in a short time he saw Marty Kline limping toward him.

"What did you drop that paddle on me for?" Marty yelled. "Ain't you got no more sense than to pull off a fool stunt like that? You've made me tear this whole cut to pieces, an' here's one turned over. We've got both main tracks blocked. What's the big idea?"

"It wasn't my fault," the operator said, grinning. "White made me do it. He's been out here half the night, waitin' for you to come along with that cut."

"Why did he do it?" Marty asked in surprise.

"Why, he wanted to get your job. Thought you would run by the red so's he could send you up. He said you always go to sleep when you leave the Bellevue yard with that cut."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Marty.

The operator gave an exclamation and jumped as though he had stepped on a snake.

"Hey, look here!" he cried excitedly, pointing toward the overturned car.

Marty limped forward and, holding his lamp down to the spot, saw protruding from beneath the car a lifeless, human hand.

He stopped and looked at the operator. The operator shuddered.

"Who may it be?" Marty asked.

"It's him, White," the operator managed to gasp. "He was the only one around here."

"Well, he went out quick," Marty observed, as though to help the operator get a grip on himself. "Probably never knew what hit him. Must have been pretty close to the track. Come on, we better go call the big hook."

The two men climbed the steps of the tower in silence.

IX

"How did you happen to wake up in time to see that red block?" Jane asked when Marty told her what had happened.

"I hadn't gone to sleep," Marty replied. "I intended to go to sleep, all right, like I always did; but the leg I hurt when I dropped in on you that night at the office was botherin' me a lot. It kept me awake a while an' I got to thinkin' about what the Old Man had done for me, an' what a square shooter he is; an' I decided that I was through sleepin' on the job. So I stayed awake."

Jane's brow puckered thoughtfully.

"What you thinkin' about, honey?" Marty asked.

"If your leg hadn't been hurting, you'd have gone to sleep, wouldn't you?" she inquired.

"Yeah, I guess so. Why?"

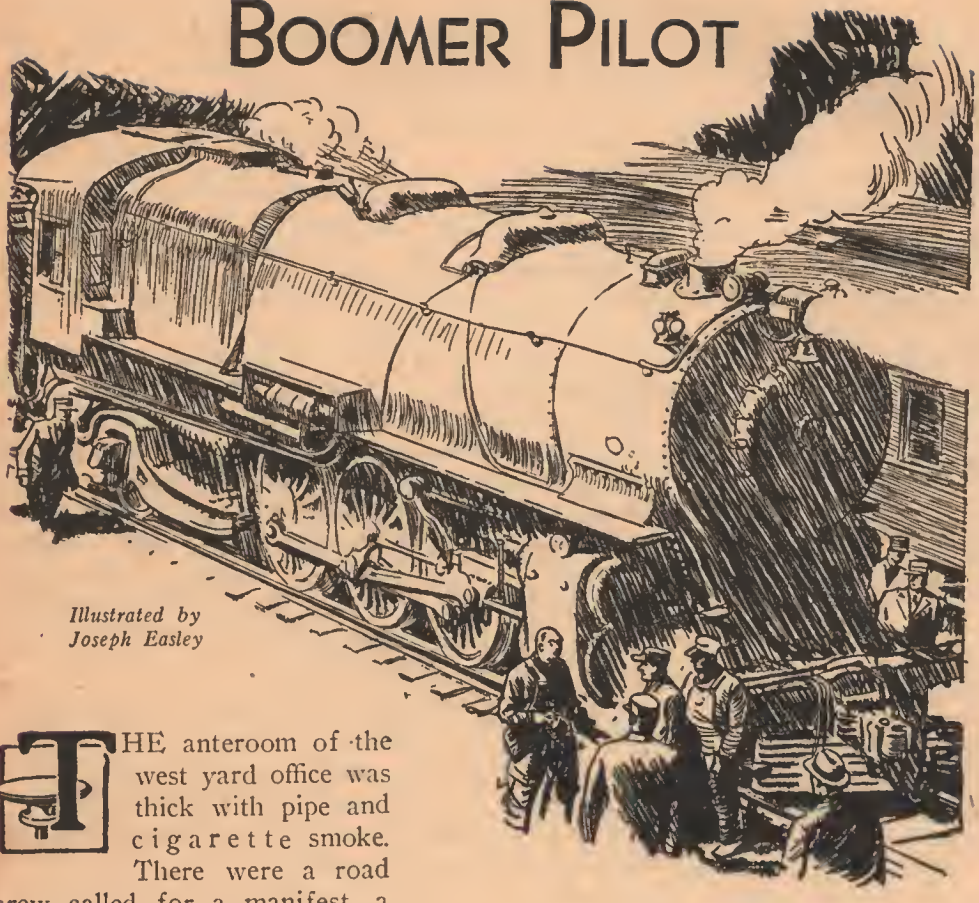
"Because I've always thought White was responsible for that wreck; and, if that's true and you stayed awake because of the injury you received, why, it's just as though he had killed himself."

"Aw, don't be like that," Marty pleaded. "When I mussed him up because he got fresh with you, you bawled me out; and now, when he gets a tough break like this you talk foolish. I never liked him, but I'm sure he wouldn't have done a thing like that."

"I don't care," Jane declared. "I know he did it, as sure as though I'd seen him with my own eyes!"

"Aw gee, but women are funny!" said Marty as he drew her to him.

BOOMER PILOT



Illustrated by Joseph Easley

THE anteroom of the west yard office was thick with pipe and cigarette smoke. There were a road crew called for a manifest, a passenger crew waiting for the "Indian," and the switcher outfit over from the passenger station. A pot-bellied stove radiated warmth to the occupants of the room, who filled every inch of the wooden benches ranged against the walls.

Another in that room was old lemon-faced Carey, brains on the eastbound peddler. He stood before the high wooden counter which separated the yardmaster's throne from the mob room, checking up the bills for the cars he'd just picked up.

Grumbling as usual, he gathered up his bills and walked to the door. His hand was on the doorknob when the passenger conductor shouted at him.

"Hey, Air-hose, don't you notice anybody any more? How's the air-hose situation lately?"

His face purple with rage, the old conductor wheeled about and glared at his tormentor. He paused and then, too angry to speak, left the room, slamming the door behind him with such force that the shack trembled.

"Air-hose Mike! I'll never forget when I was braking freight for him," continued the passenger conductor, laughing as he addressed the group. "Every time we stopped with the air gone, Mike would send my partner or me over the train with an alligator wrench and an air-hose.

"One day we made a grand-stand

Sure, Mike Knew the Division with His Eyes Shut—and by the Time the Night Was Over Everybody Thought They Were Shut!

By JOHN JOHNS

(Portrait on Page 540)

A Sleeper in the Owl Wos Leaning Over the Eostbound Moin No More Than Four Feet from the Pilat of the Mail Engine

stop. Carey himself come running ahead with the air-hose. When he arrived on the scene of trouble there were fifteen box cars piled as high as a house. I looked at Carey, fuming and cursing to himself. In one hand he had an alligator wrench, in the other an air-hose. I burst out laughing. Poor Carey looked so useless and so funny standing there with the air-hose. Before I doubled up I said, 'Well, go ahead and fix it. You got the air-hose.'

"The story was spread around. From that day old Carey has been called Air-hose Mike Carey."

"I never see a name handed out that didn't fit," put in an engineer.

Then the boomer switcher brakeman, who had been itching to get in the conversation, took up the discussion.

"So that's how Carey got the name, eh? Well, in my day I seen some

strange things that gave out names, like Carey earned his. And that kidding. You razzing old Carey reminded me of something in my own life. That kidding business ain't always so funny. Sometimes it kicks back."

The boomer looked over the group. Assured that he had its undivided attention, he began his yarn:

II

Some years ago my pal Mike Dooley, as square a guy as you'd ever want to team up with, and me were braking on an Ohio road. It was the rush period. Business was at its peak and men at a premium. The crews were turning at terminals on their rest. To lay off one had to be dying, or better, already dead.

Me and Mike were rooming in the buggy. About seven that night we ambles down to the yard off to see how we stood, thinking it about time we were called.

When we arrived at the office the night slave driver was on the telephone. Mike and me pretended to have all our attention on the dope sheet, but we had one ear cocked on what the king was saying.

I nudged Mike and winked. The king was saying, "Sure I got the hot shot all together, but I got no east-end crew with their rest up for the next two hours. What do you say to using a west-end crew—sure I got a west-end crew. Slap a pilot on 'em and let 'em go? Fine business. Yeh, I know it, there's stock on the hot shot and it's getting on short time. O. K., I'll have them on their way inside of an hour."

Then the yardmaster started digging up a pilot. When he called the roundhouse he was told there were no east-end engine crews with their rest up, either. I guess he banked on that, because he bit his lip. Again he went over the list of east-end conductors, hoping that he had overlooked one. But none did he find. Then he slammed the list on the desk in disgust. He paced the length of the office like a lion in a cage.

When he almost tripped over a chair, he turned and for the first time noticed me and Mike.

"What do you guys want?" he shouted at us.

"We're a coupla east-end shacks about to ask when we'll get a call. Our palace is first out, but I see where the brains has laid off," I was saying as nice as I can.

The expression on his face changed and you could see he had an idea.

"Which of you birds is first out?" the Y. M. asked, not troubling to consult the list.

"I am," said Mike, stepping forward.

"All right. Fine. I have a job for you," said the yardmaster. "I want you to pilot a west-end outfit over the division to Indianapolis. I remember you guys now. You been around here a coupla months an' certainly must know the division."

"Oh, sure! I know it with my eyes shut," broke in Mike.

"Well, you ride the head end and steer the engine crew," went on the yardmaster to Mike. "It's a hot shot, stock on the head end, and on short time. You oughtn't to make a stop unless to give the mill a drink.

"And you," the Y. M. said as he turned to me, "ride the crummy and see that you get into Indianapolis all together. I'll have you outa town inside an hour."

Relieved of the problem, the yardmaster went back to his work. All the time I was silent. I was on the point of speaking when I got my breath back,

but instead I took Mike's arm and led him aside.

"We can't take this job," I said to Mike. "We don't know this division well enough to take a train over it. We been here three weeks. Only twice in that time have we been over the division in daylight."

"Don't be crazy," snapped Mike. "It's a day's pay, ain't it? What more do you want? Money is money!"

"Listen, Mike," I protested, "the king thinks we been around here for a coupla months. He maybe even thinks we are part of the local home guard. If he was wise to the fact that we been here only three weeks, and a couple of boomers in the bargain, you can bet he would never let us poke our nose over the yard limit line."

"You make me laugh," argued Mike. "As if the Y. M. cares a damn how long we been around here! He took one look at us and saw that we were a couple of real railroaders, with sense enough not to get off the rails. Understand? If the slave driver thinks enough to slip us the job as a couple of pilots, we oughta be proud of the honor. Do you suppose he would give a job like this to some of the talent he has around here? Yeh! He would like hell!"

"Wait a minute," I broke in. "Are you up on the Bible? Do you know how the book of rules defines 'Pilot'? It reads: 'An employee assigned to a train when the engineer or conductor, or both, are not fully acquainted with the physical characteristics or rules of the railroad, or portion of the railroad, over which the train is to be moved.' Now do you figure yourself capable to fill the bill? Yes or no!"

"What are you tryin' to do?" sneered Mike. "Trying to hold a class? I understand the book, if it was written in ten languages, including the Russian. I know what a pilot is!"

"Sure you do. You might be a great success back on the B. & M., but not out here," I cut in. "You know as well as me that we don't know this pike. Tell the slave driver to call it off."

"Pal, you are talking as if we were a couple of students. Why, there will be nothing to it. We take the job!" So Mike ended the argument by turning to the door leading to the king's inner office.

III

"WE'RE goin' down to feed up," Mike said to the yardmaster. "What's the number of the crummy going on the hot shot?"

Without looking up from his work the Y. M. gave Mike the caboose number.

On our way to eat, Mike said to me, "Throw away all your worries, pal. When we get back from this trip we'll be the talk of the division."

Fifty minutes later the engine with a west-end engine crew backed onto the head end of the hot shot. Al Beekman, the west-end conductor, was in the yard office for his orders and instructions. I was standing with Mike beside the engine, when Beekman, bills in hand, walked over to us.

"We're all set as soon as the air is tried," said Beekman, lighting a cigarette. "I'll go on back to the crummy. When you get an O. K. on the air, highball out of town."

I nodded.

Mike was in deep conversation with the hoghead.

"Don't worry about the sag," he was telling the hogger. "I'll tell you when you get close to it so that you can give her a wide-open throttle. We'll go over it like a shot."

Beekman's own crew tried the brakes. Then I went over to Mike and told him to get out of town. With one foot on the engine steps, his lantern on the crook of his arm, Mike stopped long enough to again tell me that it was going to be the run of runs!

"Pull in your ears," he said to me. "Crockett, the hogger here, said that the 999 had dragging brakes to the way he runs an engine. You can take it from me," went on Mike, his foot still on the engine steps, "when we hit the Yellow Flats, we're going to be wheelin' 'em right along. All I want you to do is keep the brains away from the valve."

"Well, the way the preliminaries are dragging the hog law is going to get us before we get outa the yard," I said.

Mike laughed and climbed up into the engine. The hogger reached for the whistle rope and blew for the board. The board went green.

As the train started I shouted up at Mike, seated behind the hoghead: "Hey! Don't forget to give me a show to make the crummy!"

But my voice was lost in noise of the exhaust and the steam blowing from the open cylinder cocks.

I stood in the six-foot, waiting for the hack to come hopping up to me, the feeble rays from my lantern shining on the cars lurching by me. If the speed continued I would never make the hack on the fly. A fine pair of dumb Alecks on the mill! And one of them my pal, too!

Looking to the rear, I could see the green glow of the marker coming toward me, but still considerable distance off. Just as I decided to deck it, the head end shut off. As I swung onto the hack, Mike must have told Crockett that it wasn't necessary to stop altogether in order for me to make the buggy, perhaps reminding Crockett that I was no student when it come to makin' 'em on the fly; for at that moment Crockett give her the throttle. The hack jumped ahead like a shot outa a cannon.

I stood on the rear platform for five minutes getting my breath and making sure my arms were still in my sockets. Then I stamped into the hack. The flagman was relighting the crummy lights put out by the yank of the train. The brains was sitting at his desk, motionless and staring. When he finally put his eyes on me, he stared at me like as if I was a ghost.

"A hundred times I have sworn that I would never try to make the hack on the fly," I cursed. "Just now my arms come near being pulled out of their sockets."

The flagman snapped the last globe in place and faced me. My words roused the brains, because he blinked and an intelligent expression come over his face.

"This is the last time I get on like a mail bag," I raved on. "Hereafter I will have one foot on the crummy steps before I swing a high-ball." I flung myself on the cushions and lighted a cigarette.

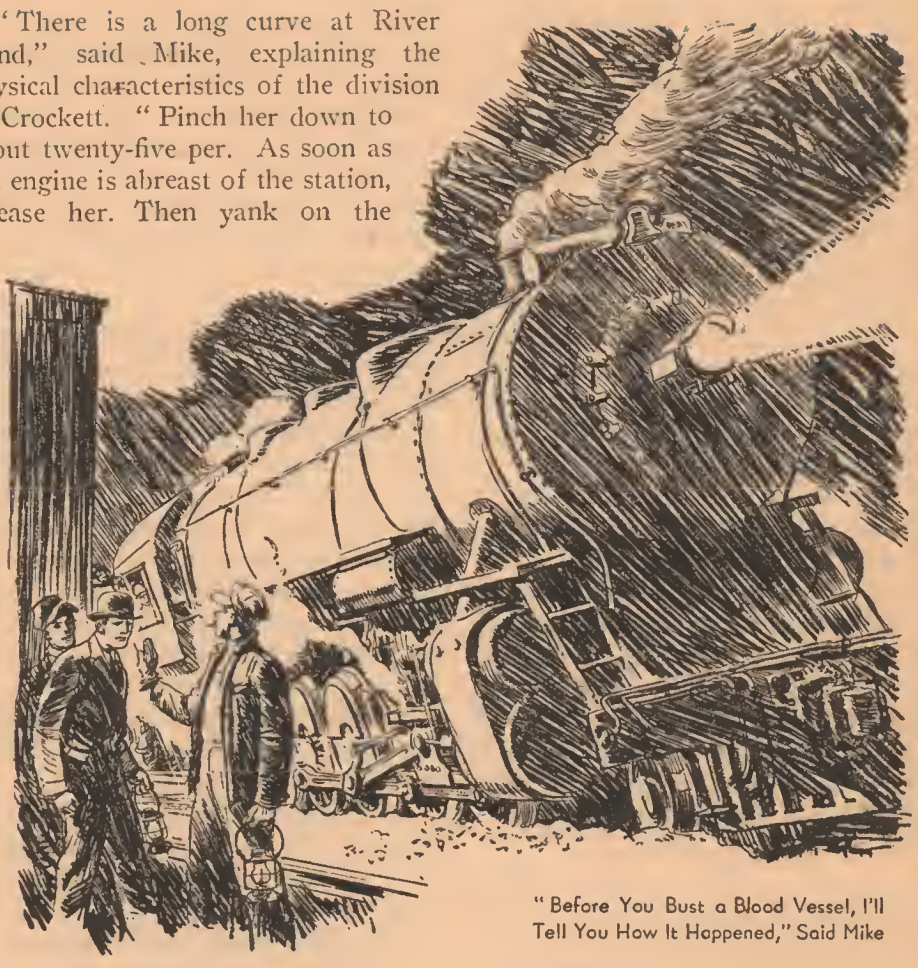
"I don't know what's got into my engineer," said Beekman. "Crockett has been running me regularly for the last two years and he has always handled these jiggers like they were varnished wagons. I can't believe it. He nearly put my head through those boards over my desk."

It wasn't necessary to consult a fortune teller to know what was going on. There was a bad influence at work on the head end, and it was Mike.

IV

Mike was sitting behind the engineer, guiding him over the road.

"There is a long curve at River Bend," said Mike, explaining the physical characteristics of the division to Crockett. "Pinch her down to about twenty-five per. As soon as the engine is abreast of the station, release her. Then yank on the throttle, for right ahead of you is the sag."



"Before You Bust a Blood Vessel, I'll Tell You How It Happened," Said Mike

Riding the hack, I was checking up on Mike. Giving the devil his dues, it was wonderful the way Mike knew the division. We stopped at Rolling Stone for water, then went on for the dash across the Yellow Flats.

Mike had Crockett all steamed up.

"You have the road, Irish, all the way," said Mike into Crockett's ear. "The dispatcher has given you the road, the high-irons on account of the stock being on short time. I got the clock on you. Do you know for the last thirty miles you been right ahead of the Metropolitan Limited and putting distance between her? I'll take my hat off to you, Crockie, old kid; you are certainly right there when it comes to getting the most out of an engine."

His chest busting the buttons on his shirt, Crockett gave the throttle another yank.

Fifty cars back we in the crummy rode with deep concern for our lives. A dozen times Beekman was prompted to pull the air. The way the hack bounced was something awful.

"I know how fast he is going. It's my job to pull the air on him," cried Beekman, seated at his desk and hold-

ing on for his life. "What alibi have I to give if we pile up? Yeh, what excuse have I to offer 'em?"

"Well, we'll soon be over the Flats," I broke in.

"You mean we'll soon be out of a job and shaking hands with Saint Pete and everything," raved Beekman. "This thing has gotta stop now."

Beekman was in the act of reaching for the conductor's valve when the head shut off. I pushed back a window in the hack and looked up along the train. Near the engine one of the cars had a hot box.

"This is once in my life when I welcome a hot box," shouted Beekman, going to the locker for a bucket of packing waste, a spade and a can of oil.

"He's stopping at the Mill siding. No use trying to pack it," I advised him. "It's one of the merchandise cars, not the stock. We'll throw it out; we're just ahead of Number Twelve."

Beekman thought a moment, then agreed that it was the logical move.

V

As Beekman and me walked toward the engine, we heard the engine cut off. Lights were moving about the head end.

"Just a hot one, Cappy," remarked Mike to Beekman when we reached the head end. "No use to try and run her; she's cherry red."

Beekman asked what time the passenger train was due.

"Number Twelve is due here in fourteen minutes," I said, consulting my time card. "Come on, Mike. What do you say on the pin?"

"All right, all right!" Mike replied. "Don't worry about Number Twelve. Once we get out of here she'll never see us again." Then, turning to Beekman, he went on: "Certainly were going around the corners to-night, eh? How did you like the way we hit the high spots?"

Beekman glared at Mike. Words stuck in his throat, but he managed to explode.

"Let me tell you one thing, young fellow," shouted Beekman, his voice sounding like the yell of a lion, "the race is over for to-night. No more of that crazy running for me, do you understand? Number Twelve or no Number Twelve, you tell that fool with you on the engine to observe speed restrictions. We are not going to run away from that train nor are we going to plug her. Get that straight. And if I have to scatter draw-bars all over this division, as soon as you fools on the engine start the Barney Oldfield stuff, I pull the air. Remember that!"

"O. K., connie," grinned Mike. "I only wanted to make a run to-night. But now we'll switch at Blossomburg for Number Twelve."

Mike went in between the cars to make the cut. Beekman and me started for the hack. Beekman started to chuckle.

"I didn't mean to be so hard on your buddy," he apologized to me, "but with that high-wheeling, if we didn't land in the ditch, we'd be throwing out hot boxes the rest of this trip. I would feel differently if I belonged on this division, but you know my position down here. All eyes are on me."

I said I understood.

As we walked to the hack, we could hear Mike's voice asking for a little on the pin. Then we heard the rattle when Mike lifted the lever. Again we heard Mike's voice, telling Crockett to take 'em away.

There were three or four exhausts from the engine as it pulled away from the hot box car.

Crash! I'll never forget it. The very ground seemed to tremble. Then the sound of splintering wood and metal scraping metal. A moment later the engine's whistle started to blow.

Beekman and I stopped in our tracks. Even in the pitch darkness I could make out Beekman's face, the expression, the look in his eyes as he begged for an answer.

"We're on the ground," I said in a dry voice.

Reaching the engine, we found that was just what had happened. Every wheel of the engine was on the ground. The westbound main was blocked. A few feet more and the engine would have turned over.

We found Mike staring at the derailed engine and head car. Crockett was running around the engine examining it and summing up the damage.

"What the hell happened?" demanded Beekman.

"Nothing, only we went on the ground," replied Mike.

Beekman was so mad he could not speak.

"Before you bust a blood vessel, I'll tell you how it happened," said Mike. "There's a hand-thrown derail here. It is one of them split-rail kind. The light on the target was out. When I threw over the switch I figured the derail was also thrown over. We come in on the siding all right. The cars and engine pressed the derail together. But going out, the pony truck wheels picked up the flange of the derail. So here we are on the ground!"

I glared at Mike, who was trying to light a cigarette.

"I could expect such a phony move from a student, but not from an experienced man like you," Beekman finally broke out. "Don't lie about it. Tell the truth! You forgot that derail!"

"Who in hell is lying?" shouted Mike. "I told you I figured there was a derail to the switch."

"A helluva smart boy," sneered Beekman. "A derail was the furtherest thing from your thoughts. You come rolling in here on the siding with your mind on where you were going with the brains of a butterfly. Let me tell you, you are one helluva pilot. You know the division! About as much as I know Finland!"

At that moment we heard the whistle of a train . . . two short blasts as in answer to a signal. It was the whistle of Number Twelve, the crack Metropolitan!

What a fine mess! There we were, with fifty cars out on the main, our engine wound around a switch, and the crack passenger train of the road, the president's pride and joy, behind our hack! Mike and his prophecy of the run of runs! The talk of the division! We certainly would be. East and West the story would travel. A pair of boomers piloting a train and tying up a division.

When Beekman's head brakeman, who had gone ahead to flag, stopped an extra west drag freight, the night's work was complete.

Leaning against the engine tender, Mike was as dejected as it was possible for one to be. I burst out laughing. Beekman glared at me.

"I would like to know what in hell you see so funny about this wreck," thundered Beekman. "If you see anything funny in tying up a division, you certainly have a strange sense of humor. I don't suppose either of you two pilots know where there is a telephone where I can call the dispatcher, slip him the news and tell him to send the hook. Pilots! Pilots, me eye!"

But I could not stop laughing. The

tears rolled down my face. Mike, getting angry by the minute, stared at me.

"G'wan you fool. Laugh your head off," growled Mike. I stopped laughing long enough to point my finger at Mike and say: "Pilot—you a pilot! You know the division with your eyes shut. Sure we'll take the run, it's a day's pay, ain't it? Nothing to it—what a grand finish!"

Again I busted into laughter.

"Aw, go dry up!" snapped Mike. "You give me a pain in the neck!"

"Pilot—will I ever forget this night!"

VI

Well, Mike and me stopped over in Chicago the following night long enough to mail a letter directing that railroad to send our pay to Omaha.

Thereafter I never called Mike anything else but Pilot. He earned the name, and to me he would always be Pilot. And wherever we went to work after that, I always took pleasure in telling the story. Inside of a day Mike would be known as the Pilot.

Two months of razzing was the limit of Mike's patience. He'd given me warning that if I did not stop kidding him, him and I would part company. So one night Mike left me flat.

Then I set out to find him. Up and down this country I traveled in search of my old pal. Sometimes I was just a day too late, sometimes I left a job a day too soon. And all the time the Pilot was doing his best to duck me.

For two years we never crossed trails. Then one night I'm braking passenger out of Washington. I fall for the head end of the job, and just before leaving Wash I take a walk back to the rear. The flagman is hanging up his rear end. And who is the flagman but Mike!

He almost dropped his marker. I started razzing him again, and having to go ahead, I told him I'd be back to see him as soon as we got out of town.

We were on the road about an hour when I ambled back to see Mike. I opened the door of drawing-room A. There sat Mike, in the darkness, puffing on his pipe. I began on him right away.

"If I had not expected the brains back," broke in Mike, "you can bet your life I would have locked that door."

"Tell me, have you been doing any more piloting lately?" I went on. "Earning any more easy day's pay?"

"I think you have gone crazy," Mike growled, jumping to his feet. "The rap you received on the dome that night in the Katy hack when the hogger snapped the whip certainly has affected you."

Mike dashed out of the room. I followed him out onto the rear platform. He paced the length of the rear platform like a beast cornered.

We took the siding at Fostertown for the Fast Mail. Mike turned his rear end yellow. Then when we stopped, he grabbed his red and white light and jumped to the track. A dense fog cloaked the train. It was impossible to see more than five feet.

Not to be outwitted by Mike jumping from the vestibule, I followed him. And when he went back to flag on a siding, something he had never done before, I followed him.

I was walking beside Mike when the Fast Mail approached, running at reduced speed because of the fog. Then, just as the Mail loomed out of the fog, Mike stepped over and swung a washout to it.

The hogger on the Mail, in answer to Mike's signal, wiped the clock.

Without saying a word, Mike rushed down the track to where the engine on the Mail had stopped—about the middle of our train.

Right away I figured what had happened. With me razzing Mike, at the approach of the Mail he was confused enough to forget that we were on the siding, and taking it that we were due for a rear end, gave the Mail the high sign.

As I followed him, running to the Mail engine, I pictured to my mind the abuse Mike would receive when he confessed the mistake he had made.

Arriving at the engine of the Mail, the situation was anything but what I had imagined. Our conductor was talking with the engine crew of the Mail, all of them standing by the pilot of the Mail engine.

"It was your pilot who stopped me," the Fast Mail's hogger kept repeating, wiping his brow. "I was running at thirty per when your flagman swung me the washout—I wiped the clock."

"A miracle!" chirped my conductor. "The only hint my flagman had of anything wrong must have been in the stop we made."

Mike had remained in the background, silent. Then our brains saw him and made a grab for his hand.

"Mike, you are wonderful," he began. "If there is such a thing as a hero, you certainly are one. Look! This is the reason for that stop."

I looked with Mike. A sleeper in the Owl, our train, was leaning over the eastbound main, no more than four feet from the pilot of the Mail engine. We later found out that the car had jumped the track at the switch because of a broken flange.

"My! My!" said the wily Mike. And take it from me, he was just as surprised as me. Then the brains saw me. He asked me where I had been all the time. I told him I was patrolling the train.

"Don't tell me that," the brains went on. "If that was so, you'd have found that broken flange."

The general manager's car happened to be attached to the Fast Mail. So it was natural for him to come ahead and see what had caused his engineer to wipe the clock. Every one started talking at once, explaining what had happened.

The G. M. stared at the derailed car a long time. Then he mopped his brow and turned to Mike. Placing his hand on Mike's shoulder, he said: "What words have I that I might appropriately voice my appreciation of your work to-night?"

Thus he went off into a long speech, in which he acclaimed Mike in a way that caused the Pilot to sway, so heavy was the old oil. And Mike stood there like a major, reacting to the speech as if, after all, he really deserved it.

Right after the official investigation Mike stopped me in the corridor of the building where the general offices were. I had been given thirty days on the street for not being on the job. Mike had received the reward of a hero.

So Mike bargained with me that if I promised to never mention Pilot again, he would go in and confess that in reality I was as much the hero as he, that it was me razzing him which drove him off the platform that night, that he had no intention of going back with the flag, and that it was my raillery that caused him to be confused and step over and give the Mail the high sign.

Mike was a square shooter. I stared a long time at him, then busted out laughing.

"Pilot, old pal, I can't make such a

promise," I began. "I am tired of the pike and the varnished wagons. I'm following the swallows South for the winter. And besides I already told 'em what to do with their two streaks of rust."

VII

THE boomer sighed. Some one handed him a cigarette.

"There was the kick-back to that kidding," he said, blowing a ring of smoke. "It made the Pilot a hero and landed me on the street. The Pilot is in gold braid to-day, pulling the bell cord on a liner."

"Here comes the Indian," shouted the Y. M. "Two diners out."

"O. K.," replied the switcher's conductor.

As the passenger conductor went out the door with the boomer he said, "Just the same, every time I see Air-hose, I gotta laugh. I'll never forget that day—and I guess Air-Hose Mike won't, either."

The boomer smiled as he went for the cut in the Indian.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT IN 67 HOURS!

WHEN, in the fall of 1925, the Canadian National's new oil-electric car No. 15820 was completed for service on the West Coast, officials wondered how they'd send it to Vancouver.

"Why not run it through on its own?" somebody suggested. "It'll be a good test."

So the C. N. R. drew up a schedule. Seventy-two hours from coast to coast—2,937 miles of prairies, mountains and valleys, and without a single layover! A tough assignment for one engine, especially when you consider that the C. N. R.'s crack Continental Limited, with many changes of power, takes over 107 hours of actual time for the run.

On Sunday, November 1, 1925, at 2.30 P.M., the car left Montreal. Improvised berths had been rigged up; fuel supplies had been taken on; and a box of provisions was stored in the baggage room. A blast of the horn, the hum of the motors, and the car was off.

Between Montreal and Coteau Junction, the first stop, occurred the only hitch in the performance. The atomizer which sprays the oil into the cylinders plugged up and the motors had to be shut off until it was repaired. It pulled into Coteau Junction a few minutes behind time.

Between it and Casselman they hit a cow and the air line was snapped off, putting the car 45 minutes behind schedule. But from then on the run began in reality—the motor ran sweetly and the car took the curves at full speed.

Following the southern road from North Bay to Capreol, the crew highballed her through the Ontario woods and pulled into Capreol Monday morning at 12:25. A good-sized crowd was on hand to greet the record-breaker, despite the early hour.

Widening on her, they steadily made up time and pulled into Winnipeg on Monday at 9.25 P.M., on time to a second. They left the town ahead of the Continental Limited which had steamed out of Montreal 8 hours before them!

Across the plains of Saskatchewan, into the grim, snowcapped mountains of Alberta they sped and on Wednesday morning streaked into Blue River, B. C. How's that for crossing the Rockies?

But at Biggar, Sask., a stop was made for brake repairs, and a large crowd gathered around.

"When did you leave Montreal?" asked one farmer.

"Sunday afternoon," a member of the crew replied.

"This is Tuesday afternoon," the farmer mused. "Say, young feller," he continued, "do you mean to tell me that thet there thing's an airyplane?"

A little behind schedule, they let her go for the final stretch along the Fraser River. They lost and gained time, but finally glided into Vancouver five minutes ahead of schedule.

Deducting about five hours for delays along the road, the total running time was exactly 67 hours, during which time the motors of the 15820 were shut off only twice, and then for only a minute or two.

For almost 3,000 miles the oil-electric car had made an average of about 43 miles an hour. It is one of the longest fast runs ever made and undoubtedly the fastest and longest run made by any unit of railroad power. It demonstrated beyond a doubt that the oil-electric car had a definite place in a large railway system, even if it could not be used in main line heavy passenger service.

C. N. R. Record-Breaking Oil-Electric Car, Just After Arriving at Vancouver. (Left to Right) R. Hay, G. A. McNichal and H. Wright of the C. N. R. Vancouver Passenger Department; F. E. D. McDowell, Publicity Representative, Toronto; A. N. Boyd, Road Foremon of Locomatives, Montreal; T. Snitch, Engine Supervisor, Toronto; F. C. Collinson, Mechonical Engineer, E. Schrantz, Electric Engineer, Winnipeg; K. E. McLeod, D. P. A., Vancouver; J. Sylvester, Assistont Mechanical Engineer, Winnipeg; A. Courtenay, Chef

Keep 'Em Rollin' on the Way

By W. H. STOBER

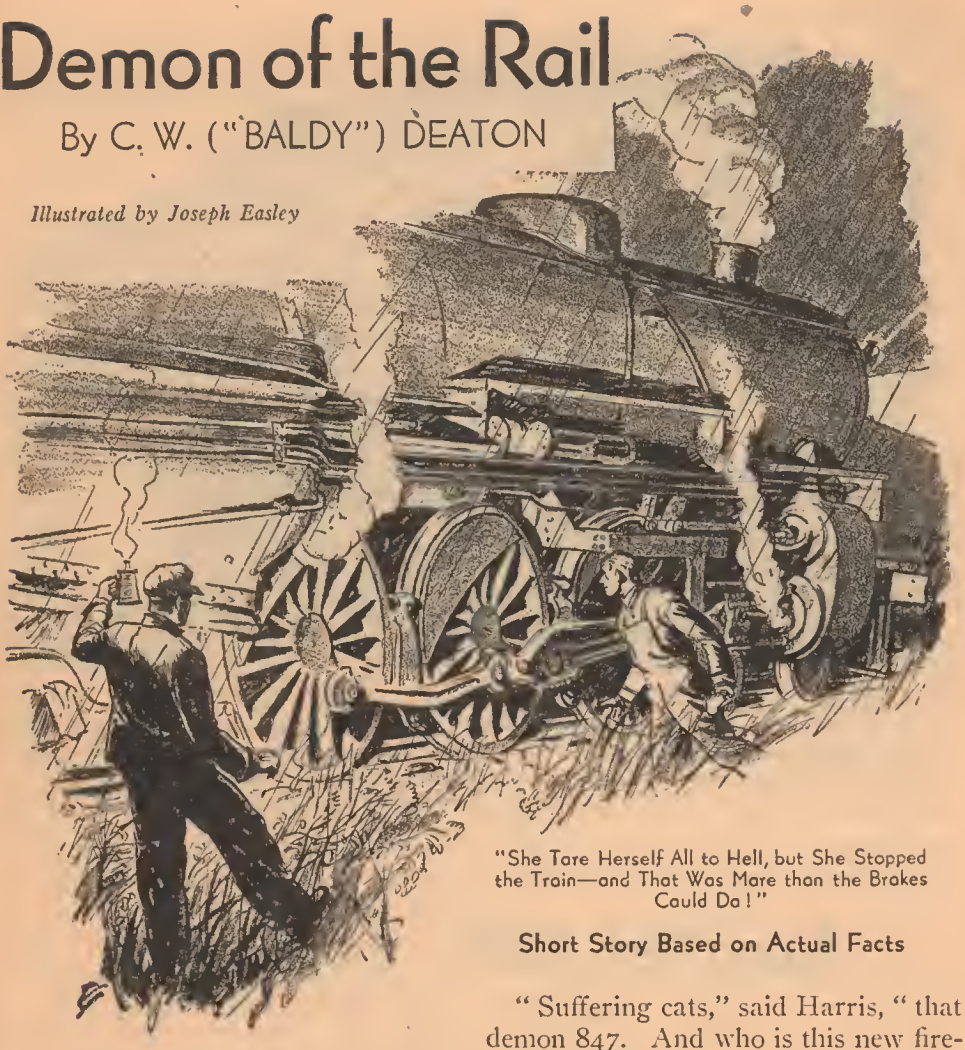
SINCE the day the oldest railroad,
With its wooden rails, was laid;
When with muskrat hides and mink skins,
Twice a year the men were paid:
To the up-to-date equipment
That moves o'er the steel to-day,
Railroad men have had this motto,
"Keep 'em rollin' on the way."

From the super to the call boy,
Hoghead, shack and king snipe, too,
Every creak and jolt and clatter
Seems a-singing out to you:
"All the world is still and waiting
For what's in those cars, and say,
Hit the ball and do your bit to
Keep 'em rollin' on the way."

Demon of the Rail

By C. W. ("BALDY") DEATON

Illustrated by Joseph Easley



"She Tore Herself All to Hell, but She Stopped the Train—and That Was More than the Brakes Could Do!"

Short Story Based on Actual Facts

"NO. 7 on time, Mr. Harris." And the caller handed the call book and pencil to the veteran engineer of the C. K. & N., who commanded the crack express over the Middle Division from Carmon to Correctionville.

Tom Harris looked at his watch and said, "Why such a long call?"

"Well," said the caller, "it's instructions from Headquarters and the Old Man said you might lay off as you get the 847 and a new fireman."

"Suffering cats," said Harris, "that demon 847. And who is this new fireman?"

"Well, they tell me he is from Chicago and with a scoop he's an artist."

"Well, he wants to be to fire No. 7, but can you tell me how they came to put that 847 on this run? They all know what tricks she has performed in the past. Boy, when I was firing for Jack Cassady that 847 just took out across the country from a straight piece of track and piled sixty-five empty stockers as high as the cross-arms of the telegraph poles, and buried Cassady and me in the wreck. Why we

were not killed, I will never know. And two other times she just walked into the turntable pit and it took the big hook to get her out both times, and now I get her on No. 7."

But at 7.10 P. M. on that eventful evening in early October, Conductor Owens and Engineer Harris pulled out of Carmon on No. 7 westbound with that polished "Demon of the Rail."

She was just out of the back shops. Down the line a ways, the new fireman, Chadwick, from Chicago, said to the engineer: "She steams like a house afire and rides like a Pullman sleeper."

"When you know her like I do," said Harris, "you may be sorry you bragged so about this Black Beauty."

Just a mile west of Sumner was a gravel pit, but for the last three years it had been abandoned. The switch had never been removed, however, and the rails were still intact. Heavy rains had caused a lake about twenty feet deep to form at the other end.

As No. 7 neared Sumner, a terrific storm broke. The thunder boomed and the zigzag lightning played through the black-green clouds. Rain fell in blinding sheets. No human eye or man-made headlight could pierce that maddened storm. No. 7 went tearing through Sumner that night.

Just after they shot through there was a sharp click. That mighty engine lunged to the right, then plunged ahead. The whole train weaved, screeched. In an instant Harris jammed the throttle home, pulled back the reverse lever and shot the air brake into the big hole. But that heavy train plunged on.

"Good God!" cried Harris. "We're headed into the sand pit switch!"

Those narrow rusty rails, covered with wet grass and weeds for three years, gave very little assistance to the powerful air brakes. She shot on just as if those rails were greased. Harris looked back. He could see the green marker on the rear, but it seemed sure that they were bound to plunge into that lake. The fireman grabbed the left-hand rail and swung out and dropped off in the soft sand on high wet weeds.

Just after the fireman left the engine there was a loud snap and the 847 keeled to the right. Harris thought she was going over, but she plunged ahead. Then another crack and she settled down still farther to the right. Harris never left his post. There was a sound of cutting iron and bright sparks were flying from under the cab window, like an emery wheel in action. That mighty 847 trembled and came to a standstill.

Harris whistled out. A flag grabbed his "torch" and was off to see what caused his train to stop so quickly. As he looked at the wreck, Fireman Chadwick walked around to him. He was not hurt, but was wet and covered with sand.

Harris saw that she had broken her frame in two places and the rear driver's flange had cut most through the firebox sheet steel; her right side-rod was bent and back driver pin and rocker arm were broken.

Conductor Owens came puffing up to Harris and asked, "How in the name of Heaven did you get in here?"

"How do I know?" snapped back Harris. "We're in here and that's enough, and for a while, too. Just look at this demon. She tore herself all to hell, but she stopped the train, and that was more than the brakes could do."

Owens and Harris walked back along the train. Every car wheel was on the rail. They got to the main line;

with lantern and torch they examined the switch and rails and points. It was lined for the main line and locked. It was the type with a safety latch that could never be thrown until the lock was removed.

Harris looked at the conductor and said, "This switch was never spiked for the main."

Owens examined the lock, which was locked securely. He tried his key, but it would not enter the rusty and dirt-filled keyhole.

"Well," said Owens, "this is surely a mystery. In my thirty-five years on the road as a brakeman and conductor, I never knew of anything like it. What in the Sam Hill will I tell the dispatcher?"

"Just tell him the truth," Harris told him.

"Yes, and he will say we are either drunk or crazy."

"Let him say it. Let them that don't believe it come and see for themselves."

Owens and Harris started up the track for Sumner. They overtook the flagman, and the conductor told him to go back to the train and tell any passenger who asked questions that the train was on a siding, waiting for orders. They found the agent and in a short time a message went to the dispatcher in as few words as possible, signed by Owens and Harris. The wrecker was ordered with rights over all trains, doubleheaded by engines 1660 and 842. The 842 was to take No. 7 west in the place of the 847.

When the wrecker arrived at Sumner, Owens and Harris discovered that General Superintendent Vandine was on board. They backed the wrecker in on the house track and cut both engines off and went for No. 7's train.

They all stopped and examined that switch. The conductor pushed the slide back on the lock and with the small blade of his knife picked out the sand and dirt until his key would enter. When his key turned, he took out the lock and then threw the switch for the pit, the points set up snug to the rails.

"Not a thing wrong with the switch," said Supt. Vandine as he looked at the tail lights on the rear of No. 7 and then at the switch. "This is one mystery." Then turning to Engineer Harris, "You say the eight forty-seven broke her frame?"

"Yes, sir, in two places," answered Harris.

"I will give one hundred dollars just to know how Number 7 got in on that pit track and this switch locked for the main line," said the super.

. . . . . .

Two years passed. No. 7's trip into the sand pit was still a mystery. Engine 847 had caused the company no more trouble. The boys said they tamed her—when Supt. Vandine received a telegram from Correctionville reading:

> Come at once, man dying in hospital, shot. Confession for you.
> (Signed) CHIEF SERGEANT.

The super hurried to the hospital and he was shown to a room where a man lay dying from a shot fired by the town marshal who had caught him. The man looked at Vandine with glassy eyes. His voice was scarcely more than a whisper.

"You don't remember me," he began, "but once I was a brakeman on the C. K. & N. and was canned for getting drunk. That thought—and poisoned whisky—drove me mad. I wanted revenge and decided to wreck a train."

His voice grew weaker.

"I went to Sumner. I still had my

switch key. I unlocked the section house, got a line bar and a sledge.

"I expected to find the switch spiked, but it was not. I tried my key, but there was dirt in the lock. The storm broke in all the fury of hell. Then, above the roar of the storm, I heard a whistle. I knew it was No. 7. I raised the sledge to knock the lock off. Then I stopped. I grabbed the line bar, set it under the lever of the switch, raised the lock with my fingers, threw my weight on the bar and the lever snapped by the latch and set the switch for the pit switch without breaking switch or lock. Then I threw the sledge and bar in the weeds far from the track and hid to see my deadly work reach its completion.

"That cold rain and the fact that No. 7 stuck to those narrow rails sobered me up some. She went for most a mile. I got the sledge and bar, threw the switch back for the main line, forced the lever back past the latch just as I found it in the first place. Then I—"

The dying man did not live to finish the sentence, but he had already cleared up the mystery of the 847.

The Dying Man Looked ot Vandine with Glossy Eyes. His Voice Wos Scorcely More thon o Whisper

"Ipecac, the Pullman Porters' Pride," Collier Announced, "Challenging Battling Bismarck, Champion of the Thirty-second Street Yards and Three Sandhouses"

Travel, Black Boy, Travel!

By ARTHUR K. AKERS

Illustrated by Everett Lowry

IN laying him off, the Pullman Company might be separating Ipecac Ingalls from the pay roll, but not from the railroad. High iron called him, and that pint-sized porter was still trying to answer—by doing his loafing where he could breathe its smoke, sleep to the music of its engine bells. Besides, he had reasons.

Now it was July 1st, and hot enough outside the big passenger terminal for a boy to fry eggs on the rails—if he had the eggs. All that Ipecac had was the rails. A bad situation which Susie, his tenth-of-a-ton wife, was making worse. For he had owed her three dollars too long: she had just finished establishing July 3rd, at the top of her voice, as her deadline for its repayment.

For which reason, ambulance drivers had begun casting significant glances at the insolvent Mr. Ingalls; while two undertakers who knew of an extra ace that had spilled from his speeding shoe in a recent flight down the tracks from a fellow-porter, Bismarck Toombs, also had him on their prospect lists.

For Bismarck was back in full physical vigor now. He had withdrawn from his run for two weeks after having lighted a match to look in the gas tank of a section foreman's car. Again he sought Ipecac about that ace. As a result of which, Mr. Ingalls was hand-flagging himself across exposed areas.

All in all, his situation required so much worry that Ipecac stretched himself out, face upward, on a baggage truck in the sun outside the shelter of Track Five's shed. Then he promptly fell asleep, with his worrying incomplete.

Here "Buck" Collier, a six-foot shack with a twinkle in his eye and a newborn idea in his mind, glimpsed him and flipped off the scoop of a passing goat. He borrowed a lump of ice and introduced it under Ipecac's belt.

"Ah Ain't Shiverin'," Says Ipecac, the Pullman Porter —"Dat's Just Dis Rough-Ridin' Roadbed Dat's Shakin' Me to Pieces"

"Just to get your mind back on your railroading, boy," chuckled Collier as Ipecac came squalling to life. "You're fixing to go places and see things."

Ipecac was too busy harvesting ice out of his pants to grasp anything else for the moment. Then: "Gwine to hawspital, I ain't see dem three dollars for Susie."

On the next track his old love, train 130, was wheezing out of the yards. The ramshackle old teakettle gave a preliminary shudder, slipped her flat-tired drivers on the rails, and barked hoarsely as she picked up speed. As car 7 went clicking by, Ipecac noticed another porter grinning in the vestibule. His distress deepened.

"Maybe," answered Collier. "But you are going to the yardmen's annual outing first. Lots of extra for the boys around the Fourth, so we're moving our picnic up and shoving off to-morrow to celebrate. Fireworks and all. You're going along—"

Ipecac's ears tried to stick up like a rabbit's. This might beat hanging around diners for a handout. Sure could rally around rations at a picnic!

"—to work," Collier ruined it for him. "You're going to be on the program."

"Suh?" Ipecac battled with instant forebodings. Old 130's observation car was clicking under the east signal bridge now. Hope, too, was leaving a boy behind!

"You're going to put on the gloves, I mean. With another boy, for a purse of five dollars. Winner takes all."

"Fightin' who, Mist' Buck?" Dismay deepened.

"Another porter. Name's Bismarck Toombs—"

Ipecac's eyes interrupted him—by beginning to look like china doorknobs in the dark.

"Y-y-you means *I* fights dat Bismarck nigger—de one whut looked in de section fo'man's gas tank wid dat match?" Ipecac wanted to be sure he was right before he went ahead—across four or five counties!

"Sure. That's the one. All you've got to do is help rustle the grub before lunch, win five bucks licking Bismarck, after lunch, and then help with the fireworks later. We've spent a lot of money on them. And don't you need the five?"

It was the right question in the wrong place. It summarized Ipecac's whole jam. Here was the money that would save him from Susie, if—Ipecac groaned at the alternative offered. Bismarck had been looking for him for a week about that extra ace now.

With the dining car for a westbound

hot shot in tow, the yard engine was clamoring back down the tracks toward them again.

"A plug special leaves Thirty-second Street yard with us at seven ten in the morning," snapped Collier as he set practiced foot on the oncoming footboard. "You be there, or—" He left the rest to Ipecac's already seething imagination.

Ipecac dropped weakly to the platform's edge to look at his own ruins. He felt ill. Even allowing for Bismarck's two weeks in bed from the section foreman's gas tank explosion effects, he reflected, Bismarck was the stronger. Also the sorer—about that extra ace. And Susie—Mr. Ingalls shuddered, then straightened as he perceived a point newly in his favor: telling her of his dim if dire prospects for securing money might restore his status sufficiently for one night's sleep at home!

II

His optimism, concluded Ipecac as he came out of his home shortly after with his personal throttle wide open and no boards set against him, had been premature. Susie's words were still in his ears; her kitchenware still whizzing past them as he ran.

"Gwine git de money! Gwine to git it?" she was yet broadcasting in the distance. "Lemme tell you, you fo'-flushin' ape wid de itch: next time I sees you, you have *my* three dollars in *yo'* hand, or you gwine be ridin' up front de procession wid lilies on yo' vest! Boy, you pays or I pa'lyzes!"

Susie's remarks trailed off into the distance. So did Ipecac. His hunch hadn't been so hot, after all. And getting three dollars for her by entering the ring against the grudgeful Bismarck was looking more and more like stepping in front of a highliner to avoid being struck by lightning!

III

Six fifty the next morning found a gray-gilled Ipecac dodging across the steel mazes of the Thirty-second Street yard. Like the country boy on his way to town to get drunk, Ipecac was going on a picnic—and gosh, how he dreaded it!

Across the tracks he saw the switchmen's special waiting—engine, baggage car and two ancient coaches—to carry them, their guests, and families to Blanton, forty miles up the line.

Master of ceremonies Buck Collier saw him first. "Hey, get busy loading these lunch baskets into the baggage car, boy!" he barked. "Fixing to highball now."

Then times got a lot worse as a formidable figure blocked the baggage car door above him—*Bismarck!*

"You said it, white folks!" growled Bismarck. "Baskets—to pick up dis Ip'cac nigger in after I gits through wid him."

Ipecac loaded lunches. Too much had been said already. And that gasoline tank explosion might have worked on Bismarck's nerves, but it sure hadn't trimmed his size.

"Now those fireworks," directed Collier. "Load them next; and get a wiggle on."

As he finished, the conductor's "bo-o-o-ad" cut short his expostulations. The hoghead kicked the Johnson bar down in the corner, fumbled around with the cylinder cocks, cussing a blue streak at the thoroughly stuck lever, and finally jumped down on the ground and kicked the stubborn cocks shut.

Again he mounted the decrepit, spavined old ten-wheeler. He jerked the whistle cord twice and released the

air. As the escaping pressure whistled shrilly he grabbed the throttle.

With a great jerk he widened on her. The engine stood still, but the engineer swore. Again he jerked at the throttle, and at the same time he kicked at the Johnson bar.

The ancient mill roared into life,

Then in the Star-Spangled Darkness, Ipecac Felt the Train Hit Him! It Couldn't Be Anything Less

shooting water, muck, cinders and corruption out of her tall stack and over the peaceful countryside. The high drivers spun and the train banged from a dead stop to a ten mile an hour clip before the passengers had time to get done falling from the force of the impact.

Soon they were out on the high iron, rattling and banging through the midsummer morning to the click of rails and the bang-bang of flat wheels. Holiday-bound for Blanton, where cinder-crunchers were at rest!

But it was far from a holiday for Ipecac. Disconsolate he rode, measuring the miles to his doom. Bismarck was bigger; and right, too, was on his side—about that ace.

Sixty minutes later, Ipecac was again toiling in the sun; back and forth between the siding at Blanton and the picnic site just above the tracks, on a hillside. Being all good rails, they couldn't even enjoy themselves too far from the tracks!

"Spread out those fireworks handy, over by the ringside now," Buck Collier harried the helping Ipecac from a vestibule. "And step on it."

Ipecac looked mournfully at the platform near the tracks that was to be the scene of his coming downfall. Here was where he was going to get knocked for a couple of rows of elephant's eggs

—once by the bigger Bismarck, and once by that wife and creditor in one, Susie, when he came home with the loser's share of a winner-takes-all purse.

IV

All too soon, then, the luncheon of all was over; the greased pig caught; the sack race won; the three-legged race lost—and the main event of the day announced.

From his end of the baggage car, where he dressed, in low gear and lower spirits, clad in a large black bathing suit and a derby hat, emerged the ashen Ipecac. Behind him strode two over-sized yard geese, in the guise of seconds, but with the duties of guards. A firm fist in the slack of the limber-legged Mr. Ingalls's suit as they shoved him into his corner evidenced and emphasized the latter feature. If the fabric held, there would be a fight.

Then, preceded by five grinning seconds, and wearing a yellow bathing suit and fiercely smoking a cigar, came the scowling Bismarck. At which Ipecac began to pant and wheeze like a poorly packed air pump, his eyes rolling whitely.

A joyous buzzing ran through the eager assemblage. Word of the one-sided feud between Bismarck and Ipecac about the ace had but added zest to anticipation, an edge and flavor to the betting. With the big money on Bismarck. Afterward would come the fireworks: now came the fight!

"La-deeze and gent-ul-men!" the referee, Buck Collier, was bellowing jovially above the nearing thunder of the "Gulf Coaster's" daily extra-fare flight. "Before you is the reason Tunney retains the title—neither of these boys has yet entered a ring against him!"

Clickety - clack! Clickety - clack! Clickety-clack! receded the Flyer. Pittity-pat! Pittity-pat! echoed Ipecac's heart.

"First," Collier was announcing with a flourish, "Extra-ace Ipecac, the Pullman porters' pride! Stand up, Ipecac! Challenging—" He indicated the glowering Mr. Toombs—"Battling Bismarck, champion of the Thirty-second Street yards and three sand-houses! Fighting ten rounds to a decision. Purse, five dollars. Winner gets all."

Then the gong!

Followed for Ipecac by a reeling vision of the fierce-faced, yellow-clad Bismarck casting his lighted cigar superbly from him as he rose. And then more action than he had seen since old 130 hit the wagonload of watermelons opposite a darky picnic!

For instantly Bismarck was up and after him. The joyous clamor of the crowd mingled with that of an oncoming manifest freight. A savage jab dislodged the now yowling Ipecac from his safety zone behind the referee.

And just as the freight was opposite the ring, shaking the earth with its passage, an uppercut lifted Ipecac from the floor, only to drop back in time for a right hook to close one eye.

Then in the star-spangled darkness that followed, with volleyed cinders raining about his ears, Ipecac felt the train hit him! It couldn't be anything less! Especially with sudden new pandemonium all about him; the crowd going wild about something in the smoke-shot darkness that enveloped him. He heard no gong, for the ringing in his own ears. But he heard something else, something that even in his grogginess recalled those threats of Bismarck in the baggage car. Bismarck was right!

Then a depth bomb went off beneath him. The floor buckled under him. Red fusees, Roman candles, rockets, pinwheels, and set-pieces seemed flaming and roaring and soaring all about him.

"It Wasn't You—It Was the Crawd's Stampede That Wrecked the Ring"

Frenzied, battered, blinded, Ipecac fled about the smoke-shrouded ring, pawing madly with gloved hands at his closed eyes. His left foot jammed in the bucket that had been his seat. Two boards parted momentarily, to form a trap which closed again upon the squalling Ipecac's bucket-shod foot. While all about him in his fire-shot blindness rang confused and confusing outcries—the longest and loudest of them receding in a northeasterly direction.

V

Feebly, as the tumult died, Ipecac propped one rueful eye open. And gasped his bewilderment! For the flimsy ring was in ruins about his trapped feet. Mad switchmen and families were returning from all over the adjacent right-of-way—save for a quartet disappearing up the tracks to the northeast in earnest pursuit of something fast and yellow.

Then to the palpitating survivor came Mr. Buck Collier; madder than any, grimly removing Ipecac's bucket, dislodging his luckless feet from the planking, and angrily thrusting five dollars into his astounded palm!

At which incredible thing, realization suddenly seized Ipecac. He fell easily into a triumphant strut.

But the granite-faced Mr. Collier gave the hero no credit.

"Hell! It wasn't you—it was the crowd's stampede that wrecked the ring!" he rasped. "And Bismarck licked himself."

"Licked hisself?" Ipecac gurgled weakly.

"Yes. Bismarck scared himself crazy: by throwing his lighted cigar into our fireworks, and then doing his first mile in nothing flat—under the impression he'd set off another gas tank."

The Silver Switch Key

By WILSON WELLS

Author of "The Life Saver," "Battlefield of Traffic," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Temple

"JOHN CHASTEEN is alive!"

White with terror, George W. Gregory, operating vice president of the Great Southwestern Railroad, breathed the words to Malcolm Beedle, company detective chief, showing him a miniature switch key left by a stranger. At once he set out for his San Mareos ranch, taking Jarvis, his secretary; Janet, his daughter; her fiancé, Tom Fellowes—and Edwards, a company bull. Yet that night Gregory lay murdered on the floor of his private car, the key in his hand.

Sheriff Bob Martin, on the train in answer to a message from Janet, found the body. Back at San Mareos, Bob questioned Gregory's party and recognized Edwards as the man who had framed him on a liquor charge at the time Bob was freight conductor on the Great Southwestern. The mystery deepened when Frank Castrow, who had helped Bob meet Gregory's train, vanished *en route* to San Mareos.

The arrival of Mal Beedle, General Manager Reynolds and King, a private investigator, only added to Bob's troubles. Beedle, admitting knowledge of Chasteen, asked for twenty-four hours to find him. Bob locked King up when the detective accused him of

As He Stepped into the Train, Sheriff Bob Martin Had the Privilege of Seeing the Mexican Being Escorted to Jail

Fighting to Hide His Ghastly Secret, the Murderer of a Brass Hat Singles out Another Victim on the Great Southwestern Railroad

killing Gregory out of revenge for his demotion.

That night the sheriff found Beedle dead in his hotel room. A miniature lock, like one Janet had lost, lay near him. As Bob, back in his room, opened the lock with the key, a blow from behind sent him into oblivion.

This summarizes the preceding chapters.

CHAPTER XIV

SHERIFF BOB MARTIN came to life in a foggy state of mind. The pain in his head was intense, but muffled voices beyond the adobe walls of his dark prison helped a great deal to set his mind in working order. With an effort he pieced together past events. Sudden recollection of that blow from behind put him in fighting mood and he tried to reach out, only to realize that his arms were tightly bound to his sides.

Even as he struggled, the voices beyond the door subsided, and he heard the shuffle of feet. The door latch snapped, and a shaft of light appeared. Bob closed his eyes and lay perfectly still.

"Ah, he still sleeps," Bob heard a gruff voice say. "That is well. Now, Manuel, I'm leaving. In five minutes you may unstrap this man's arms. Be sure he's still out. Unstrap him and let him come to. That is all."

"*Sí, señor,*" said the man called Manuel.

"Remember. Five minutes," the first speaker repeated. "Take off that rope. Then get on your horse and beat it for the border. You don't want to

be around when they come looking for this hombre. See?"

"I shall be gone," replied Manuel.

"And in case he's showing signs of life," the gruff voice warned, "you stick your gun on him until you've got him unbound. Then march him out on the desert and ride away."

Bob heard the latch click again as the door closed. He wasn't yet quite clear on this new angle of things, but it was certain that some one would be coming out to the desert to look for him, and two gentlemen here wanted to be sure that he was alone and unarmed.

The five minutes seemed like an eternity to the sheriff. He was dying for a smoke, and he wanted to rub that bump that throbbed so on his head. But he'd soon find out what it was all about.

Bob played possum again when he heard footsteps moving toward the door. Nothing could have looked deader than he did right at that moment. Some one entered the room, and Bob knew the door had been left open because of the light that penetrated his closed lids. Then he felt rough fingers fumble with his bonds. He let himself be perfectly limp as his captor gingerly turned him on his back.

Apparently the stranger was convinced that his victim still rested in oblivion, for the fingers now moved more swiftly. Bob felt the rope finally slip from his arms.

Like a flash of lightning the sheriff went into action. Before his captor knew what was happening, Bob, with suddenly drawn knees, had let go at the man's stomach. Bob's head ached powerfully, but his brain was perfectly clear. His tremendous strength was somewhat at low ebb, but it was enough. One brief, startled cry escaped the lips of the stranger, and then his knife went slithering across the floor as Bob caught him in a viselike grip.

"Come on, greaser," Bob panted, bearing down on the man. "I want a little information from you before I wring your dirty neck."

"Uh—agh—" The Mexican could only gurgle. Just in time Bob saw the man reaching for his pistol. The sheriff grabbed at the black butt, and a second later the Mexican was cowering on the floor with Bob standing triumphantly over him.

"Now talk, and talk fast," Bob commanded, shoving the gun into the Mexican's ribs. "What's this about leaving me here on the desert?"

"I do not know, *señor,*" the man protested. "They tell me to untie you, that company would come for you."

"Company, eh?" Bob's eyes gleamed dangerously. "Were you the man who tapped me on the head? Speak up, you!"

"*Señor,* I tell you, I know nothing. They bring you here, an' they tell me to untie you at a certain hour. I know nothing more."

"Don't lie to me," Bob bawled. "You talk or I'll blow you full of holes."

"I tell you the truth, *señor.* I only do what I am told."

"Who brought me here, and who told you what to do?"

"A strange man, *señor.* I only know him as the *capitan.* This is my home."

"Listen, greaser," Bob said in cold tones. "I've got a hunch. Hear? Now you get up from there. I'm going to make you talk, but I haven't got time to waste with you now. Get up!"

The man got to his feet. Bob took the rope and, with the gun in one hand, he swung the rope with the other. In

two minutes he had the Mexican tightly bound.

"Now march!" he ordered.

The Mexican walked ahead, voicing violent protests in Spanish.

Outside Bob spotted the man's horse —a young and fresh animal.

"Load on there," he commanded. "You ride up in front of me, and be quick about it."

"*Señor*, I—"

"Move!"

The Mexican, with Bob's aid, mounted, and Bob leaped up behind. He spurred the animal and headed in a general easterly direction. Then he turned his attention to his personal effects.

His watch and money had been unmolested although his gun was gone. He had everything in the way of clothes but his hat. He surveyed the sombrero worn by his prisoner, and decided it would have to serve his purposes until he could borrow a better.

For Bob Martin was not going back to San Marcos. Not right this moment. He had a mission to perform, and no desire to lose another minute. The attack on him had seriously delayed his plans, and he couldn't afford to waste time now. He looked at his watch and did some calculating. It was 6.30. In three hours he ought to be in Los Pinos, seat of the neighboring county. No. 8, a main line passenger train on the Santa Fe, El Paso bound, was due there at ten. He had to be on that train.

He drove the horse unmercifully. More than once the animal stumbled under the double burden, but always it kept on, and Bob breathed a sigh of relief for the noble animal when the squat buildings of Los Pinos loomed ahead.

A few stragglers on the quiet main street watched the horse and the two riders clatter through the desert dust and pull to a halt in front of the sheriff's office. A man came up in query and was immediately sent in search of the Los Pinos sheriff.

A curious crowd rapidly gathered around the two. A bunch of railroad men from the near-by beanery elbowed their way in to ask questions, which Bob refused to answer. A brakeman on a passing freight grinned as he eyed the group and waved a greeting.

In a few moments the local peace officer, mustaches bristling fiercely, came up and stuck out a horny hand. He ushered Bob and his prisoner into his office.

"I hear tell you're havin' a great time of it over to San Marcos," he ventured once the door had been shut on the crowd outside. "How you gettin' along?"

"Well," replied Bob, "to tell you the truth, I don't know. I thought I was running pretty smoothly until early this morning. Now I don't mind confessing that I've got something new to puzzle out."

"How come, Martin?" the sheriff prompted. And Bob told of the second murder in the dead of the night, and the adventure in his room.

"I've had a hunch that maybe somebody was figuring I was beginning to know too much," he went on. "In fact, I guess I should have been on my guard a little more than I was."

"Think this feller, Edwards, has got anything to do with this?" the Los Pinos sheriff queried, stroking his mustaches.

"I don't like his face, and I don't like the way he looks at me," Bob admitted after a pause. "But. I don't know. It sure is a tangle, anyway you figure it. I'm suspicioning this kid-

naping stunt was somebody's delicate way of making it look like I was running away. That man with the Mexican said I was to be released at a certain minute, and unless I was supposed to be found by a searching party, I don't know what else they had up their sleeves."

"So you want me to look after this here greaser?"

"Yes. I'm grabbing the Santa Fe's No. 8. I can connect down the line with the G. S. W. and ride into El Paso. You keep this bird under cover. Keep him locked up well for me. I'm figuring on needing him bad when I get back."

The sheriff of Los Pinos promised to do his bit and Bob, taking a hat that was offered by his friend, went to the station. He had a few minutes to wait, so he wrote a long telegram to Deputy Tim Hastings at San Marcos. Before he handed it to the operator he read it over:

> Will be in El Paso to-morrow. Have important prisoner in Los Pinos jail and will bring him back with me some time Tuesday. You are in full charge in my absence. Will hold you strictly responsible. Advise Reynolds and other G. S. W. officers.

The operator who received the message promised to dispatch it at once. No. 8 whistled into town, and shortly thereafter Sheriff Martin, the missing officer of San Marcos, boarded a day coach and highballed toward the east. As he stepped into the train he had the privilege of seeing the Mexican being escorted to jail.

CHAPTER XV

It was shortly after dark when the G. S. W. connection, on which Bob Martin rode, approached the Rio Grande. In thirty minutes he would be in El Paso, and he tensed slightly as thought of what lay ahead of him there. A man who had been sitting in the seat across the aisle threw down a metropolitan newspaper in which he had been absorbed. Bob, happening to glance in the man's direction, saw several words in bold type which set his heart racing with excitement.

Outwardly calm he asked the passenger for the loan of the paper and then sat back in his seat and started to read.

He read on, rapidly. His face flushed and dangerous points of light flashed from his narrowed lids as he came to certain paragraphs:

> SAN MARCOS, April —. Almost twenty-four hours to the minute after the murder of George W. Gregory, vice president of the Great Southwestern Railroad, in his private car en route to this town, Malcolm Beedle, the company's chief of detectives, was found shot to death in a hotel room here early to-day.
>
> Robert Martin, discharged conductor of the G. S. W. system, and more lately sheriff of Gila County, mysteriously disappeared a short time after the discovery of Beedle's slaying, and State authorities are instituting a wide search for the missing officer whose name is now definitely linked to that of the Gregory family through admissions made to authorities by Janet Gregory, daughter of the slain executive . . .
>
> G. P. King, a private detective who had come to San Marcos yesterday to aid in the investigation of the murder of Gregory, was found at three o'clock this morning incarcerated in the San Marcos jail. Sheriff Martin had locked him up yesterday afternoon after King had sought to question the sheriff relative to certain points in the case.
>
> King told reporters here that Sheriff Martin had been friendly with Miss Gregory for several months, and had been in the habit of meeting the girl

secretly at night whenever she happened to visit on her father's ranch near here. Miss Gregory's engagement was announced a short time ago to Thomas Fellowes, prominent in El Paso club and society circles, and a friend of the dead executive.

Officials are following the theory that Martin's attentions to the murdered vice president's daughter were known to the executive some time before the discharge of the sheriff from railroad service on charges of carrying liquor and being asleep on duty. It is believed that Sheriff Martin felt that this charge was trumped up by the official for the sole purpose of distracting the girl's attention from him . . .

Reporters were unable to interview Miss Gregory, who is staying in the home of Timothy Hastings, G. S. W. passenger conductor and acting deputy sheriff. Fellowes, the girl's fiancé, was visibly stricken by the revelations made by Detective King, but declined to comment on the theory that Martin might be involved in the killings that had occurred.

"I am sure Miss Gregory can explain these allegations," Fellowes said, "and I certainly have nothing to say concerning them. There is nothing in this tragic thing that can change my mind about my betrothal to Miss Gregory, and I am willing to stand by to see these murders solved."

The Two Men Were Discussing the Gregory Murder and Bob Listened Intently

"Damn!" said Bob.

He didn't care so much for his own part. It was ringing in the name of Janet Gregory that smarted, stung, in fact, like a whip.

"This man King," he reflected, "*would* have to spill the whole works. Well, he'll be eating his words."

Bob had looked forward to a night of rest in El Paso, a bit of investigating the next day, then a ride back to San Mareos, arriving there on Tuesday morning. Now he began to figure just how long it might take him if he

got right on the job as soon as the train pulled into the station. If he could finish his job to-night, he could get out of El Paso early in the morning and land at San Marcos late in the afternoon. Just as the train came to a halt at the passenger station, his mind was made up.

He got to the vestibule, dropped to the platform, and hurried through the depot. Twice he thought he caught sharp glances from men who looked suspiciously like plain-clothes officers, but no one stopped him. He found a cab and made a bee line for the office of the chief police officer.

Bob spent twenty minutes with the night chief, and the result was that the head of the department was called on a private wire. The night chief talked rapidly for a moment, then turned to Bob.

"If it suits your plans, Martin," he said, "we'll get in a police car and go right out to talk with the boss."

"That's all right," Bob responded. "The sooner the better."

The night chief spoke a little more to the police head, then hung up.

"This beats me, Martin," he said, as he took his hat and led the way from the office. "We had word to look out for you as a matter of fact."

A police car whisked them rapidly through the business district, and out to where residences loomed in the darkness.

"To tell you the truth," Bob said as he settled back in the cushions, "I expected to be arrested the moment I set foot in this town. But I knew if I were to get anywhere I would have to have your help. That's what I want right now more than anything else in the world."

"You tell the boss your story," the chief said. "He'll play ball with you."

It didn't take Bob long to get acquainted with the head of the El Paso police force, and in thirty minutes, sitting there in the man's comfortable living room over cigars, he sketched the story of the double murder and the events that led up to it so far as he knew them. He even told about the silver key and the locket.

"And that's a part of this story that I've told no one else," Bob concluded. "Not even Janet Gregory knows about that key, nor does she know that I've found the locket. That is, she didn't know early this morning. What's happened since I was cracked over the head I can't tell you. All I know is that I've got one prisoner in the jail at Los Pinos, and I've got to get back to San Marcos just as soon as I can finish up here."

"Martin," the police head said, "I'll go with you to the limit. I think you're on the track of something sinister and mighty dangerous. Collins, here, is at your disposal."

"Well, then," said Bob, "I'm ready to start."

"What's the first move?" the police head queried.

"I'd like to go to George Gregory's home and have a look around," Bob replied. "I may learn a lot there."

"Let's go," said Collins.

Collins knew the Gregory home and lost no time in getting the police car headed in the right direction. Neither man spoke as the machine glided swiftly through the dark streets. In a little while the car drew up to the curb and Collins got out. Bob followed him.

The two men stood before a huge Spanish-type house set back in well-landscaped lawns. A single light shone through a window to the side. Bob followed Collins up the flagstone walk to the entrance.

After a rather lengthy pause the door opened, and an elderly woman, the housekeeper, admitted them. When Collins gruffly explained their errand the woman broke into frightened sobs, but Bob soon soothed her and persuaded her to give them the run of the house.

"Before we go into our business here," Bob said, "I wonder if you'd mind answering a few questions. I know you want to help all you can."

"Gladly," said the woman.

"Sit down, then." Bob indicated a chair and she sat stiffly on its edge while Collins wandered inquisitively about the room.

"Now what is your name?" Bob asked.

"Mrs. Wheeler," she answered.

"Mrs. Wheeler, you've been with the Gregory family a long time?"

"Ten years, sir."

"Ever hear of a man named Chasteen? Ever hear that name mentioned?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"Did Mr. Gregory ever have many callers here at the house? Men?".

"No, sir. Never."

"Never entertained friends at dinner, or anything like that?"

"He was a strange man, sir." The woman fumbled with her hands.

"How do you mean, strange?" Bob leaned forward.

"He never seemed friendly with any one. Scarcely ever."

"Surely, Mrs. Wheeler, he had some visitors for cards or for conferences. Can't you remember?"

"Well, yes," she replied after a moment of hesitation. "Once in a while some man from the office would come. But it was only on business."

"No one else?"

"Not to see Mr. Gregory. Miss Janet had many callers. Mr. Fellowes was here often."

Bob winced.

"Did he seem to be friendly with Mr. Gregory?"

"Oh, quite. I think they've known each other for a long time, sir. But Mr. Fellowes spent little or no time talking to Mr. Gregory. When he called it was usually to take Miss Janet out somewhere."

"And you never knew John Chasteen? Never saw him or heard his name mentioned?"

"No." Her eyes clouded a bit, as she tried to remember. "No. I'm positive. I've never heard that name since I've been here."

"Do you know whether Mr. Gregory was in the habit of going about armed?"

This question from Bob arrested Collins in his pacing, brought the woman suddenly forward.

"You mean, did he carry a pistol?" There was a note of fear in her voice.

"That's what I mean."

"I don't know if ever he carried one," she said. "I do know he always slept with one under his pillow."

"I wonder if you'll let us have a look at Mr. Gregory's room?" Bob rose.

"Why—why, yes," she hesitated a moment. "I don't see what harm'd be in that."

The woman led the way up the circular staircase to the upper hall. Bob and Collins followed her and she paused before the door. Slowly she opened it, reached inside and turned the wall switch. Then she entered, with Bob and Collins at her heels.

"Mr. Gregory occupied these two rooms," she explained. "This one he used as a study. That one through the door there, was his bedroom."

"If you don't mind, Mrs. Wheeler," Bob said, "we'll just take a look around. We'll not disturb or remove anything."

The woman nodded and closed the door, as she went out.

"I hate to do this, Collins," Bob spoke as he turned to the dead man's desk. "Doesn't seem right, somehow—looking into a man's things this way."

"Aw, forget it," Collins spoke up. "You don't want to be so finicky."

Bob began to search the drawers of the desk while Collins went through Gregory's bedchamber, turned the chest of drawers inside out, rummaged in the bureau, probed into the wardrobe.

Gregory, Bob was convinced, had been a most orderly man. The desk gave up little of interest. There were some letters—personal notes from Janet to her father written on different occasions when she happened to be visiting away from home. No use looking through these, unless—

Even while he hesitated, a paragraph in one of the notes struck his eyes. Janet was describing a society function in San Antonio to which she and Thomas Fellowes had been invited. Part of the show had been staged by the guests, and here, in Janet's own handwriting, was an interesting thing. At least it was interesting to Bob. He reread this paragraph, made a note on a slip of paper and put the note in his own pocket.

It took the two men something like thirty minutes to finish their task. Collins might have been working on his own case for all his industry. But at last the two faced each other in the middle of the room.

"Looks like this lead didn't pan out," Collins remarked, a trace of regret in his voice.

"Oh, not so bad as that," Bob replied. "Ever take any interest in society doings?"

"Hey! What in hell has society functions got to do with murder in the desert where you come from?"

"I'll be telling you about that later, maybe," Bob replied. "Let's go."

"Say, we oughtn't to go yet," Collins objected. "You ain't pumped that old lady downstairs like she ought to be pumped. Not by a long shot."

"Collins, she can't tell me a thing I don't know already," Bob retorted.

"Well, it's your grief," Collins assented. "Only if I was doin' it I'd put that housekeeper on the grill, I would. But if you won't, what's your next play?"

"I'd like to meet some guy who will let me look at back files of newspapers," Bob answered quietly. "If you can fix that up—"

"Can I!" Collins threw out his chest. "You come with me."

The men thanked Mrs. Wheeler, went out to the police car, and the next stop was a newspaper office. Collins knew the city desk man by his first name, and shortly Bob found himself in the newspaper's library with plenty of work ahead of him.

"When I get through here," he told Collins, "I'll grab the first train back west. If you want to get back to the office, I'll get along all right."

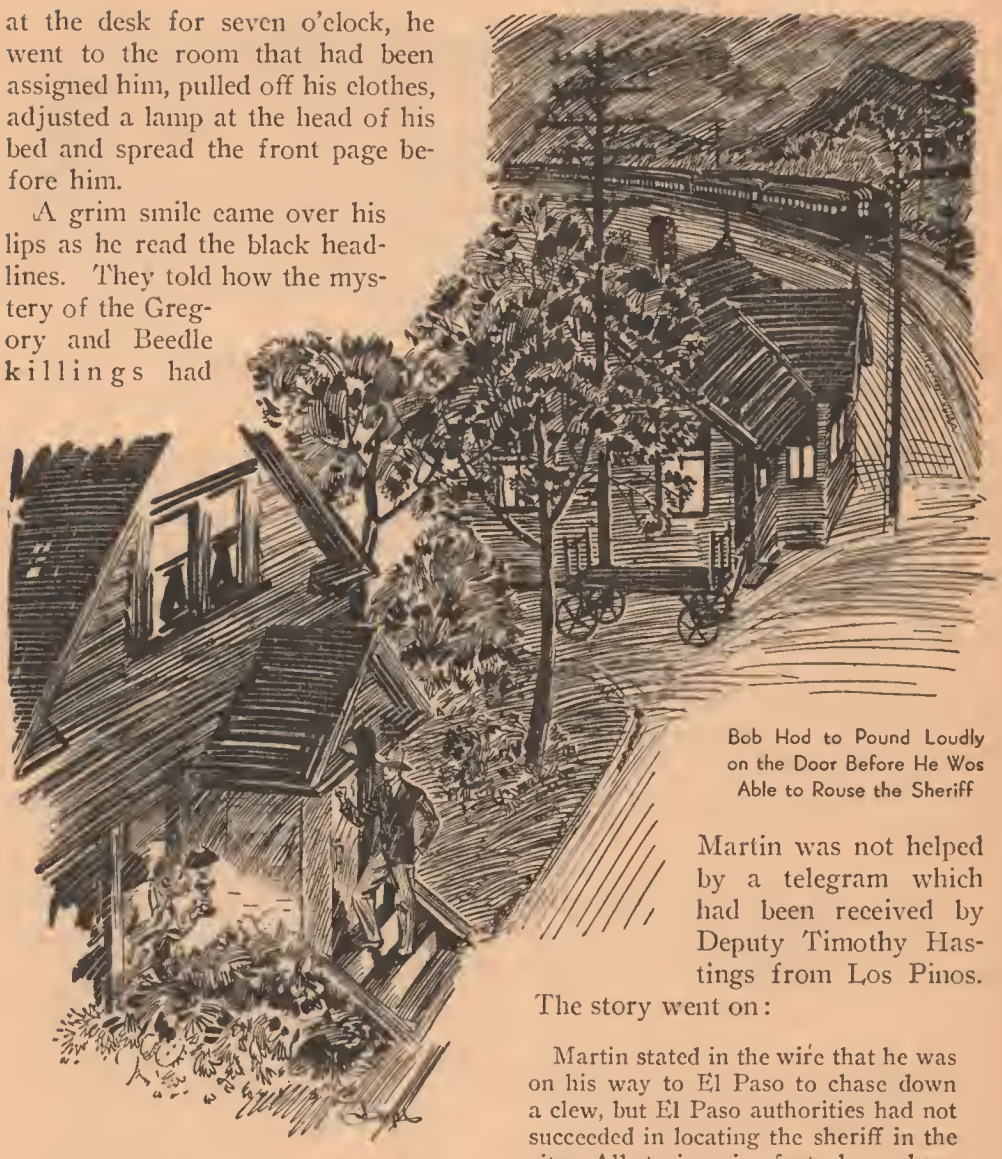
Soon after, Collins took his departure, and Bob settled down to his search. The volume before him was dated 1905.

CHAPTER XVI

At midnight Sheriff Bob Martin left the newspaper office. He bought a morning newspaper and went to a hotel near the station. Leaving a call

at the desk for seven o'clock, he went to the room that had been assigned him, pulled off his clothes, adjusted a lamp at the head of his bed and spread the front page before him.

A grim smile came over his lips as he read the black headlines. They told how the mystery of the Gregory and Beedle killings had deepened with what now looked like the sure disappearance of the San Marcos sheriff.



Bob Hod to Pound Loudly on the Door Before He Wos Able to Rouse the Sheriff

A picture of Gregory and another of Janet glared out from the page. Bob was glad that they had been able to dig up no picture of him. It might have interfered greatly with his plans. The story dealt with the fact that the mysterious disappearance of Sheriff Martin was not helped by a telegram which had been received by Deputy Timothy Hastings from Los Pinos. The story went on:

> Martin stated in the wire that he was on his way to El Paso to chase down a clew, but El Paso authorities had not succeeded in locating the sheriff in the city. All trains, in fact, have been watched, and all motor trails, but at a late hour last night the whereabouts of Martin could not be determined.

Then Bob read a paragraph which caused him to sit up and run nervous fingers through his tousled hair. It read:

> Frank Castrow, freight conductor, with whom the sheriff rode to Fielding to meet the vice president's train on

the night of the murder, was apprehended on the desert by the party that was sent out in search of Martin. Castrow was found bound and gagged in an adobe house far to the southeast of San Marcos, and, when taken by the posse, refused to speak or to reveal why he had disappeared from a passenger train on which he was riding back from Howie to San Marcos on Saturday morning. He was locked up as a material witness in the San Marcos jail.

Bob stared long into space.

"They must have had Frank in that place where I found myself when I woke up," he said from between clenched teeth. "If I'd taken the trouble to look into the other rooms of that house, I might have saved myself a lot of fuss."

Bob finished the story, the same grim smile returning to his features. Then he turned out the light, and in five minutes he was enjoying the first real rest he'd had since the hour in which he'd received Janet Gregory's telegram.

. . . . .

Bob came out of it when the telephone jangled loudly at seven. At breakfast he bought another morning paper to check on the events of his disappearance. The late edition gave little additional information beyond the fact that San Marcos authorities had checked on the telegram from Los Pinos and had found that Sheriff Martin had indeed ridden in on Sunday morning with a Mexican bound up securely. The story quoted the Los Pinos sheriff as stating that the prisoner was in the Los Pinos jail and would be held there until Sheriff Martin called for him. The charge against the Mexican was attempted assault with a deadly weapon. The Mexican was a stranger and could give no satisfactory account of himself, according to the Los Pinos sheriff.

Detective King, so the story said, issued a statement in which he charged that the arrest of the Mexican was but a ruse of Martin's to cover his trail. King further opined, the paper stated, that in his opinion Sheriff Martin had not gone anywhere near El Paso, but by this time probably was over the Mexican border.

Bob went back to his room and got the head of the police department on the phone.

"Over in the G. S. W.'s general offices," he told the chief, "is some information that I've got to have, and, as a last favor, I wonder if you'd detail a man to get it for me."

"If we can't get it," the chief replied, "I'll stand the treat. What is it you want?"

Bob rapidly gave directions, then sat back in his chair with nothing to do but wait. His thoughts turned to Frank Castrow, and shortly he found himself absorbed in going back over all the events of the past few days. It occurred to him as rather funny that a man who had been used to rolling wheels, rattling freight cars and bouncing cabooses all his life should now find himself the central figure in a murder tangle of nationwide interest.

A knock sounded and, going to the door, Bob found Collins waiting.

"Come on in," Bob said. "Thought you'd be in bed now."

"Not me, my friend," Collins returned. "Not when there's something hot in the wind. The boss told me about you wantin' this personal record dope from the railroad offices, and I sure as hell got it." Collins laid out two sheafs of papers.

"These are the personal records of George Gregory and Mal Beedle, all

right," Bob said, eying the files rapidly. "Now whether they tell me anything that I want to know is another matter."

Collins puffed a cigar while Bob started to read, making notes as he went along. The whole process took perhaps a half hour, then he folded the files in order and handed them to Collins.

"What's it look like?" Collins queried.

"Just what I figured on," Bob replied. "Gregory came up from train service. Saw duty as a brakeman and freight conductor, then was promoted to trainmaster and came on up the line through a superintendency. He was fifty-five when he died and had been with the G. S. W. system since 1907—twenty-four years. Beedle's service with the railroad started in 1918 as a yard bull in El Paso. That's when Gregory was made general super. Beedle was promoted to chief bull of the railroad in 1927—that's when Gregory took the vice presidency."

"An' is that all you get from that batch of documents?" Collins asked disappointedly as he turned to Bob.

"Doesn't seem like a lot," Bob admitted. "But at least it's something. It'll all help in piecing together the links in this chain I'm working up."

The two men talked briefly, then Collins took the files and departed. As soon as the El Paso police officer was out of the room, Bob turned to his notes and studied them for perhaps a half hour. Then he decided that his best play was to get back to San Marcos at once. He would have to figure out a way so that his arrival there would be under cover of night. He was convinced of one important thing. Once he arrived at that point he would have to act fast. Most of all, he had to talk to Frank Castrow in private, for Frank Castrow could answer one question which might shed light on many things.

CHAPTER XVII

Bob Martin left El Paso on the Southern Pacific. He rode to a junction point some hours away from the city, then changed to another line which would carry him to the south and west. All through the hot afternoon he looked from a coach window over the barren expanses of desert country, and envied the conductor of every freight train they passed. Around suppertime he made another change of cars. He was now headed for Los Pinos, and, barring any unforeseen events, he would arrive in that town shortly before midnight.

Two men in the seat ahead of him were conversing loudly above the roar of the train. The subject was the Gregory murder, and Bob listened intently for a while, then, hearing nothing new, he settled back in disgust. More and more he was wishing for the quiet of his old red caboose, a hundred cars or so of anything at all, and a gentle engineer on the sharp end.

Well, if ever he got out of this mess, he knew what he'd do. They could have their job of sheriff. Take it and go hang for all of him. He was going to blow, pull the pin, quit, resign and walk out on it, all in a bunch. He could get a job on some other railroad somewhere. Start all over again. Brakeman on the extra board at first, then a regular turn, and so on until he could again become a conductor. Better anything than this criminal business which, after all, was nothing if not bewildering to a man of main line mind.

Then he wondered about Janet Gregory. Here she was, brought into

the murder mess by a loud-mouthed dick, and probably wondering a lot of things herself about a certain young man that chance had made a sheriff. What did he have to offer her if she did break her engagement and come to him? Old Gregory had indeed been a brakeman once, but Janet had never known those days. He doubted if Janet would know how to live on the wages a brakeman could earn for her. The more he thought about these things, the more miserable he became.

"Los Pinos!"

A brakeman shouted the word from the end of the day coach, the air brakes bit the wheels, and Sheriff Martin looked at his watch. Brought thus suddenly out of his reverie, he got to his feet and went to the vestibule to unload.

There were no signs of life in the desert town other than the yellow patch of light in the railroad telegraph office, above which a green eye winked, then changed to red as the westbound train gathered speed and passed on its way across the wastes.

Bob knew where his friend, the Los Pinos sheriff, lived, so he lost no time in going there. He had to pound loudly on the door before he was able to rouse the sheriff. At last, however, the door swung open. "Come on in, friend Martin," the Los Pinos officer said. "This ain't much of a decent time fer a sociable call."

"I'm afraid it's no sociable call, sheriff," Bob said. "I came for a gun and a horse. I'm heading home tonight."

"Reckon I can fix you up," said the sheriff. "I see by the papers that you been missin' quite a spell now," he added, blue eyes twinkling as he peered at his visitor.

"Longer than I wanted to be, at that," Bob grinned. "What have you heard over here that's interesting?"

"Well, I see a feller named King," admitted the Los Pinos man. "He come over here to check up on whether you'd actually been around."

"What did he have to say?" Bob asked.

"He just 'lowed as how you was a goner, sure enough. I told him he was barkin' through his hat an' that you'd be showin' up in a way he least expected. Looks like I told him about right."

"Did he want to see my prisoner?" Bob pressed.

"He did," the sheriff of Los Pinos replied, "but he didn't get nowheres. I asked him for his authority, an' he said he was operatin' on behalf of the railroad company an' the district attorney. I said if any one wanted to talk to yore prisoner he'd have to be a recognized officer of the law."

"Then what did he say?" Bob asked.

"He said it was all poppycock anyhow," the sheriff of Los Pinos grinned. "He said something about it bein' just a ruse on yore part, an' that you never would show up an' I better let the Mexican go."

"You've still got the Mexican, though, haven't you?"

"I got him unless somebody's done broke down my jail by now," the Los Pinos man replied. "But say. You ain't been doin' nothin' but askin' me a heap of questions. Now I'm gonna ask you a couple."

"What?"

"Have you found out who did this here murder on the train?"

"I know who committed the murder. In fact, there isn't any doubt in my mind as to who committed both murders." Bob frowned and leaned

closer to the Los Pinos man. "If I don't get on my way, I may be too late to prevent another death—and if I'm not mistaken it's a death I sure don't want to have to hear about?"

"The hell you say!" There was a cold glint in the eyes of the Los Pinos man. "Listen, pardner, you don't need me to give you a helpin' hand, do you?"

"I'm afraid, my friend, that what I've got ahead of me in the next few hours is something that I have to do alone."

"Then I better get you a hoss," said the Los Pinos officer. "I got a gun you can carry. Got a holster?"

Bob felt under his shirt. His shoulder holster was fixed in place. The sheriff of Los Pinos crossed the room, pulled out a drawer, and brought a healthy looking .38 to light. He gave Bob some extra cartridges and passed the revolver over. Bob examined it, saw that it was set for duty and slipped it under his left armpit.

"All right, now, Martin," the older man drawled. "Let's go out to the barn an' I'll see what we can outfit you with. Got a bay out here that needs some good hard ridin', an' I expect you ain't figgerin' on sparin' a hoss any."

The Los Pinos man then led the way out the back door and down to the barn. The three horses in the stalls blinked at the light of the lamp he carried. Bob picked out the bay, and the sheriff of Los Pinos saddled up for him.

"There you are, pardner," said Bob's host, leading the horse into the open air. "Luck to you, son."

"Thanks," Bob said simply.

He rode away under the desert stars with a tenseness in his muscles and a steely gleam in his eyes at the thought of what lay before him.

Bob lost no time in giving the bay its head. He worked his way almost directly northward until he came to the bed of a dry wash that was cut deep between some scarred cliffs. Here the footing was better, and he speeded up a bit now, bearing a little to the north and west. He would have known this country with his eyes shut. Years before, as a boy, he had ridden out to these wastes with his own pony many a time.

Thus the trail led him for almost another hour, and then he began a slow treacherous climb up a steep embankment where the footing was poor. There was no moon, and here in the shadows the going was particularly hard. He had just reached the top of the slope when he drew in sharply on his reins. The bay had suddenly snorted and reared up.

Snake. That was Bob's first thought. Then—

"Plop!"

The horse stood stock still as the sound came to Bob's ears, now strained for sound of any movement in the shadows. That noise had been a shot.

"Plop!"

A second report came across the stillness. Bob turned in his saddle, trying to make out the direction of the sound. Then he swung his horse about, digging his heels into the animal's flanks. The bay responded and swung into a hard run, through the shifting sands toward where a stark butte loomed like a shadow of menace in the threatening night.

Even more suddenly now than before the bay again reared up, almost throwing its rider from the saddle. Bob listened intently, but heard nothing. He tried to edge the horse forward, but the bay wouldn't move. So Bob got from the saddle, hooked the reins over

his shoulder, and started walking forward.

And then Bob Martin stopped dead in his tracks. Fifty feet ahead of him he saw something dark sprawled in the sand. The horse again snorted. Bob succeeded in edging a little nearer. Then he came up to the object and dropped to his knees.

"Too late!" he breathed.

Before him was the body of a man. In the apparently lifeless right hand a gun was held, the fingers closed over the butt of it, the smell of powder strong in the barrel.

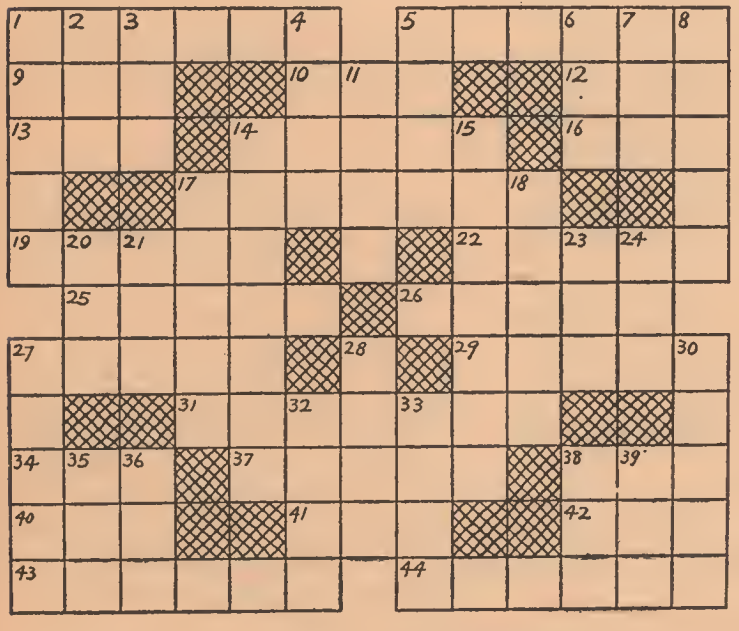
Bob Martin turned the lean hulk over and with wide eyes looked into the drawn face of Frank Castrow.

"Frank!" he called, panic for the moment seizing him. "Frank!"

TO BE CONCLUDED

CROSSWORD PUZZLE
By H. A. Stimson

(Answers appear in advertising section)



VERTICAL

1 When you're in the clear.
2 Employ.
3 Brotherhood.
4 Black ones reject.
5 On the briny.
6 Female bird.
7 C. St. P. M. & O. (ab.)
8 Dwarf signals.
11 This month.
14 Fine flours.
15 Tricky guy.
17 Western Express & Ry. signals.
18 Having ears.
20 Devoured.
21 Terminal railway association.
23 Grassy field.
24 Main ingredient in oatmeal.
27 To have done this and lost is better than not at all.
28 Number.
30 First "sig." on a "31."
32 Former pres. of the W. U.
33 They who sow do this.
35 American Railway Express.
36 A poor fish.
38 Tie loose; pull the pin; scat.
39 Be indebted.

HORIZONTAL

1 Confusion of voices.
5 Boat's brake.
9 Oregon Short Line.
10 Adjusts (Tel. code).
12 Australian bird.
13 Southern general.
14 Leaks in these weaken the jack.
16 Girl's name.
17 Town in Idaho. N. P., U. P.
19 Ticket stamp.
22 Circles of light.
25 Hauled by a jack.
26 Kentucky town on the L. & N.
27 Some of us never do.
29 "Ro's' biff; ro's' pork, 'am."
31 Seasoned.
34 Vagrant. (ab.)
37 Sour. (Ger.)
38 The arm of the law.
40 Age.
41 Man's name.
42 What you talk to the super with.
43 Switch.
44 Switchman who follows up.

On the Spot — "Let's Talk It Over"

WHEN Gilbert A. Lathrop wrote "Tallowpot," the great serial which begins in RAILROAD MAN'S next month, he drew from his own experiences in firing for the Denver & Rio Grande Western.

Yes, sir, Gilbert learned his railroading in the engine cab, and inherited the love of it from his father, who is today a hogger in passenger service running out of Grand Junction, Colorado. Both Lathrops are enthusiastic about our magazine. Gilbert comments:

You're on the right track with articles like "Six-Hour Day" in the April issue, "The Other Side of the Picture" in May, and "Who's Your Boss?" in June. I asked a brakeman for his opinion. Here it is:

"The boys out here don't see where the magazine can be improved. I used to read the old RAILROAD MAN'S, but the new one has it backed off the map. I read all the fiction, but not all the articles. That one in May about the Frisco bucking bus competition was dandy."

I suggest you publish one more short story each month and one less article. Omit articles about railroad presidents and officials, and in their stead tell about outstanding hoggers, tallowpots, conductors and brakemen. In January, 1930, you had a feature called "Right-Hand Side," by Edwin C. Hill, dealing with John Draney, hogger on the Lackawanna. That's the kind of article railroaders like to read.

Why not get good fiction about all branches of service? Every rail—boiler washer, engine watchman, boiler maker, bridge gang workman—is interested in his own branch of service.

Whenever two or more rails get together, they squat on the ends of ties like a flock of crows and tell railroad lies and true yarns, either exciting or humorous. Introduce something technical in the conversation and they go to sleep. Give 'em fiction!

* * *

First of a Series on Fast Runs

"Cupid" Childs's "Flight of the Century" aroused so much interest that we are collecting material for a series of articles on fast runs in the United States, Canada, and foreign countries. The first two of this series—"Death Valley Scotty's Great Run" and "Across the Continent in 67 Hours"—appear in this issue. Have you readers any suggestions for future articles?

* * *

"Flight of the Century" interested me, not only because it was an entertaining bit of reading, but also because I know the author by sight and have "cleared" him many times while working reliefs in the telegraph offices at Laurel yard and Billings, Mont.

And more power to Griff Crawford. That man certainly knows railroaders, particularly dispatchers. Several of the boys in the local dispatcher's office buy your magazine each month. The first thing they do is open to the table of contents, and if there is a story by "that Santa Fe train detainer" they turn to it first thing.

C. R. "CHICK" BLISS,
Telegrapher, N. P. Railway,
Box 200, Livingston, Mont.

* * *

"'The Twentieth Century Limited' is quite different from the limited I

rode on in 1865," writes J. H. Andrews, "The Scout" of Humboldt, Kansas, author of "My Greatest Scare" in our May number. He writes:

There was no Pullman in 1865, no diner, no Westinghouse air, no vestibule, no water cooler—the brakeman would bring water from the engine in a copper kettle, then pass it down the coaches. One cup for the right side and another for the left.

* * *

From a Brotherhood Editor

We asked John F. McNamee, editor and manager of the *Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen's Magazine*, what he thought the brothers would like to read about in RAILROAD MAN'S. He replied:

The policy of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE to cooperate with the brotherhoods is indeed fine. You are working in the right direction.

It seems to me that articles on the competition offered by busses, trucks, and other means of transportation to railroads would interest readers, as well as articles on the unemployment situation, and on some of the new developments of this machine age.

One thing we face in this modern world is that moral progress must keep abreast of mechanical progress. Those who own and control the use of new devices must learn to exercise justice, honor, and mercy in wielding their power. Man is still a creature of heart and mind, not of nuts and bolts and motors.

* * *

The Six-Hour Day

Support for the six-hour day comes from an unexpected source. Lewis J. Brown, president of the Kellogg Company, cereal manufacturers, Battle Creek, Mich., inaugurated the six-hour day last December at the company's plant, and found the change so satisfactory that it will be maintained permanently.

Among the results are: (1) Twenty per cent more persons employed, (2) increased daily production, and (3) decreased overhead, because more packages per dollar are produced. Brown says further, speaking in behalf of the plan:

It seems probable that American business will soon face the need of providing for a short work day and at a wage providing for a decent standard of living, if we are to keep our people busy and stabilize our prosperity.

* * *

Who Wants a Job?

Charley Sullivan reports the U. S. Shipping Board, 45 Broadway, New York City, is looking for firemen with coal-burning experience, not afraid of hard work, for jobs aboard ship. Maybe you know Charley—he's a boomer fireman, switchman, conductor, yardmaster. One year he worked on sixteen roads.

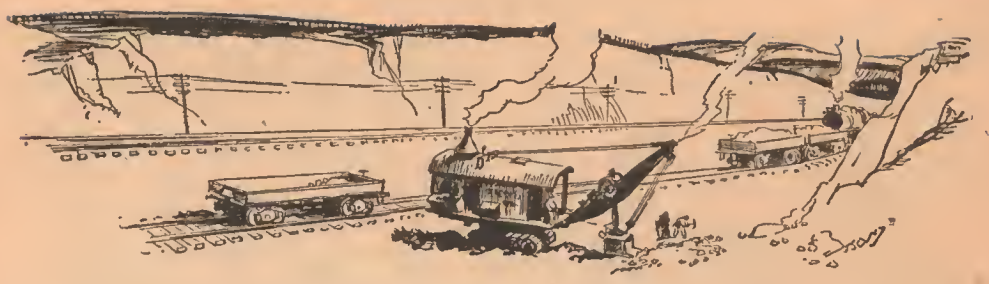
* * *

Juice or Steam?

This argument is open to everybody, but the electric boys seem to have the advantage:

Electricity is not coming, it is here! In yard service alone, one electric switch engine is equivalent to three steam engines. In local passenger service, an electric multiple-unit train can be at the next station before one hauled by a steam engine clears the station platform. In freight service electrics will be able to get over the road with the same facility a passenger train does now.

Think what it will mean to the engine crew! No more filling the tank on freezing winter nights



with a 40-mile breeze blowing through the fireboy's sweat-soaked shirt; no more haling in a mixture of concrete and asbestos with a No. 7 scoop shovel with the pointer on the steam gage pointing at the tallowpot instead of at the engineer. Nothing to do but keep your eye skinned for signals.

ROBERT GLASSEY, JR.,
90-38 220th St., Queens Village, N. Y.

* * *

In defense of J. W. D. of Jacksonville, Fla., I'd like to say I've seen a C. N. R. engine of the 4000 class, 2-10-2 type, hauling 200 freight cars at 20 miles an hour on the level.

W. H. G.,
Toronto, Canada.

* * *

J. W. D. asks if any one ever heard of an electric jack breaking the speed record of 120 miles per hour made by Engine No. 111 on the A. C. L. It may be of interest to him to note that in 1912 in Germany two electric motor cars on a test run, carrying regular loads, made 130.5 miles per hour.

A. M. MCLIND,
9837-86 Ave., Edmonton, Alta., Canada.

* * *

I'd enjoy seeing an article on the Erie's Diesel-electric powered cars. Regarding the "Ro-Railer" article in your June issue: The Morristown & Erie, a small road in New Jersey, used such a rail-bus as far back as 1923. I was a regular reader of RAILROAD MAN'S before the war—not only here, but when I lived in South Africa in 1916 and 1917.

STEPHEN G. RICH,
94 Claremont Ave., Verona, N. J.

* * *

I'd like to see more articles about the electric jacks. I agree with T. F., of British Columbia, but railroads don't run for the thrill of it. They run to serve the public and increase their own income. They're changing to electricity to economize.

ROBERT BARBER,
157 Washington St., Morristown, N. J.

* * *

Here's a way to show up these electric crates—hook up a 125-ton Shay logging engine and a 125-ton juice jack. The Shay would yank that electric jack backward so durn quick the hog in the juice engine would get an eyeful of cinders.

Up in the logging country near Tacoma I've seen 95-ton Shays yank 20 flats stacked high with logs up an 11 per cent grade—and some of this track was floating in quicksand. I doubt if any 95-ton juice engine can do that.

JIM EVANS,
5121 Oakland St., Los Angeles.

* * *

Identifications and Missing Men

You asked for identification of men pictured on pages 212 and 213 of the May issue in the feature "When the President Rides." The man standing in the cab, on page 212, is Tom Edmondson, then fireman, later engineer, since deceased. His engineer was Louis Ledger, now running Los Angeles to San Diego, Santa Fe passenger train No. 74 and 71.

As for the poem, "Back on the Santa Fe" (August, 1930), the engineers mentioned are here on passenger runs except R. T. (Dick) Warner and W. A. Baldwin who have passed on. We have a number of grand old men here who are good for many years.

C. A. BALDRIDGE,
Fireman A. T. & S. F.
4220 East 55th St., Maywood, Calif.

* * *

The C. & S. engineer with Roosevelt (page 213, May issue) is Birchard, since deceased.

VICTOR GOODWIN,
1155 Vine St., Denver, Colo.

* * *

On picking up a copy of your February, 1931, issue the other day, I was pleasantly surprised to note that the frontispiece pictured my father, John T. Vernor, standing with the De Witt Clinton train, of which he is the last surviving passenger.

R. E. VERNOR,
Tekonsha, Mich.

* * *

Where are E. A. Williamson and C. F. Williams? If they're dead, I'd like to know where they're buried, and other details. I last heard of Williamson on the Santa Fe out of Richmond, Calif., about 1927.

EUGENE M. DOHERTY,
U. S. Submarine R-20, Navy Yard,
Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

I'd like to hear from E. C. Cooper. Last seen in Fort Worth, Texas. We worked at Los Angeles in 1922. He'll remember Indio, Calif., on the

S. P.; also the Cotton Belt. I was formerly a conductor on the "Mo. P."

F. H. Holley,
Box 3057, Cristobal, Canal Zone.

* * *

I once worked for the New Haven in Connecticut. Would like news from the brothers around Bridgeport.

Don Richmond,
1222 E. Main St., Stockton, Calif.

* * *

Engine Models and Forest Fires

Letting you into a little secret: We have two beautiful front covers coming in the near future. One shows a locomotive plunging through a forest fire, the other an engine-model builder at work. We'd like to publish letters from readers on interesting experiences with forest fires or any other fires on railroad property. Also letters from model builders who have not yet appeared in this magazine. Can anybody loan us good clear photos of railroad fires?

In April we published a request for information on the Olympia exhibition at London and have received the following replies:

What was probably the largest model railway in the world was part of the *Daily Mail* schoolboys' exhibition. The layout consisted of 720 yards of "O" gauge track. There were six main lines, numerous sidings, junctions and yards, correctly signaled and interlocked. Commercial exhibitors ran their models on the railway.

George Krambles,
7620 Sheridan Rd., Chicago.

* * *

In the Olympian exhibition power was supplied to locomotives by means of a third rail. Only a low voltage was used, 10 or 15 volts, D. C. Models of famous steam express engines hauled exact replicas of the trains they regularly work in actual practice. Models of switching engines were shown at work in yards, while the latest type freight locomotives could be seen working fast goods trains.

Miniature railroading is very popular in England. We have numerous model railway clubs.

Ian MacNab,
12 Lenham Rd., Lee, London, S. E. 12, England.

* * *

Where can I see model locomotives? I live near Pittsburgh, Pa.

John M. Lugenbill,
715 Whitney St., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

I am a member of the New York Society of Model Engineers. You printed a picture of the C. N. J. tank engine at my request, and I thank you. Another member, Warren Crater, C. N. J. fireman, loaned me two blue prints of this type locomotive, and I am scaling them down to 4 mm. to the foot. As soon as I can get the materials, I will start to build a model of this engine.

Morris Brownstein,
72 Boerum St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

An Argument Over Watches

A shack told Lewis Robbins his Hamilton 21-jewel watch varied only ten seconds in two weeks. Robbins, in the May issue, said he doubted if any watch would do that. Here are a few answers:

The shack was undoubtedly correct in saying his watch ran within ten seconds in two weeks. Any well-adjusted and properly cared-for watch should duplicate this.

I am an ex-rail telegrapher and the question of watch timing has always interested me, as my father is a jeweler. I carry a 21-jewel Hamilton. It averages .27 second variation per day for a period of three months. The big secret is this: *Wind your watch at the same time every day!* An hour's difference in the time of winding will throw your watch all off. In the case of the Hamilton, it will make a difference of approximately ten seconds.

E. Stuart Davis,
50 Manchester St., Manchester, N. H.

* * *

Some years ago a fellow railroader had a Burlington Special, and every day for thirty days or more his watch was right on the second when the time came over the wires. I bought one of them and it did the same until I dropped it on the floor.

H. E. R.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

I am carrying a 23-jewel Hamilton. It stays within the minimum—twenty seconds in thirty days. Probably the brakeman's watch was outlawed.

A. W. Barker,
Portsmouth, O.

* * *

I carry an 18-size, 21-jewel Illinois special. From February 1, 1923, to July 30, 1923, it was inspected twelve times. On February 1 it was ten seconds slow; February 15, seven seconds slow; March 3, five seconds slow; March 15, O. K.; April 2, O. K.; April 16, O. K.; May 1, O. K.; May 17, three seconds slow; June 2, O. K.; June 14, three seconds fast; July 1, O. K., and July 15, O. K. That's how good my watch is.

Paul W. Cruikshank,
708 W. Stoughton St., Urbana, Ill.

* * *

Back in 1923 I purchased a 21-jewel Hamilton, size 992. I fired for six years, and in that time

my inspection cards never showed a variation of more than 30 seconds in two-week periods—without touching.

P. K. H.,
Saginaw, Mich.

* * *

I have a Hamilton 992, 21-jewel. On April 16, 1931, the card showed eight seconds fast—no set. On May 9 it was twelve seconds fast. In twenty-three days' service it gained only four seconds.

T. P. JOHNSON (Frisco Fireman),
128 Davidson St., Chaffee, Mo.

* * *

I've had three fine watches—an Illinois Bunn's Special, an Elgin B. W. Raymond (21-jewel), and a Hamilton, but the B. W. Raymond had them all beat. I had a job down in Florida during the boom, switching on the Seaboard Air Line. I'd pull pins on those reefers, throw switches, fall off of box cars—with my watch in the bib of my overalls. Yet it varied only 9 seconds in 2 weeks.

GEORGE MILLER,
Box 139, Toledo, Ohio.

* * *

Friend Robbins can feel sure that his rear shack was not stretching a point. I have a 23-jewel Howard that has been in continual use for the past 22 years. It was set to the time tick sent out by the Navy department at noon on September 15, 1930, and was at noon on May 14, 1931, when set by the same signal. It was just 69 seconds slow, averaging 9.2 seconds lost time per month.

In my profession of marine engineer, my watch gets temperature changes from temperate to tropical zones, together with a certain amount of knocks and—what is worse—salt air.

B. HAIGH,
547 4th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Our Own Language

"We haven't seen these in print," say A. W. Barker, N. & W. Ry., Y. M. C. A., Portsmouth, O., and A. J. Woods, 2 Fifth St., Oneonta, N. Y.:

BLACKIE—Fireman.
CHERRY PICKER—Switch tender.
DECORATE—To go on top of any car.
GREASE MONK—Car oiler.
HOT FOOT—Fast worker.
IRON SKULL—Boilermaker.
LADDER—Switching lead.
MAIN PIN—Master mechanic.
MOONLIGHT MASTER MECHANIC—A night roundhouse foreman.
NUT BUSTER—Machinist.
NUT TAPPER—Locomotive inspector.
PECK—Twenty minutes allowed for lunch.
TOADS—Derailers.
WABASH—To corner cars going in adjoining tracks.

* * *

Unusual Train Order

Noting that you publish train orders from time to time, I'm sending you the following C. M. & St. P. order, received by me as conductor. It is interesting for the number of trains mentioned in it and for the fact that it is issued to conductors rather than locomotives. This custom is now obsolete—in fact, there are thousands of living rails that never even heard of such a thing:

To All Trains East & West

Lewistown, June 27, 1914

Work Train J. P. Smeltzer Condr. between Montague Falls yard and Waltham Work Train Bates Condr. between Falls yard and Highwood Two Work Trains Harnack and Wishard Condrs. between Salem and Highwood Work Train Steel Condr. between Highwood and Shonkin Work Train Shanley Condr. between Big Sag and Montague Work Train Padden Condr. between Montague and Geraldine Work Train Placey Condr. between Square Butte and Arrow Creek and Two Work Trains Cook and Kirwan Condrs. between Pownal and Arrow Creek will protect against Extra East and West Rawls Condr. between Geraldine and Arrow Creek against Extra East Welch Condr. between Falls yard and Arrow Creek and against (14) Fourteen extras East and West O'Dell, McDougal, Driscoll, Carlson, Bittner, Tobin, A. G. Smeltzer, Bacon, Armitage, Placey, Kirwan, Wandell, Shellaberger and Vanderwalker Condrs. Between Arrow Creek and Highwood until Seven 7 P.M.

12 M J W

C. C. STEEL,
President, The Labor National Bank of Montana, Three Forks, Mont.

* * *

Front Cover Reproductions

Could your cover pictures be printed another size? It is hard to get frames to fit as they are nearly square. The standard stock of frames is either 7 x 9 or 8 x 10.

J. T. HILES,
569 E. Berrien St., Galesburg, Ill.

Although our pictures are printed for square frames, they can be mounted on a mat of any size or shape desired.

We still have a few reproductions left of front covers for December, 1930, and January, February, April, and May, 1931, which we'll send you at 2 cents each (no coupon needed) as long as the supply lasts.

Back numbers of RAILROAD MAN'S less than a year old may be obtained from Frank A. Munsey Co., 280 Broadway, New York City, at twenty-five cents each. Older issues sell at thirty-five cents as long as the supply holds out. Copies dating back of December, 1929, are no longer available.

RAILROAD RHYMES

David B. Carse, Jr., 13 S. Andover Ave., Margate, N. J., sent this epitaph for James E. Valentine, locomotive engineer killed in a collision. It is carved on his tomb in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va.:

UNTIL the brakes are turned on Time,
Life's throttle valve shut down,
He wakes to pilot in the crew
That wears the martyr's crown.

On schedule time on upper grade
Along the homeward section,
He lands his train at God's roundhouse
The morn of resurrection.

His time all full, no wages docked;
His name on God's pay roll.
And transportation through to Heaven,
A free pass for his soul.

* * *

O'Shaughnessy

ME name it is O'Shaughnessy,
A section-hand I used to be.
One day a brakeman came to me,
And spoke to me quite plain.

Says he to me: "Oh! How do you do?
That's not the work for a man like you
We need a man to fill our crew,
To go braking on the train.

"Fifty dollars a month we pay,
That's better than your one-ten a day,
And you don't have to sweat your life away
When braking on a train.

"And a better chance you never did see,
A brass-bound con you'll surely be."
His language quite bewildered me,
So I went braking on a train.

I stood in the yard with a lamp in me hand;
They told me on top of the cars to stand,
I'd given a million to be on land,
But I shut up and was game.

The devils kept me on the lope
Packing hot boxes and carrying dope,
And I used a pound and a half of soap,
A-scrubbing every stain.

They sent me around with links and pins;
I fell in a ditch and skinned me shins,
I thought it was time to confess me sins,
Oh, my, I was sore and lame!

One night we went out on old 88,
We came in about a half a day late,
Then unloaded nine million tons of freight,
I was braking on that train.

Says the con to me: "Ever brake before?"
I answers, "No! And I won't any more!"
And the con he laughed till his sides were sore
At the brakeman on his train.

So now with braking I am done,
No more on top of the cars I'll run,
May the devil take the son-of-a-gun,
Who put me braking on the train.

* * *

The Pension Line

By Lee R. Young
P. R. R. Telegrapher, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

WAL, I'm drivin' in, boys!
The evenin' shadows fall;
I'll unharness old Nell now
An' leave her in the stall.

There's yet an hour till sundown,
You boys kin work on through;
But only a wee mite longer
An' you'll be unhitchin', too.

An' don't you care if they pity,
If they pat your back, don't mind;
It's jes' a common failin'
Of our human kind.

Why, it's jes' a day of God's makin'—
Our sun's jes' sorta low;
But there's still the peace of evenin'
To enjoy before we go.

An' after that the sleepin'—
The glad wakenin' in the morn—
An' another day before us
As sure as the day's reborn.

* * *

The Wreck of the C. & O. No. 5

FROM Washington to Charlottesville, then Staunton on the line,
Came the old Midwestern Limited, Train No. 5, on time.
She was a Cincinnati train, the fastest on the line,
Thru the Valley of Virginia into Clifton Forge on time.

The engineer at Clifton Forge, Dolly Womack was his name,
Was there to sign the register and to pull the speeding train.
His fireman, Charley Poteet, was standing by his side
And receiving their train orders they climbed in the cab to ride.

Then Dolly to his fireman said: "Oh, Charley, well you know
For years I've been an engineer to ride the C. & O.
For many years I've had this run, just twenty-five years in all,
And when I blow for Covington they will surely know my call."

From Covington to Jerry's Run old No. 5 did roll
Through the Allegheny Mountains with a crew so brave and bold.
Then westward to the mountain State, White Sulphur Springs on time,
With orders to switch over there and take the east main line.

"I know my engine is all right, she's the U. S. Mountain kind
One hundred thirty-seven, she will put us there on time,"
Said Dolly to his fireman. "We are running way behind,
But when I pull the Big Ben Tunnel I mean to be on time."

Just four miles farther down the line he hit a broken rail.
No more to pull old No. 5. No more to pull the mail.
The engine did not overturn, but a steam pipe broke in two—
Two hundred pounds of pressure killed poor Dolly, brave and true.

Until the brakes are set on time, life's throttle valve shut down,
Some day he'll pilot in the crew that wear the Master's crown,
With a clear block, into Heaven's gate he'll pull his mighty train,
And there, in God's own roundhouse, he will register his name.

* * *

Can any brother supply the words of "Asleep at the Switch," "Waiting for the Railroad Train," and the "Wreck of the Royal Palm"? asks Patrick Daly, 195 Indian Church Rd., Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

B. C. Roberts, 81 Pembroke St., Toronto, Canada, is looking for the words of "The Railway Clerk."

* * *

We wish to thank these brothers—Thomas A. Grigg, Box 215, R. R. 3, Elma, Wash., and others for "O'Shaughnessy," and Frank A. Nevu, Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and others for "The Wreck of the C. & O. No. 5."

We Can't Print 'Em All

Every month we get hundreds of interesting letters for this department. But we haven't room to print them all. We print as many as we can.

If any of you railroad boys want dope as to what is what on the line in Britain, drop me a note—I'll do the rest. Cheerio!

ALAN G. DUNBAR,
28 Duncruin St., Glasgow, N. W., Scotland.

* * *

Sorry to differ with "Chick" of Livingston, Mont., but a silk train coming from the West Coast is always ridden by the railroad police of each division it passes over. This fact isn't advertised, of course.

WILLIAM CHARLES VAN BUSKIRK,
316 N. Water St., Selinsgrove, Pa.

* * *

I picked up an August, 1909, RAILROAD MAN'S in a second-hand book shop the other day. The magazine as it is to-day is a big improvement.

JAMES F. HIGGINS,
25 Sewall St., Marblehead, Mass.

* * *

Why do you try to force such bunk as *Ipecac Ingalls* upon us? "Flagging Bird Cages," by H. H. Hill, in April, would make a hit only with some farm boy who wanted to go railroading. You always have one or two articles worth the price, so I'll continue to buy. But please don't give us too much trash.

H. C. BLUN,
Portland, Ore.

* * *

"Main Line Blues," by Mary F. Maskell, in the May issue, is a masterpiece of modern fiction, written by one possessing sympathetic understanding of human nature.

When I was a boy working for the Rock Island

Advertising a Fast Run in the Old Days

as a section laborer, I found a copy of RAILROAD MAN'S on the right-of-way. Thereafter I purchased each issue until publication was suspended. I am now a Rock Island local attorney, and read every copy of the new RAILROAD MAN'S.

B. F. MADOLE,
Danville, Ark.

* * *

Mrs. Carlisle did splendid work with "Main Line Blues." More hasher yarns are what the magazine needs. Even if we do bolt our food, rails have to eat, and many of us have been entertained by those comely biscuit shooters.

H. L. "CUPID" CHILDS,
Mandan, N. D.

* * *

The railroads provide safe, comfortable, clean, cheap transportation. They use the latest appliances to safeguard lives. Their employees are all highly trained. Who knows what experience a bus driver has had when he is entrusted with the lives of a lot of people?

M. L. GRANT, Manager,
Gordon-Van Tine Lumber Co.,
Hattiesburg, Miss.

I've just read ".007," by Rudyard Kipling. The fact that Kipling, an Englishman, should write such an enthusiastic tale about P. R. R. jacks only strengthens the fact that American railways are of enduring interest to the world.

WILLIAM H. SCHMIDT,
144 Claremont Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

* * *

I wonder if you thought, when you printed the little picture on your letterhead, that the fellow sitting in front of the engine is violating P. R. R. safety rule No. 1612, which reads: "Sitting on rails in track is prohibited." I have a P. R. R. book of rules dated 1864 which is quite a contrast to the last ones issued.

CLAIR C. ROBBINS,
513 W. 16th St., Tyrone, Pa.

* * *

Readers who want to help the magazine can do so by sending us clippings of odd or unusual railroad news. We cannot pay for such service, but we appreciate being kept informed.

HEAD FIRST IN YOUR BERTH

DID you ever notice when you went to bed in a Pullman car that your head invariably pointed in the direction of the engine and your feet toward the rear of the train? When the first sleeping car was put into service, the question arose as to how the berths should be made up. "Experts" asserted that the head should be toward the engine, because any backward rush of blood occasioned by the movement of the train would be in the direction of the feet, where it would be less dangerous.

This theory has since been disproved, but the original custom still persists, and has caused quite a bit of inconvenience. An old-timer cites an amusing instance.

"The train was to be turned at a point 85 miles west of the starting point," he says, "and the berths were made up feet first so they would be right when the cars were turned. About fifteen minutes after we had gone to bed, many passengers were complaining to the porters that their berths would have to be changed because they could not sleep with feet toward the front of the train. Well, there was nothing to do except change the whole train—six Pullman cars—and after that everybody slept peacefully."

Recent research has proved that it matters little which way one sleeps on a moving train, but the public seems to think otherwise, so the railroads try to be accommodating.—*Dr. V. J. Hudson.*

The Boomers' Corner

SEVERAL brothers have asked how to become members of this corner. Just send us a note telling about your boomer record. Here are letters from some of the brothers:

The Brotherhood of American Boomers is at last organized. Our meeting at Toledo, O., was a huge success. Support in securing a railroad to be owned and run by boomers was pledged by every man present.

The following volunteered to serve as brass hats on the proposed road: M. F. Felt, 2343 Grantwood Drive, Toledo, O.; E. M. Hoover, Farmland, Ind.; Walter I. Rand, 37 Brighton St., Charlestown, Mass.; W. D. Beatty, Jenks, Okla., and the undersigned. We are now engaged in the details preliminary to incorporation and finance. Hope to commence operation within a year.

Sorry to hear "Boomer Bill" Hayes is no longer with RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, but we wish the best of luck to the new managing editor, Freeman H. Hubbard.

R. F. W. McDONALD,
28 Argyle Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Don't come near here. Men working out of Hamilton on the C. N. R. are being laid off with 10 years' rights. I'm working on a steel plant switch engine; they work 10 days on and 5 off.

RUSSELL ADAMSON,
12 Beechwood Ave., Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

* * *

Stay away from the Southeast. Things are getting worse every year.

HUTTO MANNING,
960 Oak St. S. W., Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

That "Worthy Brother" cover for April is sure true to life. I did that same thing this past winter, as some of the shacks on the C. B. & Q. at Beardstown can tell you. I wonder if Temple happened to sketch that picture around Syracuse, N. Y.? I have braked and fired out of the E. Syracuse-Minoa yards of the N. Y. C.

GEORGE H. DAVIS,
General Delivery, Springfield, Ill.

* * *

I just got through rambling around Illinois for about three months. A "worthy brother" sure has to do some talking to ride.

ARTHUR L. CLARK,
875 Lill Ave., Chicago.

* * *

Is a king snipe allowed on the boomers' switch shack? Since 1904 I've worked from the Atlantic sea coast to the Rocky Mountains as section and extra gang foreman. I never took to train service as I didn't like the idea of working nights. Lost the hearing of one ear during 18 months' service in France with the 20th Engineers.

JOHN T. HINTON,
1900 Collins St., Joliet, Ill.

* * *

Marcus E. Smith, Box 665, Sheridan, Wyo., sends us his book, "The Adventures of a Boomer Op." We got plenty of laughs out of it.

* * *

CLIP THIS COUPON

(This is NOT the coupon for the cover reproduction)

Four coupons, *filled out,* entitle any one to an original drawing of a story illustration in our latest issue. Eight coupons for a double-page picture. First come, first served. We have fine copies for those who miss out on originals.

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE,
280 Broadway, New York City.

The stories and features I like best in your July issue are:

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

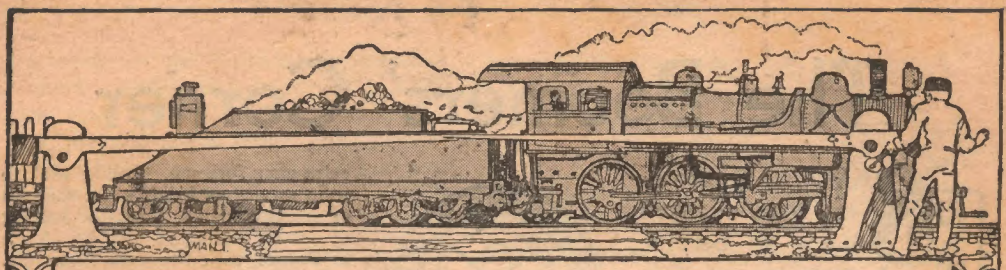
5.....

Name.....

Occupation.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....



TALLOWPOT!

Boomer Fireman and Beanery Queen—Wheeling Fast Freight in the Hill Country—Big-Time Robbery and Mysterious Murders—A Full Tonnage of Thrills in a New All-Railroad Serial by

Gilbert A. Lathrop

Author of "Mawrice Adds a Postscript," "Highwheeling the Panoramic," "Double Cross at Eden," "Hell on Wheels," "Bucking Snow on the Narrow Gauge," etc.

Greatest of Them All Is "TALLOWPOT," Which Begins in August

Midsummer Fiction Number

We're Not Forgetting the Readers Who Like Illustrated Feature Articles. G. H. Burck, Author of "Steam Power Steps Forward," Will Present a Colorful Word Picture of the Eddystone, Pa., Plant of Baldwin Locomotive Works, Now Observing Its 100th Anniversary. William Pickett Helm Will Continue "Who's Your Boss?" by Revealing Additional Secrets About the Van Sweringens Never Before Told to the General Public. The August Short Story Procession Will Be Headed by

Charles W. Tyler

With a Screamingly Funny Tale About Hiram the Boomer from Aroostook, Maine, and a Clever Dispatching Tower Yarn by

Griff Crawford

A Lot of Other Good Things—All in the August Issue of

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

"For the Railroad Man and the Railroad Fan"

MAGIC-DISC!
BOILS WATER INSTANTLY

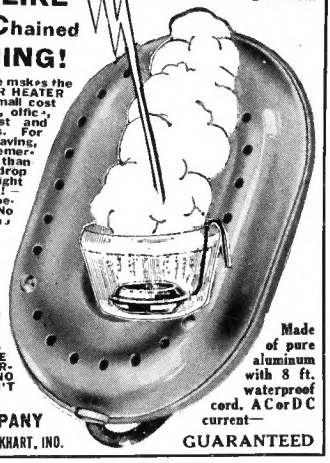
PAYS YOU UP TO $30 DAILY

MEN AND WOMEN!

Thousands gasp at this "mysterious" little Disc. Its uncanny method gives you SIZZLING HOT WATER IN SPLIT SECONDS *actually 2½ times faster than any other practical water heating method!*

LIKE Chained LIGHTNING!

Strange new principle makes the LUX ELECTRIC WATER HEATER worth 10 times its small cost to every home, store, office, tourist, vacationist and hundreds of others. For dishes, laundry shaving, bath, illness or any emergency. No larger than your fist! Simply drop LUX in water, plug in light socket, and ZOOM! Clouds of steam rise before your eyes! No chemicals, no fire, no fuss, no waiting.



Low Cost—Sells Everywhere

Dynamic two-minute demonstration clinches fast sales.

AGENTS! DISTRIBUTORS! WRITE AT ONCE FOR NEW PROFIT SHARING SALES PLAN. NO INVESTMENT. DON'T DELAY.

Made of pure aluminum with 8 ft. waterproof cord. AC or DC current—

GUARANTEED

LUX-VISEL COMPANY

76-A JACKSON ST. ELKHART, IND.

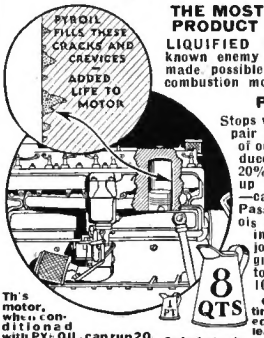
AGENTS - DISTRIBUTORS
An Amazing New Opportunity
EARN up to $200 WEEKLY

PYROIL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Heat-proof Liquified Graphite

THE MOST AMAZING MOTOR PRODUCT EVER DEVELOPED

LIQUIFIED GRAPHITE—the greatest known enemy of heat and friction now made possible to use in any internal combustion motor!



This motor, when conditioned with PYROIL, can run 20 to 25 miles at 25 mi per hr. with all oil drained from crankcase with no harm to motor!

Only 1 qt. of PYROIL to 8 qts. of oil.

POSITIVELY

Stops wear—stops noise—cuts repair bills. Doubles, triples life of ordinary crankcase oil. Reduces gas consumption up to 20% to 40%. Withstands heat up to 7500° F. Cannot burn—cannot wash off bearings. Passes any filter—even chamois skin. Gives instant starting at 40° below zero. Enjoys patent protection—is guaranteed 100% satisfactory or money back. Saves 10 times its small cost.

Guaranteed not to harm the finest motor mechanism. Tested and used by the country's leading motor industries.

FREE

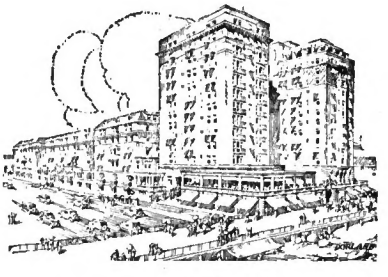
Testimonials—Endorsements—Proven Facts

You can amass a fortune with exclusive sales rights in your territory. Write at once for details of record-breaking performances absolutely unheard of before. DON'T DELAY. WRITE AT ONCE.

THE PYROIL COMPANY

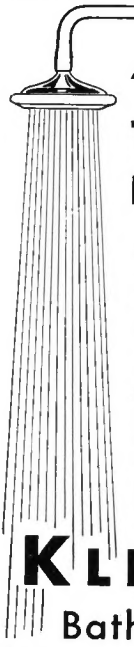
471-A PYROIL BLDG., LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN

ALL ABOARD
For a Glorious Vacation at the
ST. CHARLES
On the Boardwalk at New Jersey Avenue
ATLANTIC CITY



A Smart Hotel in America's Smartest Resort

UNSURPASSED French and German cuisine. European or American plan. Sun deck. Boardwalk verandah. Surf bathing from hotel. Varied entertainment. Dancing. Concerts. Recitals. Ocean air! Sunshine!! COME!!!



"SO COOLING THESE TORRID DAYS ——— "

Now you can equip your bathroom in two minutes and at trifling cost with the most successful antidote known for excessive summer heat.

Children love the friendly coolness of this full flowing spray. Your temperature up and energy down? Take a shower—and what a difference! Simplest spray to attach. Fits any faucet. Holds fast for all pressures.

KLENZO
Bath Spray

Exclusively at Rexall Drug Stores — including Liggett and Owl Drug Stores.

"A Lot of Use You Are!"

"YOU come home tired every night. You never want to go anywhere or do anything. Of course, you work hard all day but there must be some other reason. You never used to be this way."

Frequently that worn-out feeling is due to nothing more than intestinal sluggishness. The next time you get that tired feeling, try treating it with Feen-a-mint, the modern laxative.

As you chew this delicious bit of gum, the tasteless laxative it contains is slowly released and thoroughly mixed with the saliva. In this way it is carried to the intestinal tract smoothly, evenly, and without shock to the system or the distressing after-effects so common with old-fashioned laxatives.

Feen-a-mint is pleasant and convenient to use. It is mild, efficient, and non-habit-forming. Safe for old and young. Buy a package today and keep it handy.

Chew it like gum

Feen-a-mint